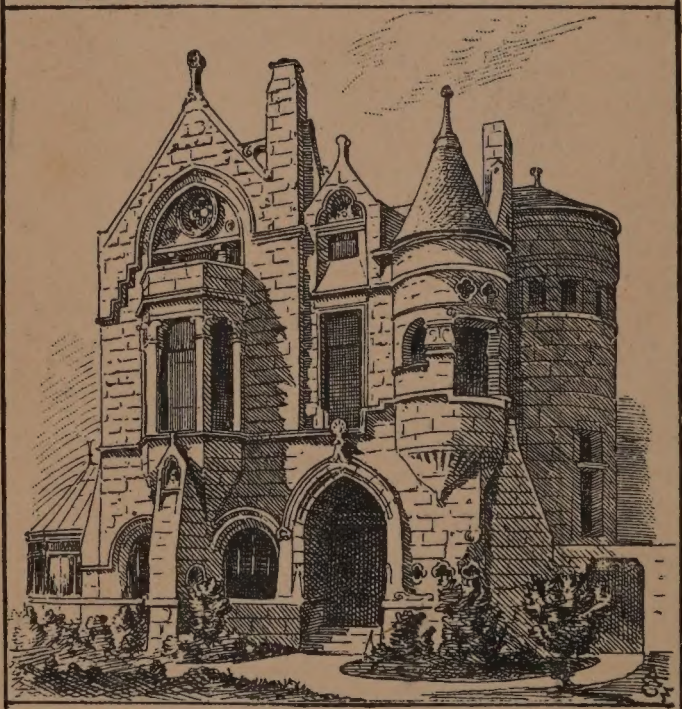


FRIENDSHIP'S

OFFERING.

London.

MDCCCXXXII

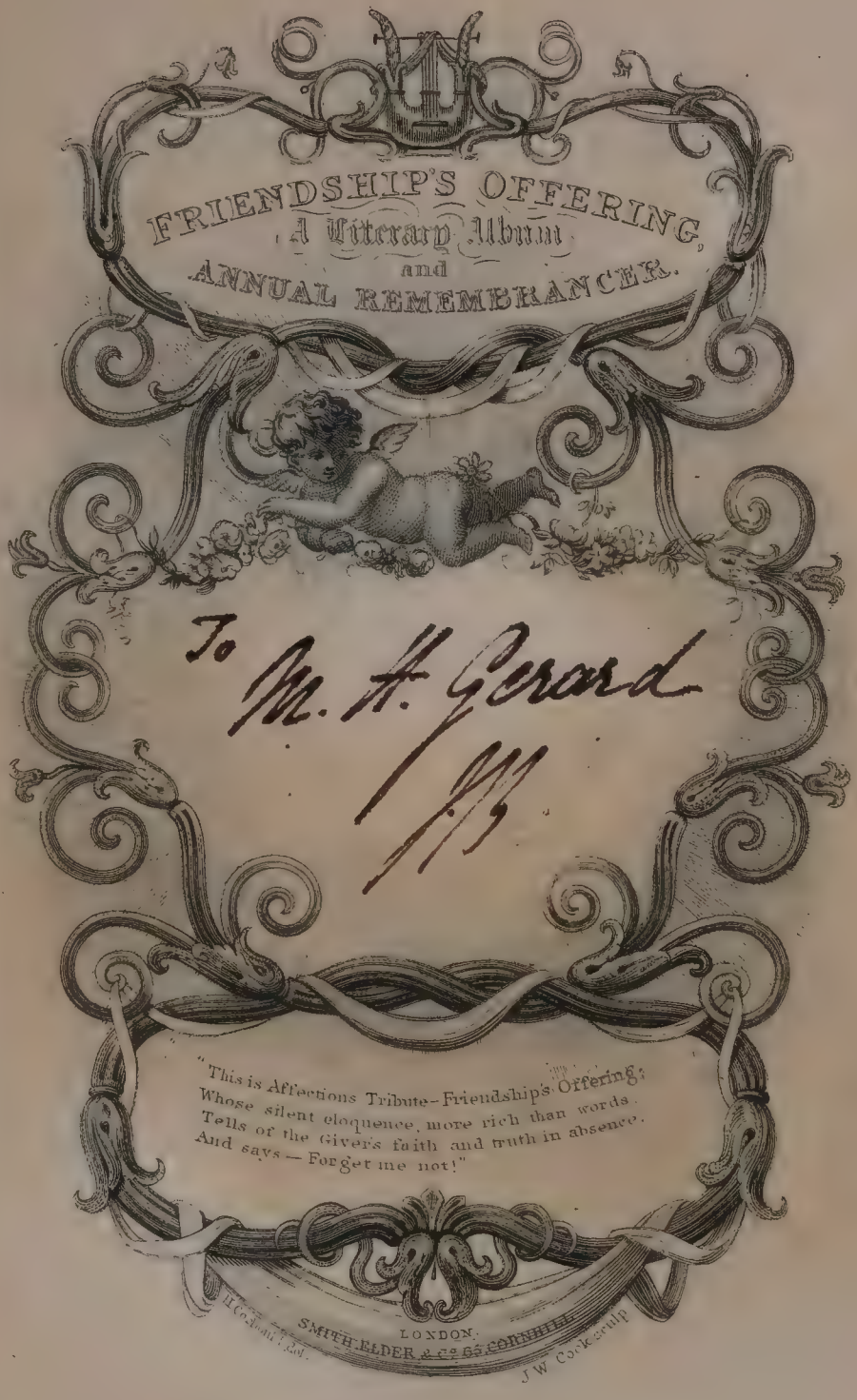
EX LIBRIS
READ·MARK·LEARN·DIGEST·

EXCEPT THE LORD DO BUILD THE HOUSE
THE BUILDERS WORK IS VAIN
JOHN MORGAN
RUBISLAW HOUSE
ABERDEEN



Painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A. Engraved by Charles Rolls.

Lady Carrington.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill.


FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,
A Literary Album
and
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.
To M. A. Gerard
"This is Affections Tribute—Friendship's Offering;
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not!"
LONDON.
SMITH ELDER & Co 65 CORNHILL
H. Corbould, del.
J.W. Cook sculp.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING:

A Literary Album,

AND

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXII.

" This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence,
And says---Forget me not!"

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.
1832.

LONDON

Printed by Littlewood & Co., Old Bailey.

TO

THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

In the ninth year of a course which gratitude rather than vanity induces us to term fortunate, it becomes a difficult matter to write a preface. To claim indulgence for the ninth time would be preposterous, and to return thanks wearisome. It may suffice to say, that in the present instance we have employed, to the best of our ability, the extended and extending resources, which a long and successful career has placed within our reach. The public have already perceived that Friendship's Offering does not aim so much at the imposing qualities of novelty, brilliancy, and excitement, as at the more quiet graces of a literature combining simplicity of style with elevation of sentiment, and possessing a salutary moral tendency in its general effect. We do not presume to say, that every article inserted, eminently displays these qualities, or distinctly indicates this purpose; but we do profess to have been decidedly influenced by such views in the general selection of our materials—without, however, neglect-

ing to provide wholesome entertainment for every diversity of taste. This avowal should provoke no criticism on the score of vanity; for we do not talk of deeds, but intentions. We claim nothing more than the liberty which is cheerfully conceded to all others —of choosing for ourselves [a particular walk] and pursuit; and if we fail of success the misfortune is our own. It is our ambition, then, we confess— placing motives of interest out of the question— to produce, not a certain number of unconnected annual books, but a uniform work in a series of consecutive volumes,—distinguished, so far as such very miscellaneous materials will permit, by characteristic features and by a natural and unexaggerated tone of sentiment. How far we have succeeded in realizing this aim, it is for the public to judge.

Of the pictorial embellishments it is sufficient generally to remark, that they have been selected and engraved with a degree of care even surpassing that bestowed on those of any previous volume; and the proprietors flatter themselves that their zeal and diligence have not been bestowed in vain.

In regard to the portrait of Lady Carrington, (or Miss Capel—for it was painted before her ladyship's marriage), it is proper to observe, that it was the last female portrait executed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who finished it, as he himself says, with fastidious care, and considered it one of his most

successful productions. "Most certainly," he observes in a letter on the subject, "I never omitted to devote my best exertions when employed on characters of either worth or genius. In the present instance, I had a very amiable subject, I believe an accomplished one; and I was likewise stimulated by esteem and respect for two of my warmest friends."* In engraving this picture for FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, labour and expense have been liberally bestowed, not without a result, it is hoped, worthy of its acknowledged excellence.

The Editor feels it incumbent on him to notice, in justice to Mr. Richter's graceful and ingenious picture entitled 'The Fairy of the Lake,' that the *design*, so far as it can claim originality, is exclusively the Artist's own; the corresponding passage of the poem which accompanies it, having been introduced on purpose, and very recently—although some parts of the same poem were written many years ago. The 'Dream of Fairy-Land,' in truth, was originally a mere juvenile flight of fancy—a school-boy's reverie—without any definite aim; but, after remaining in what may be termed its 'chrysalis state,' for nearly twenty years, the idea of an allegorical application was suggested by this picture; and thus it flutters forth with painted wings, a full fledged EPHEMERA.

* Williams' Life of Sir T. Lawrence, Vol. II. p. 460.

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FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

To whom shall Friendship's Offering
  Be sent, if not to *Thee*?
Whose smiles of friendship have so long
  Been treasured up for Me?
For thou hast shared my joy and grief:
  The *one* thou mad'st more gay;
And from the *other* thou did'st steal
  All bitterness away.
Love's tribute long ago I gave,
  And thine it still shall be;
And *Friendship's* offering I'll send
  To none, if not to Thee.

And what *is* Friendship's offering?
What tribute will she send?
Are costly gems, and gold, the gifts
That friend bestows on friend?
The ruby ring? the sparkling chain?
If *such* alone can please,
Oh they must come from *other* friends,
For *I* have none of these!

But no, it is a simpler gift
That Friendship will prefer,
A gift whose greatest worth consists
In being sent by *Her:*
It is a volume in whose leaves
No sentiment is traced
That Virtue, in her gravest mood,
Would wish to see effaced:
The muses fill all leaves but *one,*
And ere the book I send,
On *that* leaf I will trace the name
Of *my own* dearest Friend.
Love's tribute long ago I gave,
And thine it still shall be,
And FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING I'll send
To None—if not to Thee.

THE INCENDIARY.

A Country Tale.

BY MISS MITFORD.

No one that had the misfortune to reside during the last winter in the disturbed districts of the south of England, will ever forget the awful impression of that terrible time. The stilly gatherings of the misguided peasantry amongst the wild hills, partly heath and partly woodland, of which so much of the northern part of Hampshire is composed,—dropping in one by one, and two by two, in the gloom of evening, or the dim twilight of a November morning; or the open and noisy meetings of determined men at noontide in the streets and greens of our Berkshire villages, and even sometimes in the very churchyards, sallying forth in small but resolute numbers to collect money or destroy machinery, and compelling or persuading their fellow-labourers to join them at every farm they visited; or the sudden appearance and disappearance

of these large bodies, who sometimes remained together to the amount of several hundreds for many days, and sometimes dispersed, one scarcely knew how, in a few hours; their day-light marches on the high road, regular and orderly as those of an army, or their midnight visits to lonely houses, lawless and terrific as the descent of pirates, or the incursions of banditti;—all brought close to us a state of things which we never thought to have witnessed in peaceful and happy England. In the sister island, indeed, we had read of such horrors, but now they were brought home to our very household hearths; we tasted of fear, the bitterest cup that an imaginative woman can taste, in all its agonizing varieties; and felt, by sad experience, the tremendous difference between that distant report of danger, with which we had so often fancied that we sympathised, and the actual presence of danger itself. Such events are salutary, inasmuch as they shew to the human heart its own desperate self-deceit. I could not but smile at the many pretty letters of condolence and fellow-feeling which I received from writers who wrote far too well to feel anything, who most evidently felt nothing; but the smile was a melancholy one—for I recollected how often, not intending to feign, or suspecting that I was feigning, I myself had written such.

Nor were the preparations for defence, however necessary, less shocking than the apprehensions of attack. The hourly visits of bustling parish officers, bristling with importance (for our village, though in

the centre of the insurgents, continued uncontaminated — "faithful amidst the unfaithful found" — and was therefore quite a rallying point for loyal men and true); the swearing in of whole regiments of petty constables; the stationary watchmen, who every hour, to prove their vigilance, sent in some poor wretch, beggar, or match-seller, or rambling child, under the denomination of suspicious persons; the mounted patrol, whose deep "all's well," which ought to have been consolatory, was about the most alarming of all alarming sounds; the soldiers, transported from place to place in carts the better to catch the rogues, whose local knowledge gave them great advantage in a dispersal; the grave processions of magistrates and gentlemen on horse-back; and, above all, the nightly collecting of arms and armed men within one's own dwelling, kept up a continual sense of nervous inquietude.

Fearful, however, as were the realities, the rumours were a hundred-fold more alarming. Not an hour passed but, from some quarter or other, reports came pouring in of mobs gathering, mobs assembled, mobs marching upon us. Now the high-roads were blockaded by the rioters, travellers murdered, soldiers defeated, and the magistrates, who had gone out to meet and harangue them, themselves surrounded and taken by the desperate multitude. Now the artizans — the commons, so to say of B. — had risen to join the peasantry, driving out the gentry and tradespeople whilst they took possession of their houses and property, and only detaining the mayor and aldermen as hostages. Now

that illustrious town held loyal, but was besieged. Now the mob had carried the place; and artizans, constables, tradespeople, soldiers, and magistrates, the mayor and corporation included, were murdered to a man, to say nothing of women and children; the market-place running with blood, and the town hall piled with dead bodies. This last rumour, which was much to the taste of our villagers, actually prevailed for several hours, terrified maid servants ran shrieking about the house, and every corner of the village street realized Shakspeare's picture of "a smith swallowing a tailor's news."

So passed the short winter's day. With the approach of night came fresh sorrows; the red glow of fires gleaming on the horizon, and mounting into the middle sky; the tolling of bells; and the rumbling sound of the engines clattering along from place to place, and often, too often, rendered useless by the cutting of the pipes after they had begun to play — a dreadful aggravation of the calamity, since it proved that among those who assembled, professedly to help, were to be found favourers and abettors of the concealed incendiaries. Oh the horror of those fires — breaking forth night after night, sudden, yet expected, always seeming nearer than they actually were, and always said to have been more mischievous to life and property than they actually had been! Mischievous enough they were, Heaven knows! A terrible and unholy abuse of the most beautiful and comfortable of the elements! — a sinful destruction of the bounties of providence! —

an awful crime against God and man! Shocking it was to behold the peasantry of England becoming familiarised with this tremendous power of evil — this desperate, yet most cowardly sin!

The blow seemed to fall, too, just where it might least have been looked for, — on the unoffending, the charitable, the kind; on those who were known only as the labourer's friends; to impoverish whom was to take succour, assistance, and protection from the poor. One of the objects of attack in our own immediate neighbourhood was a widow lady, between eighty and ninety; the best of the good, the kindest of the kind. Occurrences like this were in every way dreadful. They made us fear (and such fear is a revengeful passion, and comes near to hate) the larger half of our species. They weakened our faith in human nature.

The revulsion was, however, close at hand. A time came which changed the current of our feelings — a time of retribution. The fires were quenched; the riots were put down; the chief of the rioters were taken. Examination and commitment were the order of the day; the crowded gaols groaned with their overload of wretched prisoners; soldiers were posted at every avenue to guard against possible escape; and every door was watched night and day by miserable women, the wives, mothers, or daughters of the culprits praying for admission to their unfortunate relatives. The danger was fairly over, and pity had succeeded to fear.

Then, above all, came the special commission: the judges in threefold dignity; the array of counsel; the

crowded court; the solemn trial; the awful sentence; —all the more impressive, from the merciful feeling which pervaded the government, the counsel, and the court. My father, a very old magistrate, being chairman of the bench, as well as one of the grand jury; and the then high sheriff, with whom it is every way an honour to claim acquaintance, being his intimate friend; I saw and knew more of the proceedings of this stirring time than usually falls to the lot of women, and took a deep interest in proceedings which had in them a thrilling excitement as far beyond acted tragedy as truth is beyond fiction.

I shall never forget the hushed silence of the auditors, a dense mass of human bodies, the heads only visible, ranged tier over tier to the very ceiling of the lofty hall; the rare and striking importance which that silence and the awfulness of the occasion gave to the mere official forms of a court of justice, generally so hastily slurred over and slightly attended to; the unusual seriousness of the counsel; the watchful gravity of the judges; and, more than all, the appearance of the prisoners themselves, belonging mostly to the younger classes of the peasantry, such men as one is accustomed to see in the fields, on the road or the cricket-ground with sunburnt faces, and a total absence of reflection or care, but who now, under the influence of a sharp and bitter anxiety, had acquired not only the sallow paleness proper to a prison, but the look of suffering and of thought, the brows contracted and brought low over the eyes, the general sharpness of feature and

elongation of countenance, which give an expression of intellect, a certain momentary elevation, even to the commonest and most vacant of human faces. Such is the power of an absorbing passion, a great and engrossing grief. One man only amongst the large number whom I heard arraigned (for they were brought out by tens and by twenties) would, perhaps, under other circumstances, have been accounted handsome; yet a painter would at that moment have found studies in many.

I shall never forget, either, the impression made on my mind by one of the witnesses. Several men had been arraigned together for machine breaking. All but one of them had employed counsel for their defence, and under their direction had called witnesses to character, the most respectable whom they could find — the clergy and overseers of their respective parishes, for example, — masters with whom they had lived, neighbouring farmers or gentry, or even magistrates, — all that they could muster to grace or credit their cause. One poor man alone had retained no counsel, offered no defence, called no witness, though the evidence against him was by no means so strong as that against his fellow-prisoners; and it was clear that his was exactly the case in which testimony to character would be of much avail. The defences had ended, and the judge was beginning to sum up, when suddenly a tall gaunt upright figure, with a calm thoughtful brow, and a determined but most respectful demeanour, appeared in the witnesses' box. He was

drest in a smock frock, and was clean and respectable in appearance, but evidently poor. The judge interrupted himself in his charge to enquire the man's business; and hearing that he was a voluntary witness for the undefended prisoner, proceeded to question him, when the following dialogue took place. The witness's replies, which seemed to me then, and still do so, very striking from their directness and manliness, were delivered with the same humble boldness of tone and manner that characterised the words.

Judge. "You are a witness for the prisoner, an unsummoned witness?"

"I am, my lord. I heard that he was to be tried to day, and have walked twenty miles to speak the truth of him, as one poor man may do of another."

"What is your situation in life?"

"A labourer, my lord; nothing but a day-labourer."

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

"As long as I have known any thing. We were playmates together, went to the same school, have lived in the same parish. I have known him all my life."

"And what character has he borne?"

"As good a character, my lord, as a man need work under."

It is pleasant to add, that this poor man's humble testimony was read from the judge's notes, and mentioned in the judge's charge, with full as much respect, perhaps a little more, than the evidence of clergymen and magistrates for the rest of the accused; and that

principally from this direct and simple tribute to his character, the prisoner in question was acquitted.*

To return, however, from my evil habit of digressing (if I may use an Irish phrase) before I begin, and making my introduction longer than my story, a simple sin to which in many instances, and especially in this, I am fain to plead guilty;—to come back to my title and my subject,—I must inform my courteous readers, that the case of arson, which attracted most attention and excited most interest in this part of the country, was the conflagration of certain ricks, barns, and farm-buildings, in the occupation of Richard Mayne; and that, not so much from the value of the property consumed (though that value was considerable), as on account of the character and situation of the prisoner, whom, after a long examination, the magistrates found themselves compelled to commit for the

* This anecdote speaks strongly for the misled part of the labourers --- by very far the larger part. The fact that follows makes against their deluders. It came before the grand jury; but owing to the merciful plan of the counsel for the crown of trying only for the minor offence of machine-breaking, instead of the capital one of collecting money, was not brought into court, and of course escaped the newspapers. A large party of rioters, some two or three hundred, met a clergyman riding at some distance from his own house. They surrounded his horse, caused him to dismount, and made their usual demand of five pounds. The clergyman offered them his purse, containing some silver, declaring he had no more money about him.

"Pshaw!" answered the ringleader, "don't think to put us off with beggarly sixpences! Here's a bit of paper and an inkhorn; write us a draft for the sum on the N. bank. Stop," added he, as the prisoner was perforce preparing to obey him; "stop! you seem to be out of cash; so if you had rather write an order for ten pounds, do; it may save you trouble, and I'll hand you the balance here on the spot."

Of course the accommodation was not accepted; but this was a cool way of transacting business, and affords one proof, amongst many, that the leaders in this affair could not have been common labourers.

offence. I did not hear this trial, the affair having occurred in the neighbouring county; and do not, therefore, vouch for "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," as one does when an ear-witness; but the general outline of the story will suffice for our purpose.

Richard Mayne was a wealthy yeoman of the old school, sturdy, boisterous, bold, and kind, always generous, and generally good-natured, but cross-grained and obstinate by fits, and sometimes purse-proud — after the fashion of men who have made money by their own industry and shrewdness. He had married late in life, and above him in station, and had now been for two or three years a widower with one only daughter, a girl of nineteen, of whom he was almost as fond as of his greyhound Mayfly, and for pretty much the same reason — that both were beautiful and gentle, and his own, and both admired and coveted by others—that Mayfly had won three cups, and that Lucy had refused four offers.

A sweet and graceful creature was Lucy Mayne. Her mother, a refined and cultivated woman, the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman, had communicated, perhaps unconsciously, much of her own taste to her daughter. It is true, that most young ladies, even of her own station, would have looked with great contempt on Lucy's acquirements, who neither played nor drew, and was wholly, in the phrase of the day, unaccomplished; but then she read Shakspeare and Milton, and the poets and prose writers of the James's and Charles's times, with a perception and relish of their

beauty very uncommon in a damsel under twenty; and when her father boasted of his Lucy as the cleverest as well as the prettiest lass within ten miles, he was not so far wrong as many of his hearers were apt to think him.

After all, the person to whom Lucy's education owed most, was a relation of her mother's, a poor relation, who, being left a widow with two children almost totally destitute, was permitted by Richard Mayne to occupy one end of a small farm-house, about a mile from the old substantial manorial residence which he himself inhabited, whilst he farmed the land belonging to both. Nothing could exceed his kindness to the widow and her family; and Mrs. Owen, a delicate and broken-spirited woman who had known better days, and was now left with a sickly daughter and a promising son dependant on the precarious charity of relatives and friends, found in the free-handed and open-hearted farmer and his charming little girl her only comfort. He even restored to her the blessing of her son's society, who had hitherto earned his living by writing for an attorney in the neighbouring town, but whom her wealthy kinsman now brought home to her, and established as the present assistant and future successor of the master of a well-endowed grammar-school in the parish, farmer Mayne being one of the trustees, and all-powerful with the other functionaries joined in the trust, and the then schoolmaster in so wretched a state of health as almost to ensure a speedy vacancy.

In most instances, such an exertion of an assumed rather than a legitimate authority, would have occasion-

ed no small prejudice against the party protected; but George Owen was not to be made unpopular, even by the unpopularity of his patron. Gentle, amiable, true, and kind,—kind both in word and deed,—it was found absolutely impossible to dislike him. He was clever, too, very clever, with a remarkable aptitude for teaching, as both parents and boys soon found to their mutual satisfaction; for the progress of one half-year of his instruction equalled that made in a twelvemonth under the old regime. He must also, one should think, have been fond of teaching, for after a hard day's fagging at Latin and English, and writing and accounts, and all the drudgery of a boy's school, he would make a circuit of a mile and a half home in order to give Lucy Mayne a lesson in French or Italian. For a certainty, George Owen must have had a strong natural turn for playing the pedagogue, or he never would have gone so far out of his way just to read Fenelon and Alfieri with Lucy Mayne.

So for two happy years matters continued. At the expiration of that time, just as the old schoolmaster, who declared that nothing but George's attention had kept him alive so long, was evidently on his death-bed, farmer Mayne suddenly turned Mrs. Owen, her son, and her sick daughter out of the house, which by his permission they had hitherto occupied; and declared publicly, that whilst he held an acre of land in the parish, George Owen should never be elected master of the grammar-school—a threat which there was no doubt of his being able to carry into effect. The young man, however, stood his ground; and sending off his mother and sister

to an uncle in Wales, who had lately written kindly to them, hired a room at a cottage in the village, determined to try the event of an election, which the languishing state of the incumbent rendered inevitable.

The cause of farmer Mayne's inveterate dislike to one whom he had so warmly protected, and whose conduct, manners, and temper had procured him friends wherever he was known, nobody could assign with any certainty. Perhaps he had unwittingly trodden on Mayfly's toe, or on a prejudice of her master's — but his general carefulness not to hurt any thing, or offend anybody, rendered either of these conjectures equally impossible; — perhaps he had been found only too amiable by the farmer's other pet — those lessons in languages were dangerous things! — and when Lucy was seen at church with a pale face and red eyes, and when his landlord Squire Hawkins's blood hunter was seen every day at farmer Mayne's door, it became currently reported and confidently believed that the cause of the quarrel was a love affair between the cousins, which the farmer was determined to break off, in order to bestow his daughter on the young lord of the manor.

Affairs had been in this posture for about a fortnight, and the old schoolmaster was just dead, when a fire broke out in the rick-yard of Farley Court, and George Owen was apprehended and committed as the incendiary! The astonishment of the neighbourhood was excessive; the rector and half the farmers of the place offered to become bail; but the offence was not bail-

able; and the only consolation left for the friends of the unhappy young man, was the knowledge that the trial would speedily come on, and their internal conviction that an acquittal was certain.

As time wore on, however, their confidence diminished. The evidence against him was terribly strong. He had been observed lurking about the rick-yard with a lanthorn, in which a light was burning, by a lad in the employ of farmer Mayne, who had gone thither for hay to fodder his cattle about an hour before the fire broke out. At eleven o'clock the hay-stack was on fire, and at ten Robert Doyle had mentioned to James White, another boy in farmer Mayne's service, that he had seen Mr. George Owen behind the great rick. Farmer Mayne himself had met him at half past ten (as he was returning from B. market) in the lane leading from the rick-yard towards the village, and had observed him throw something he held in his hand into the ditch. Hepton Harris, a constable employed to seek for evidence, had found the next morning a lanthorn, answering to that described by Robert Doyle, in the part of the ditch indicated by farmer Mayne, which Thomas Brown, the village shopkeeper, in whose house Owen slept, identified as having lent to his lodger in the early part of the evening. A silver pencil, given to Owen by the mother of one of his pupils, and bareing his full name on the seal at the end, was found close to where the fire was discovered; and to crown all, the curate of the village, with whom the young man's talents and character had rendered him a de-

served favourite, had unwillingly deposed that he had said "it might be in his power to take a great revenge on farmer Mayne," or words to that effect; whilst a letter was produced from the accused to the farmer himself, intimating that one day he would be sorry for the oppression which he had exercised towards him and his. These two last facts were much relied upon as evincing malice, and implying a purpose of revenge from the accused towards the prosecutor; yet there were many who thought that the previous circumstances might well account for them without reference to the present occurrence, and that the conflagration of the ricks and farm-buildings might, under the spirit of the time (for fires were raging every night in the surrounding villages), be merely a remarkable coincidence. The young man himself simply denied the fact of setting fire to any part of the property or premises; enquired earnestly whether any lives had been lost, and still more earnestly after the health of Miss Lucy; and on finding that she had been confined to her bed by fever and delirium, occasioned, as was supposed, by the fright, ever since that unhappy occurrence, relapsed into a gloomy silence, and seemed to feel no concern or interest in the issue of the trial.

His friends, nevertheless, took kind and zealous measures for his defence, — engaged counsel, sifted testimony, and used every possible means, in the assurance of his innocence, to trace out the true incendiary. Nothing, however, could be discovered to weaken the strong chain of circumstantial evidence,

or to impeach the credit of the witnesses, who, with the exception of the farmer himself, seemed all friendly to the accused, and most distrest at being obliged to bear testimony against him. On the eve of the trial the most zealous of his friends could find no ground of hope except in the chances of the day; Lucy, for whom alone the prisoner asked, being still confined by severe illness.

The judges arrived, the whole terrible array of the special commission; the introductory ceremonies were gone through; the cause was called on, and the case proceeded with little or no deviation from the evidence already cited. When called upon for his defence, the prisoner again asked if Lucy Mayne were in court? and hearing that she was ill in her father's house, declined entering into any defence whatsoever. Witnesses to character, however, pressed forward — his old master, the attorney, the rector and curate of the parish, half the farmers of the village, everybody, in short, who ever had an opportunity of knowing him, even his reputed rival, Mr. Hawkins, who, speaking, he said, on the authority of one who knew him well, professed himself confident that he could not be guilty of a bad action — a piece of testimony that seemed to strike and affect the prisoner more than any thing that had passed; — evidence to character crowded into court; — but all was of no avail against the strong chain of concurrent facts; and the judge was preparing to sum up, and the jury looking as if they had condemned, when suddenly a piercing shriek was heard in

the court, and, pale, tottering, disheveled, Lucy Mayne rushed into her father's arms, and cried out with a shrill despairing voice, that "she was the only guilty; that she had set fire to the rick; and that if they killed George Owen for her crime, they would be guilty of murder."

The general consternation may be imagined, especially that of the farmer, who had left his daughter almost insensible with illness, and still thought her light-headed. Medical assistance, however, was immediately summoned, and it then appeared that what she said was most true; that the lovers, for such they were, had been accustomed to deposit letters in one corner of that unlucky hay-rick; that having seen from her chamber window George Owen leaving the yard, she had flown with a taper in her hand to secure the expected letter, and, alarmed at her father's voice, had run away so hastily, that she had, as she now remembered, left the lighted taper amidst the hay; that then the fire came, and all was a blank to her, until, recovering that morning from the stupor succeeding to delirium, she had heard that George Owen was to be tried for his life for the effect of her carelessness, and had flown to save him she knew not how!

The sequel may be guessed: George was of course acquitted: every body, even the very judge, pleaded for the lovers; the young landlord and generous rival added his good word; and the schoolmaster of Farley and his pretty wife are at this moment one of the best and happiest couples in his majesty's dominions.

A DREAM OF FAIRY-LAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

FYTTE I.

" And see not ye that bonny road
" That winds about the fernie brae?
" That is the road to fair Elfland,
" Where thou and I this night maun gae."
Thomas the Rhymer.

Thro countreis seir, holtis and rockis hie,
Ouir vaillis, planis, woddis, wallie sey,
Ouir fludis fair, and mony strait mountane,
We war caryit in twinkling of ane ee;
Our charett flew, and raid nocht, as thocht me.
Gawin Douglas.

'Twas in the leafy month of June,
Ere yet the lark hath hushed his tune;
When fair athwart the summer sky
Bright fleecy clouds sail softly by,
And sweeping shadows lightly pass,
Like spirits dancing o'er the grass;
And new-fledged birds are in the bowers,
And bees are humming round the flowers,
And through the meads is heard the stir
Of the blithe chirring grasshopper:

'Twas sweet Midsummer Eve: I lay
Alone by Eildon's haunted brae,
Soothed by the sound of woods and streams;
While, fitful as the shifting gleams
Of sunshine o'er the forest glade,
Poetic fancies round me played;
And young love's tender reveries
Came fluttering, like the fragrant breeze,
Or wild-dove's wing among the trees.
Thus slumber found me: and I fell
Into a trance, as if some spell
Had rapt my willing soul away
From its cast slough of earthly clay:
Was waking mortal ne'er so blest—
Then, gentle Azla, 'list, O list!'

Methought a Maid of heavenly mien,
Whose garb bespoke the Elfin Queen,
Appeared—and, with a winning smile
Might well the wariest heart beguile,
Waved thrice on high her magic wand,
And summoned me to Fairy-Land.
Who could resist the charming Elf?
She seemed the while my Azla's self!

Now, seated in her wingèd car,
We lightly speed o'er realms afar,
Where alpine ridges wildly rise,
With glaciers gleaming to the skies;

Or sandy deserts, scorched and dun,
Stretch boundless 'neath a fiery sun.
Her fair hand guides the magic rein,
While swiftly over mount and plain,
And over ocean's trackless tides,
Our chariot like a comet glides :
Till far beyond the western deep
And fair Hesperides we sweep ;
Then launch upon the Enchanted Sea,
Which laves the Land of Faërie.

At length, when daylight long has passed,
And the short night is waning fast,
We leap upon the star-lit strand
Of a remote and shadowy land ;
Where mountains rear their summits bold
From dark umbrageous forests old ;
And streamlets flow with lulling sound
Through verdant vallies opening round ;
And breathing myrtles softly twine
Their branches with the clustering vine ;
And zephyrs wave with fragrant wing
The tresses of immortal Spring.

Ah Lady ! in that lovely Isle
How sweet, methought, to live with Thee !
Where summer skies for ever smile,
And sighing gales just stir the sea,
The silvery sea without a bound
That clasps th' Elysian Isle around !

FYTTE II.

Within an Yle methought I was---
Ful thick of grasse ful soft and swete,
With flouris fele fare undir fete,
And lytel used, it seemed thus,
For bothe Flora and Zephyrus,
They two that makin flouris growe,
Had made ther dwelling there, I trowe.---
--- And many a hart and many a hinde
Was both before me and behind,
Of fawnis, sowirs, buckis, does,
Was ful the wodde, and many roes,
And many squirrillis, that sete
Ful high upon the trees and ete.---*Chaucer's Dreame.*

Sweet Azla! may I unreproved
  My venturous vision farther tell?
The blissful dream that I was loved
  By one whom I had loved so well?
And how the live-long summer day
In that lone Eden lapsed away?
—Nay, blush not, dear one! for my rhyme
  Of earthly passion dares not speak,
Nor bring I from the Elfin clime
  One thought to tinge thy virgin cheek:
As friendship calm, and free from guile,
Love reigns in that Elysian Isle.

'Tis day-break: Lo, the Morning Star
Looks o'er the brightening peaks afar;
And now we wander, hand in hand,
Along the shell-besprinkled strand,
To watch Aurora's footsteps dim
Come dancing o'er blue ocean's brim,

With Zephyr, flinging in his mirth
Fresh odours o'er the laughing earth :
And now with upward gaze we mark,
High poised in air, the minstrel lark,
Warbling wild his thrilling strain,
As if his breast could not contain
The out-gushings of his boundless pleasure, —
And, therefore, without stint or measure,
From his oriel in the cloud,
His joyous lay he singeth loud.

Now we walk the groves among,
Rich with fragrance, rife with song ;
Where the woodbine breathes its balm
'Neath the shadow of the palm ;
Where the hum of early bee
Soundeth from the citron tree ;
And the squirrel, just awake,
From his fur the dew doth shake,
As he bounds from oak to pine
O'er festoons of eglantine.
—Now, ere yet the sun may sip
The fresh dew from the lily's lip,
While the pheasant leaves the brake,
While the wild swan seeks the lake,
While the long cool shadows lean
O'er the dell's delicious green,
Lo, we trace the gurgling rills
To their fountains in the hills ;

Where the hart and hind are straying,
Where the antelopes are playing,
Where the flocks which need no folding
Jocundly their games are holding,
As if old Pan the watch were keeping
While the wanton kids are leaping,
And the rocky cliffs resounding
To their bold hoofs wildly bounding.

FYTTE III.

There the wyse Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, in fearful hollow place,
Under a rock that lyes a little way
From the swift river, tombling down apace
Emongst the woody hilles---
--- And there that great magitian had deuiz'd,
By his deep science and hell-dreaded might,
A looking-glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd---
--- It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd.

Spenser's Faery Queene.

But when up the middle heaven
Sol his glowing car hath driven,
From his fervid searching eye
To the Enchanted Grot we hie,—
Where a solemn river sounds,
Deep amidst the forest bounds,
And romantic rocks are seen
Rising o'er the cedar screen.
Like some temple's ruined pile
Quarried in the cliffs of Nile,
In the mount's basaltic side
Opes the pillared portal wide;

Grooved with sculpture strange and quaint—
Hieroglyphic figures faint,
Interlaced with graceful twine
Of amaranth and jessamine.

At the touch of magic wand,
Slow the granite gates expand;
And, extending far aloof,
Inward springs the archèd roof
O'er the high and echoing hall,
Circled by its fretted wall
Of columnar stalactite:
Fitting lustres dimly light
The dome with gleam of sparry gems,
Like jewelled stars and diadems
Pendant from the pictured ceiling,—
Gorgeous tracery revealing,
Sketched in nature's arabesque
With necromantic shapes grotesque,
Never seen by sea or land,
Never graved by human hand.
—Through that rich and stately room
Hangs a soft yet solemn gloom,
Like the meditative shade
By primeval forests made;
While, with coral crusted o'er,
Spreads the fair mosaic floor,
Round whose ample verge, I ween,
Ne'er was creeping creature seen.

But, behold, an inner aisle
Opens from this shadowy pile,
Deep into the Stygian gloom
Of the mountain's caverned womb;
Whence the rushing of a river
Sounds upon the ear for ever,
Like some prophet's solemn strain
Warning guilty worlds in vain.
—I turned; and to my asking eye
Thus the Fairy made reply:
"Thou hear'st the ceaseless Stream of Time,
Flowing on its path sublime
To the dim and shoreless sea
Of fathomless Eternity:
Light as foam on ocean's tide,
Mortals on its current glide;
Nor could an archangel's force
For an instant stay its course."

While I listen, slowly rise
Wilder wonders to my eyes:
Strange unearthly light is streaming
Down that Delphic cave—and, gleaming
From its dim chaotic shelves,
The Magic Mirror of the Elves
Emerges from the mystic shroud,
Like the broad moon from a cloud.
—Lo, across the wizard glass,
In distinct procession, pass

(Like the groups in Grecian shrine
Graved by Phidias' hand divine,)
Phantom shapes of sages old
Of the heroic Age of Gold,
Whose noble acts have passed unsung
By Poesy's melodious tongue —
Whose very memory hath gone
From lands where they like stars had shone.
For thus it is the Fairies' boast
To treasure lore that earth has lost,
Amidst the conflict and turmoil
That desolate our mundane soil;
But 'tis to favoured bards alone
This Mirror of the Elves is shown,
That fresh to mortal vision brings
The picture of long-perished things.

As longer in that glass I look,
I view, as in a blazoned book,
Pale History unfold her page —
Down from man's primeval age,
Through the lapse of distant times,
Round the wide globe's many climes,
Blotted with ten thousand crimes.
Still I view, where'er I scan,
Man himself a wolf to man;
Thirsting for his brother's blood,
From Abel's murder to the Flood —
From Nimrod's huntings to the cry
That rent the horror-stricken sky,

When, yesterday, Napoleon's car
Resistless swept the fields of war,
And trampled Europe cowered beneath
The murder-glutted scythe of death.*

This piteous scene I pondered well,
Till sadness on my spirit fell;
Then, turning mournfully aside,
I thus addressed my silent Guide :—
" Fair Spirit! shut that page of woe:
It is enough for me to know
That thus, from Adam's day to ours,
Man ever hath abused the powers
Our bounteous Maker to him gave;
His brother's tyrant or his slave,
Still miserable, weak or strong,
Enduring or inflicting wrong!
—My soul is weary of the past:
Prospectively the vision cast,
That next my eager eyes may trace
The future fortunes of our race;
Or, from the hidden rolls of fate,
Unfold the destinies that wait
My country, on the perilous track
Whence nations never voyage back—
For *onward* is our mortal way
Alike to glory or decay.

* Alluding to the carnage in the Continental Campaigns previous to 1810; about which period the original sketch of this little poem was written, and a small part of it printed.

—Such secret lore my soul doth yearn
From thy Enchanted Glass to learn
As erst was taught that Rhymer bold,
Who by fair Elfland's Queen of old
Was captive led from Eildon Tree
To this far Land of Faërie,—
Even he who from this wizard grot
Caught the prophetic rhymes he wrote,
Forthshadowing in darksome phrase
The dim events of after days."

With austere and solemn look,
Such as none unmoved might brook,
Spoke the Fay:—"Thou seek'st to scan
Knowledge all unmeet for man;
But, since thou wilt, accept the boon
Which he who gains repenteth soon."
—She said: and, sudden o'er the glass
Confused the frowning shadows pass,
With step reversed, as if they trod
Unwillingly a backward road.

* * * *

Fearful was the sight and high!—
But on my lips a spell doth lie:
The mysteries of Elfin clime
May not be told without a crime!

FYTTE IV.

And all about grew every flower and tree,
To which sad lovers were transformed of yore.---
---Me seems of those I see the hapless fate
To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date.
Spenser's Faery Queene.

The cool breeze from the billowy main
Breathes through the cedar groves again;
When from the grotto's mystic shade
We fare into the forest glade,
And through its wildering mazes glide
Until we gain the farther side, —
Whence the distant view descries,
Dimly seen, the Vale of Sighs.
— Winding down, the pathway slow
Leads us to that valley low,
Deep amidst the mountains wending;
Where the silvery willows, bending
O'er the melancholy stream,
Like despairing damsels seem,
With disheveled tresses swinging,
Evermore their white hands wringing.
All along that lonesome glen,
Tall grey stones like shapes of men,
Rocks with tufts of myrtle crowned,
Cast their shadows o'er the ground —
Shadows strange that seem to fly,
Ghost-like, from my earthly eye;
And, at times, a feeble wail
Floats upon the sighing gale,

From those willows by the river
With their tresses waving ever,
Or the myrtle bowers above,
Like voice of one who dies for love.

As we silently pass on,
Pale groups, upon the marble stone
Graven with surpassing skill,
The softened soul with pity fill:
Many a scene of mournful mood,
And acts of generous womanhood,
Such as high bards in ancient days
Sung to the lyre in tender lays,
In magic sculpture tell their tale,
Along that monumental vale,—
Preserved from ravage or decay
While earthly empires pass away.
—Full many a scene we linger o'er
That thrilled the hearts of classic yore—
Sweet Thisbe watching in the wood,
And Hero by wild Sestos' flood,
And Dido in her frenzied grief,
Deserted by the Trojan chief:
For in that Vale of Sighs appear
All scenes that waken pity's tear,
All tragic tales of gentle strain
Where woman's heart has bled in vain.
—In vain? No! I the word recall:
A lofty moral lives in all
Those stories of the heart's devotion,
Opening sources of emotion

Deeper far than Love can boast
Where his hopes have ne'er been crossed.

At length, by the spell-guarded mount,
Where gushes bright Cephisus' fount
Into the limpid pool below,
We pause with faltering step and slow
In that lone dell's remotest bound,
Arrested by a mournful sound ;
For there, where clustering forests tall
Embower the deep-voiced waterfall,
Is heard the plaintive moaning wail
Of one forlorn. Her tragic tale
In Grecian glen sweet Ovid found —
The Nymph who faded to a sound
For grief of unrequited love.
And lo, her Naiad sisters rove
For ever round the enchanted spot
Where Echo holds her misty grot,
Conversing with the viewless shade
Aye hovering o'er that haunted glade.
Oft as they tell her hapless story,
Responsive from the cavern hoary,
Low wailing words of tender woe,
Half heard amidst the waters' flow,
Murmur of love's deceitful arts,
Of blighted forms and broken hearts,
And woman's triumph pure and high
In generous, deathless constancy !

FYTTE V.

What there thou seest, fair creature! is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will lead thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming.

Paradise Lost.

Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Towards a higher object. — Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
For this the passion to excess was driven —
That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.

Wordsworth's Laodamia.

Issuing from that pensive vale,
Soon an alpine scene we hail,
Where Olympian peaks arise
Towering to the bright blue skies,
And a rock's romantic mound,
By a ruined temple crowned,
Overhangs the central tide
Whence fair Elfland's rivers glide.
—Girt by cliff and shaggy brake,
Softly lay that silent lake,
In the mountain's stern embrace
Sleeping in its simple grace,
With a pure and placid breast,
Like a dreaming child at rest.

Leaning o'er its lilied side,
Thus began my lovely Guide:

" Listen to a legend hoar
Of our Isle in days of yore :
And, while I the story tell,
Ponder thou its purport well.

" When first this Eden of the deep
Was wakened from chaotic sleep,
To be the destined dwelling place
Of those you call the Elfin race ;
(Beings formed by nature free
From sin and sad mortality ;
Yet by ties of mystic birth
Linked unto the sons of Earth ;)
On that bright primeval morn,
She of Fays the eldest born, —
PHYSIS erst by mortals named,
Later as TITANIA famed, —
Roaming through her natal Isle,
Came where yonder ruined pile
(A temple reared to Solitude
By the young Naiads of the flood)
O'erlooks the wave. With wondering eye,
She sees what seems a downward sky
Stretching far its depths of blue,
With the stars dim-gleaming through,
Whene'er the sun his brightness shrouds
'Neath some veil of fleecy clouds,
And the shadows come and go
Athwart the liquid plain below.

—As she gazes, still, behold,
Marvels to her eyes unfold ;
Massive rocks and towering mountains,
With their woods and sparkling fountains,
In the inverted landscape lie,
Pointing to a nether sky.

" Suddenly, with swan-like flight
Launching from the cliffy height,
On the buoyant air she springs,
(Scorns an elf the aid of wings,)
In the middle space upborne,
Like a cloudlet of the morn ;
With her vesture floating free,
And her locks luxuriantly
Backward o'er her shoulders flung ;
While her face and bosom young
Forward bend with fearless pride
To the fair illusive tide.
—Wherefore, in her downward track
Starts the Fairy Virgin back —
And, again, with fond surprise,
Waveward casts her wistful eyes ?
Lo ! to meet her wildered gaze,
Upwards through the lucid maze
Swiftly glides a glorious creature,
Sister-like in form and feature ;
In her modest maiden charms,
In her lovely locks and arms,



In her eyes and graceful mien,
An image of that Elfin Queen.
— Titania smiles — and from the wave
The Form returns the smile she gave:
She spreads her arms — with winning grace
The Phantom offers her embrace:
But when she fondly strives to clasp
The beauteous Shade — it flies her grasp,
Amidst the broken billows lost;
And all the enchanting scene is tost
Fantastically, heaving wide
Athwart the bosom of the tide!

" Abashed and sad, upon the strand
The Virgin stood — when accents bland
Came, like sweet music on the wind,
From amaranthine groves behind: —
' Grieve no longer, gentle Elf,
For that semblance of thyself!
All that meets the gaze below,
Like that shade an empty shew
Formed to charm the *finite* sense,
Faileth from the grasp intense
Of creature longing for the love
That looks below — but lives above.
— Virgin! upward lift thine eye
Where the peak ascendeth high:
Lo! yon Mount of Vision towers
O'er Elysium's blissful bowers,

Where the flower of beauty bloweth,
Where the fruit immortal groweth.
Behold, I come thy path to guide
Up the mountain's rugged side,
Where for thee thy Lover waits
By the Enchanted Palace gates :
'Tis no shadow *there* that meets thee —
'Tis thy glorious bridegroom greets thee,
With that pure celestial love
Blessed Genii own above :
Follow me — and fill the throne
Of Fairy-Land with Oberon!'"

The Legend of the Lake was done,
And on its import I was musing,
When o'er the mountain sank the sun,
Around its lofty peaks diffusing
Brilliant streams of rosy light ;
And, 'neath the gorgeous cloudy dome
Enwreathed around that hallowed height,
Methought I saw the enchanted home
Of Oberon, in love reposing
Like an Island of the Blest,
With its bright pavilions closing
Round immortal bowers of rest.
While I gazed, the vision faded,
Softly, slowly, from the view ;
And dim twilight's wing had shaded
All the Mount in misty hue,
As I left the lakelet's side
With that bright-eyed Elfin Guide.

FYTTE VI.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful, and beauty-making power---
---Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower
A new earth and new heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud.

Coleridge.

——— That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: --- that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on---
— While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

Wordsworth.

Now Hesper from the blushing west
Leads that sweet hour I love the best,
When birds their fluttering pinions fold,
And wild-bees seek their honied hold,
And deer that never heard a hound
Across the verdant valleys bound,
To couch among the banks of thyme
Where greenwoods to the uplands climb.
— Now by some lawny slope we linger,
While quiet Eve with jealous finger
Closes the curtains of the skies
Till modest Dian deign to rise:
Now by the murmuring beach we walk,
Oft-pausing in our heart-tuned talk,

To list the hermit nightingale
Entrancing all the moonlight vale :
Or, from some sea-ward hanging steep,
  View boundless ocean round us swelling,
Without a wish to cross the deep,
  Or leave again that lovely dwelling.
But, sweeter than the murmur calm
  Of the circling moonlight sea,
Sweeter than the odorous balm
  Of the incense-bearing tree,
Sweeter than the nightingale
  Singing to the enamoured brooks,
Is the soul-entrancing tale
  Taught me by that Fairy's looks,
As she leads my heart on high
To dwell on thoughts that cannot die.

" Behold," (thus spoke the bright-eyed Fay,)
" Endeth now the Elfin day :
Ere the star of morning gleams
Thou must leave this Isle of Dreams :
Yet, before the vision part,
Mortal, let thy listening heart
Devoutly learn to understand
The scenes of this symbolic land ;
For here a parable doth lie
In all that meets the ear or eye,
Teaching things of solemn strain
That to human life pertain.

" Thus, the joyous scenes of dawn,—
When we roused the hind and fawn
From among the springing flowers,
And the odour-breathing bowers,
And the laughing air and earth,
Were redolent of life and mirth,—
Exhibit, in this mystic clime,
The type of youth's elastic prime;
When the fond inexperienced boy
Deems life one long bright day of joy,
And, with health dancing in his veins,
Toil, peril, pain, alike disdains;
When but to live is bliss enough,—
And, heedless though the way be rough,
He bounds along it, like a hound
That hears the hunter's bugle sound;
Nor feeleth yet the heavy load
That clogs the spirit's onward road,
When sadly it awakes to scan
The burthen of the lot of man.

" Next, life's meridian sun is high;
And the vain world's proud pageantry
Is spread before the wildered heart
With more than Elfland's magic art.
While kneel the crowd at Mammon's shrine,
Some, guided by a light divine,
Calmly survey, as in a glass,
The earth's historic drama pass;

Where evermore the actors change,
But yet, o'er that wide theatre's range,
The same dark tragedy appears
Still acting for six thousand years.

" Sick of ambition's wretched strife,
Sick of the vanities of life,
His early dreams of bliss decayed, —
Like stricken deer that seeks the shade,
The mourner to seclusion flies,
(The symbol yon sad Vale of Sighs,) —
To wander like a wailing ghost,
As if the aim of life were lost,
And nought remained below the sky
But grief for things ordained to die.

" From that forlorn estate at length,
The Pilgrim, with recovered strength,
Led upwards by the narrow road,
And lightened of his heavy load,
Emerges into brighter skies
Where Beulah's blessed region lies *—
Where the calm Mount of Vision towers,
Revealing Eden's long-lost bowers
Arising in a purer clime
Beyond the cloudy gulphs of Time.

" And, favoured Pilgrim, for thy sake,
The Legend of the Elfin Lake

* See Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Forthshadows in its simple story
(If right thou read'st the allegory)
The longings of the immortal Spirit
For bliss that flesh may not inherit,
Which the deluded Senses fain
Would grasp at in the shadows vain
Of earthly things, whose empty show
Allures and mocks the soul below.
Pure deathless Joy alone is found
In that celestial Garden's bound
Where Faith the Cherub keeps the gate —
Where Pysche finds her long-lost Mate —
Where Beauty dwells with Bliss for ever,
And bathes the ravished Soul in Life's immortal river!"

She ceased: And now pale Dian's crest,
Slowly waning in the west,
Sinks behind the shadowy hill;
And the nightingale is still
On his fragrant orange bough:
It is solemn midnight now;
And the silent landscape lies
Hushed beneath the starry skies,
Like a meek and gentle child
Listening to his mother mild,
While her earnest eyes above
O'er him bend with looks of love,
As she prayeth God to keep
Watch around his midnight sleep.—

Like such heart-hushed little one,
Hangs my listening soul upon
The words that flow from lips divine
Of that Maid of heavenly line;
In whose lofty mien I trace
The model of man's godlike race,
Ere his half-angelic nature
Lapsed into the lowlier creature,
Ere the golden link was riven
That upheld the heart to heaven,
And the ethereal light grew dim
Of the fallen seraphim —
Fallen to arise no more
Till a second birth restore.
— Fades all foolish human pride
As I list that saintly guide, —
Now no more an Elfin sprite,
But a glorious Seraph bright,
As a Guardian Spirit given
To point out the path to heaven, —
In whose pure celestial eyes
I learn the language of the skies.
— Lovely lessons *there* I read,
There I learn a lofty creed,
In the expression of a mind
By a fearless faith refined,
Such as we of mortal strain
Beneath the stars may not attain.
There, like to a limpid well,
I survey the spirit's cell, —

A fount where the foul demon, Sin,
Hath ne'er disturbed the depths within,—
Fraught with fervid love profound,
With thoughts that range creation round,
With fancy like the electric light
Streaming through the polar night—
Or like the bright phosphoric blaze
Flashing where the dolphin plays —
Diffusing through the depths of mind
A radiance that might charm the blind—
The blind in heart—who grope forlorn
For want of light they laugh to scorn.
—Such,—unstained by earthly folly,
Attuned to musings high and holy,
Yet touched by human melancholy,—
Such then that Seraph Guide was seen
As Eve in Eden bowers had been —
As Azla, freed from earthly stain,
To Eden shall return again,—
That better Paradise above,
The birth-place of the Spirit's love !

L'ENVOI.

Endeth here the rambling rhyme
Of my flight to Fairy clime,
From beneath the Eildon Tree
With the Enchantress Phantasy.

Blame it not, as aught amiss,
That in lay so light as this
I have taught the harp's wild strings
To discourse of solemn things:
Light the song — yet who can say,
While it lives its little day,
That its allegoric art
May not wile some wandering heart
To reflect upon the END
Whither Time's dark issues tend:
— Or, if too lofty be such aim,
Yet wilt not Thou the purpose blame.

Fitting pause from minstrel task,
Now, sweet Azla, let me ask:
But if thou wilt deign to smile
On this Dream of Elfin Isle,
Haply, in an altered strain,
I may touch the harp again;
Richer veins of thought revealing,
Deeper springs of love unsealing,
Where the Passions have their strife
'Midst 'the bosom-scenes of life:'
For the poet's art must borrow
Spells of might from Fear and Sorrow,
Since our nature seeks relief
From Pleasure in 'the Joy of Grief.'

THE SUBSTITUTE

A Tale of France.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY."

NAPOLEON wanted a fresh supply of "food for powder," and so urgently, that the time usually allowed, even during war, between the choice of a conscript and his departure for actual service, became limited upon this occasion to a few days.

In many a village through France, the winter's morning which ushered in the day upon which the rustic youths were to "*tirer leur sort*," in the different adjacent towns, presented scenes of trembling bustle. We are upon the highroad outside one little hamlet. Two young fellows pass us, arm in arm, talking earnestly, though in a low tone. They are brothers, the only support of an aged and feeble mother. The elder being *chef de famille*, since his father's death, is not called upon to attend the mayor and sub-prefect, in the town towards which they walk; he only conveys the younger lad a little way on the road, to bid God bless him, and deliver him from a "*mauvais numero*." You may guess, indeed, from the patched working-dress of the one, that it is not his inten-

tion to accompany his (unwillingly) holiday-clad brother far out of the village; and you may infer that the necessity of not missing a single day of agricultural labour sends him back to the farmer's team or barn.—He must retrace his steps already. The brothers stop at the bottom of the first little hill, speak a moment to each other, doff their caps, kiss cheeks, and part. The *cadet* bounds up the road bravely, at once to disguise his feelings and make a little show of response to the call of "glory and country." As the *ainé* repasses you, his step is heavy, his head drooped, his hands clenched, as they swing at his sides, and his eyes—but he will not let you see *them*.

Another pair approach—a lad and a girl. He is laughing, or doing his best to laugh; she is shedding tears, though sometimes she smiles too. Are they brother and sister?—Hardly. Their arms happen to be interlaced at one another's backs—and observe how expressively he—or she—or both (fie!) kiss. Let them go their ways in peace, and without arousing excessive sympathy. He is the youngest of five stout sons, whose father and mother are living and thriving, and may pretty well be spared as a contribution from his native village to national honor and glory: and though 'tis interesting and pleasing to witness the romantic distress of the young couple,—lovers according to the rules, that is with the consent of both their families—yet they are *too* young to be married yet a-while; and Arriette will be constant—if she can; and he may come home an officer, or a sergeant, at least; or if he never come home—why

then, Arriette will be very, very much afflicted. They disappear from us over the hill together, and it seems she has got leave to accompany him to the town, that she may the sooner learn whether he is to "*tomber*" or not.

A middle-aged man and his wife, leaning at either side upon their son, now attract our notice. "Still, one should always live in good hopes, *mon enfant*," says the mother, while passing by us; but even her voice does not support the recommendation of her words. In fact, her hopes of Clovis drawing a "good number," are very slight, and a kind of superstition augments her apprehensions for his lot. Among the peasantry of France it goes as a rule that if one of a family of many sons is cast as a conscript, the others from time to time, are sure to share his fate; and she has some reason for putting vague faith in the influence of the supposed fatality. About seven years before, her eldest boy, after drawing a "bad number," joined the army, and fell in his first battle-field. Another conscription was ordered, and her second fared as his brother had done. Another, and her third, left her, and soon returned, badly wounded; and now creeps about her cottage, drooping, pale, and unable to work. The fourth is on his way to try his fortune--and he is her last, too--that is, the last able to help her and his father, for little Pierre is only ten.--God speed them, the old couple this day,—and may they march home, Clovis between them, to supper, a free man!

Standing by the road-side to witness the departure of these and many other villagers for the town, our position

was at one of the piers of an avenue of pine trees, which led up to a château of some respectability. Presently voices sounded, coming down the avenue, and many humble groups on the high road stopped to take off their caps, and bow, or else to simper and curtsey, and give their "*bon jour*" to the speakers, who soon joined them.

"Good day, Mademoiselle Hortense—good day, Monsieur François," said many kind and respectful voices, accompanied by the smiles and looks and action which peasants out of France know nothing of.

Mademoiselle Hortense was a young lady of about eighteen, her height good, her figure straight as a poplar, her carriage free, noble—all but haughty—and yet it was simple, too. No one called her beautiful; but every one spoke of the spirit and expression of her face—and indeed it could not be seen once, and soon forgotten. Its complexion was almost Moorish; perhaps her ancestors had not escaped, in times gone by, some contact with Oriental blood, when the south of France was partially inhabited by swarthy children of the sun—and from the south, we have heard, her family first came into the almost extreme northern province which is now country to her. Hortense's eye, too,—her round, powerful, fascinating black eye, shaded by her intensely black hair, had a fitfully firm glance, such, it is said (though softened in her,) as struck with astonishment, if with nothing else, the good citizens of Paris, when the bold and brave Marseillois suddenly appeared in their streets, chaunting their tremendous hymn, and glaring upon the

new objects around them, with an expression traced to their mixed descent from infidel and christian. But let not an illustration unfeminize, in the slightest degree, *la belle et douce Hortense*. If nature gave her a feature which truly revealed spirit and power, another was conferred abounding with softness and goodness — her mouth — beautiful mouth! narrow, pulpy, richly-colored, out-breathing, and constantly putting in play two divine dimples: — nay a particular individual has averred that Hortense's eyes, alone with his, were of all features of her face, the gentlest, most amiable, kindest, best.

However, this is a little too much of Hortense, devotedly as we love her. Her companion, whom the peasants have called Monsieur François, is to be introduced. He was a young man of twenty, it was said — nay, insisted on — else he would not have appeared in the avenue this morning; — and yet, from his slight figure, a little stooped and not strongly knit, and from his boyish, pale, unbearded and unwhiskered face, he did not appear to be as old as the girl who leaned on his arm.

"And is no one to be spared, in these times, Mademoiselle Hortense," continued an old man, after he had saluted her, "not even the best among us? And must Monsieur François take his chance with the poorest?"

"My brother," answered Hortense, "is proud to take his chance for serving his country and his Emperor, at the side of the other brave youths — no matter how poor — of our district."

"The call to war, Oudard," added François, smiling

at his old neighbour, "has never yet been neglected by one of my family."

The old man, with his parting compliment, bowed, put on his battered old hat, and left them. The brother and sister stood still at the bottom of the avenue, both looking in the same direction.

"'Tis time Eugène were here, if he *is* to accompany me to the town," resumed François.

"Yes, indeed," replied Hortense, "and he is not generally so unpunctual;—but, *mon frère*, you must feel the morning air very cold, for you tremble a little?"

"Do I?—'tis nothing, Hortense;—ten minutes brisk walking towards the town will cure it, if our friend would only come as he promised."

"Here he is, then," said Hortense, as the young man they expected jumped over a stile at the other side of the road, nearly opposite to them.

Eugène was twenty-five; well-formed, well-featured, manly-looking, but rustic. He wanted something of the elevated character which stamped even the appearance of Hortense and François, though in such different ways. Hortense, however, did not seem to think contemptuously of his agricultural mannerism, as he walked across the road, bowing and smiling to her. She blushed to be sure—that is, her deep brunette cheeks became, of a sudden, of a rich, neutralized, red colour; but we are certain it was not because she was ashamed of him that Hortense blushed.

After greetings, a few words served to make François and Eugène ready to start for the town. "God bless

you, *mon frère!*" said Hortense, offering her cheek, while her noble eyes were now moist and half closed—"God bless you—and though, as you have yourself just said, no man of our ancient family ever yet turned an indifferent ear to the call of country and of honour, still, *mon frère*—" her voice failed her, and the tears would not keep bounds—"still I will pray, all this day, that for the present, you may be spared to those who love you.—Eugène, good morning!" She turned quickly up the avenue, in her little brown cloth cloak and coarse straw bonnet.

"For glory and country!" cried François, taking his friend's arm to lead him off.

"Stop one moment—I 've forgotten just to ask Hortense one word"—said Eugène—and he ran after his mistress.

"Folly!" cried François,—"soft nonsense at the moment we have hard blows to think of!—you may overtake me if you can, Eugène!"—He spoke in a brave, shouting tone, and disappeared from the avenue.

"I will catch you in two jumps," shouted Eugène in return. "Hortense," he continued, joining her, "there will be no one at home with you in the house to-day, except your poor sick mother and the servants."

"Well, Eugène, and what of that?—I thank you for your anxiety about me—but can I not take care of the house and servants, and of my dear mother, too, for a few hours?—Besides, Antoine" (her elder brother, and *chef de famille*) "may be home from his long journey before evening:—you know he has been many days expected."

"Well, Hortense, good bye—you know you have not bid me good bye yet——" (a moment's break here in the dialogue)—"and Hortense—"

"What, Eugène?" as he paused.

"This day, of all days, would not be the day to—"

He stopt short again, but Hortense knew what he meant, and went on for him.

"To receive a visit from your rich rival, Eugène? he—" she continued, contemptuously, "who has the château hard-by, with a window for every day in the year in it?—you are right, my friend. If ever his company was disagreeable to me, it must be till I see you again—you and François together, I mean.—Eugène—" she paused, in her turn, looked most wistfully into her lover's face, laid her hand on his arm, and, beginning with the word "François," was about to make an important request:—but she suddenly checked herself—and saying—"but no—time enough for that—for even a breath of it,—*when* I shall see you both again—" she again turned from Eugène, and he bounded down the avenue to overtake his friend.

Hortense gained the open space before the enclosed *cour* of the château. It had originally been covered with soft grass, but the constant irruptions of the poultry, pigs, horses and cows, from the farm, which bounded it on one side at right angles with the château, left it at present little appearance of verdure, or even of uniformity or cleanliness.—We have, indeed, often been outraged in taste and patience, in France, by observing how frequently the immediate vicinity of a respectable

and comfortable house is thus littered, by the similar economy of fixing the abode of the hired-farmer, with its almost endless appendages of stables, cow-sheds, sheep-sheds, pig-styes, &c. close within view and contact. But that is scarcely to our present purpose.

As Hortense, threading her way cautiously between beasts, brutes, and fowls of many kinds, (to speak of nothing else,) approached the farmer's thatched house, she saw his stalwart, though comely daughter, holding out a flat basket of breakfast-mess for the poultry, while she screamed an invitation to them, on their predatory wanderings far and near, in a succession of shrill and nearly diabolical cadences.

"Good day, Mademoiselle," said the maiden, interrupting her summons to the cocks and hens, the turkeys, the ducks, and their offspring of low degree—yet she bawled to her young mistress almost as loud as she had done to them,—"Good day, Mademoiselle—and may God make this day end happily for you."

"The eggs, Madeline, for breakfast," said Hortense distantly, for she did not like the prayer put up by Madeline, for certain reasons—"since I am abroad so early, I may as well take them home myself."

"Ay, ay,—abroad so early, indeed," resumed Madeline—"and too early, for any good is to come of it, I am sure.—Mademoiselle,—if Monsieur François should *fall* to-day, what is to be done?"

"Done? what do you mean, *ma fille*?" asked Hortense in real or feigned surprise.

"Oh, I have heard my father and my mother talk it

over, Mademoiselle—and they say it will be quite impossible to get a substitute, this time, the drain of men is so great everywhere, and the price so very high."

"And who told *thee*, Madeline, or *thy* father or mother, either, that we—my brother and his family—are so poor as not to be able to purchase a substitute—high as the price may be?" asked Hortense, now putting Madeline at her distance, as she used the *tu-toi*—"or, suppose Monsieur François *does* draw a bad number, who told thee he may not prefer to serve his country personally, rather than by a substitute?"

"Hélas, poor Monsieur François!"—sighed Madeline with a knowing shake of the head.

"Girl!"—cried Hortense—"what dare you say of my brother?"

"Nothing, Mademoiselle—nothing, *sur mon honneur*—it is not I that say it——"

"Say what?"

"Nothing, indeed—nothing, Mademoiselle—only that he has often been sickly and weakly, and might not have health or strength enough for a soldier."

"Pho—the eggs, *ma fille*—and the freshest"—and Hortense soon had them in the little basket, and crossed over to the château, seemingly unconcerned and unmoved by Madeline's chatter, but really and deeply agitated by it.

She did not, however, allow any one in the house to notice her feelings, in her manner. To prepare for the old and feeble mother's descent to breakfast, she closely watched, as was her wont, the labours of the rustic servant,

whose business it was to pile up the logs on the hearth in the *sâlle à manger*, to wheel round the immense, old-fashioned, half-decayed arm chair, to their blaze, and sweep, and dust, and arrange, and, in a word, do her best to make the spacious apartment not have the air of being badly and poorly furnished. When, with the assistance of the same attendant, Hortense had placed her mother in her usual seat, the earnest, fond, coaxing devotion with which she induced the half-doting invalid to take her morning's meal, shewed nothing of a reserved care preying upon her very heart. They spoke little together of François, or of the interests of the day connected with him—for in fact, the old woman's mind was so decayed nothing distinctly affected her.

After breakfast, Hortense left her mother to the care of a young girl, and ascended to her brother Antoine's chamber, with the professed purpose of seeing that it was in order for his expected return to his family. "I must keep myself employed, except when I kneel down to pray," was Hortense's mental resolve. "Oh, God grant that Antoine may come back with the money he has gone to borrow of our rich uncle—God grant it?" she continued, entering his chamber. A look around informed her that little was wanted in the arrangement of the apartment. Before she turned out of it, she could not help remarking how like her elder brother's mind and character were many of the appendages of the place, added to it by himself: the fowling-pieces, the pistols; an antique sword once wielded by a distinguished warlike ancestor; a wolf-spear; roots of flowers, pre-

served on rough shelves from the frosts of winter; paper bags of seeds, hung against the wall; ponderous country-made shoes, calling to mind the manful, almost rude tread and stride of their owner, in all weathers, here and there, over the few acres which misfortune had left to the descendants of a once wealthy and powerful family. And for the private library of Antoine, his sister smiled to think how easily its volumes could be numbered; they were in fact but two; one an odd tome of an old fabulous history of France; the other, a great folio quite as old, entitled *La Maison Rustique;* containing loquacious and quaint instructions how to make and keep in order gardens of various kinds, shrubberies, vineyards pleasure grounds; how to make all descriptions of wines; and how to brew, and how to bake within doors.

But Hortense did not smile when, by association, her mind, and with it her steps, turned to her younger brother's study, contrived next his sleeping apartment. Here as she paused at its door, none of the indications of a rough masculine mind, like Antoine's, were visible; no weapons nor impliments of country sport; no spear for the wolf, who was occasionally, though not often to be met with in the adjacent forests;—no relic of family heroism; no arms of defence; even no symptoms of attention to the garden or the farm. Of books, indeed, there were enough, but all, whether poetical or prosaic, of a soft, or dreamy, or gentle cast; and a guitar lay on a chair beside the student's table; and landscape sketches, mostly unfinished, were pinned to the walls.

"Amiable and beloved François!" sighed Hortense,

as she sat to the table—"My brother, my friend, my tutor;—you to whom I owe almost a mind, and whose goodness and gentleness have improved my heart—woman's as it is!—oh, my brother! my brother!—a merciful Providence grant I may be deceived in my fears for you!" She fell on her knees, and the prayers of Hortense were long and fervid.

The wind entering through a half-opened window, wafted to her side a piece of torn paper, written upon, but blotted and scratched over, here and there. Its rustle disturbed her devotions; her eye fixed upon it; she knew her younger brother's hand; and the first words of it, unconsciously perused by Hortense, made her hurry, in spite of herself, through the whole. It was but a fragment of seemingly an aspiration to heaven, torn in pieces by its writer; and, doubtless, he had never meant it for any eye but his own. "But even this is like him," thought Hortense, "the want of presence of mind which, in the nervous bustle of leaving the house this morning, could make him overlook an evidence so tremendous!"

Hortense could decypher only a few sentences of the paper; but she read enough to make her start to her feet from her knees in consternation, anger, and horror; enough to make her mutter, and—(so soon after her prayers)—almost imprecate; enough to make her tear the scrawl into a thousand little bits, and stamp and stamp them under her feet, as if she would annihilate them, and with them the sense of the written words within the breast of her brother. And then she rushed

out of the room, her uppermost feeling being that of detestation of it, and almost of him.

But love and pity soon re-asserted themselves over her soul; and after them came, upon confirmation of her worst fears long indulged, intense, agonizing solicitude, and dread for her own and her family's honor as much as for her brother's. She flung herself on her knees again in her own room, and her only prayer now was, either that François might not draw a bad number that day, or else that Antoine might come back with money to purchase a substitute for him.

The step of a horse in the paved court-yard drew her to a window. It *was* Antoine come back; but, after flying to embrace him, Hortense soon knew that half of her prayer was denied. Their rich relative would not lend him a *sous*, although the necessities of the family, accumulating for years, now seemed to threaten them with literal ruin.

After this, Hortense rested but upon one slight and tremulous hope; to prove which vain or true, she must still wait many hours. For the rest of the day, she scarce opened her lips; and, mostly sitting alone in her chamber, the anguish of suspense was fearful to her. Eugène's rich rival came a wooing, as he often did: she would not descend to him. He loitered in the house and in the gardens: she was inexorable.

At length the winter evening fell — the hour for the return of her brother and her lover. Hortense stole out of the house unobserved down the avenue, and so posted herself within the fences of the road near its

termination, that she could observe every one who came by. And, one after the other, the groups who had passed the avenue in the morning, or the greater number of them, appeared returning to the little village, some silent, or only speaking in sad tones, others talking loud and laughing: and now and then was heard the smothered sob, or the repressed lament of a woman or a girl. The poor *chef de famille* strode by with his only brother (the first group we have noticed in the morning) whom, after his day's labour, he had gone to meet on his way home; and his Herculean arm encircled the lad's neck, but his head was bent to his chest, and he moaned to himself. Arriette appeared by her lover's side, weeping so determinedly, that his false spirits, the good things he said, and the better things he did, could not make her give over. But Clovis was marched home to supper between his father and mother, a delivered youth; and it seemed, from the occasional difficulty he found in keeping the old man steady by his side, and hindering him from singing in a very loud and very cracked voice, that some good beer or *eau-de-vie* had celebrated, in the town, or on the road, the triumph and joy of the family.

Hortense looked close as each group passed by: her brother came not. But she heard him named, now and then, in whispers, and caught disjointed words and tones which entered into her brain like adders' fangs. She could comprehend that something had already happened, disgraceful — and destroying, because so — to him, to her, to their family — to their ancient honour

and name,—the idols of her worship since childhood, and now the only good left to them all. A daring determination already began to dawn in her mind. The sound of carriage-wheels diverted her and broke it up. She came upon the moonlit road. The heads of François and Eugène appeared, alternately, from the window of the vehicle, as if looking to note if their return was watched for. It was singular to see them come home in a carriage. No matter:—now, at least, she could learn what the whispers of the passing villagers had not yet told her, though they alluded to other things—namely, was François, or was he not, a conscript?

She hurried to meet the carriage. The driver knew her, and pulled up.

"*Ah, ma sœur!*" shouted François, from the window, "*je suis tombé—je suis soldat!*"

Along with the shrinking of her feelings from this announcement, her reason and understanding recoiled upon their own "foregone conclusions." Could François greet her in so *riant* and brave a tone, if she had done him justice in her former thoughts of him?

Scarcely noticing Eugène, she tenderly and weepingly embraced her brother in the carriage, which now conveyed all up the avenue. François supposed she must be surprised that they had not returned a-foot; but, in fact, as Eugène could tell her, what with getting up so unusually early that morning, and taking a long walk fasting, and then the crowd of the place where they had assembled to draw their lots, he had been

put out of sorts, and could scarce muster strength enough to get home without a carriage.

"Were you ill before or after you drew?" asked Hortense.

"Before — no, after, I think — was it Eugène? — I forget," answered the conscript.

"After," said Eugène, solemnly and sadly.

Hortense spoke not another word, although her brother continued to talk, in a bantering and hearty voice, of the suddenness with which he must enter upon his new trade, and the full practice which the new conscripts were promised just as suddenly; and how glad he would be to acquire, by the habits of a soldier's life, sufficient hardiness of frame to keep off such absurd fits of faintness as that morning had shewn him subject to.

Arrived at the château, Hortense, instead of asking Eugène in, bade him good night in so abstracted a manner that the lover thought her indifferent, and remarked that if his friend Antoine were at home he might not be treated so inhospitably.

"He is at home, Eugène," replied Hortense (and she felt François start at her side); "but, even for that reason, you will not ask to sit down among us to-night."

"And why not, Hortense? — has Le Chevalier been visiting here to-day?"

"I do not know — good night — *Mon frère,* I wait to have you hand me down:" — in fact, Hortense scarce knew or cared what she said.

"Good night, then," said Eugène, briskly, as he

jumped from the carriage before François moved; and then he hastened home.

"Stop one moment, dear Hortense," resumed François in the carriage, now speaking in a low and constrained voice — "Antoine returned you say? — and with the money?"

"With not as much as would purchase a substitute for you, *mon frère*, were substitutes to be had at a franc a-piece."

Her brother sat a moment silently; but she could hear the hissings of his breath between his teeth. At last, at her repeated urging, he descended from the vehicle, and offered her his arm.

"The evening cold affects you as keenly as that of the morning did," she observed, while she leaned on him into the house.

But to her surprise, François appeared in high spirits before her brother and her at supper. She watched him close, however, and now and then noted within his eye, or upon his suddenly-changing cheek, or upon his moist forehead, or in his fitful smothered sigh, that which she shuddered to interpret. She noted, too, the expression of his earnest embrace of his brother and herself at parting for the night; and her heart sank within her.

"And I will watch him, still," resolved Hortense. And she did so, as closely as circumstances permitted, for hours after he retired to his chamber. François bolted himself in; but she heard his uneven steps about the apartment, his groans, his wretched weeping,

his mutterings, after intervals of silence, when she imagined he had cast himself in a chair or across his bed. It must have been towards the dawn of the winter's morning that, after a long pause of inaction, during which no sounds escaped his lips, she caught these sudden words, as once more he started from his chair— "Ay! — that will end it — and for that cowardice itself at last gives me courage:" — and then he walked to the door at which she was listening.

Hortense had scarce time to escape out of his view, and yet keep her eye upon him, when she saw him steal, with a faltering foot and a haggard face, towards his brother Antoine's chamber. She followed him. The fatigued traveller had left his door open, and now slept profoundly. François, continuing his stealthy pace, approached the table where his brother had put down, freshly charged, the pistols he had carried with him on his journey. Hortense waited to see no more, but noiselessly flew to act upon a strange though powerful thought which some moments before had possessed her mind. Her paralysed mother never slept in her bed, but passed the nights in an arm-chair, well wrapped up from the cold. With a suddenly-acquired strength the girl caught up the old woman, ran with her out of the chamber, placed her in her chair inside the threshold of that of François, before he had time to re-enter it, and, standing at her back, waited for him.

The faint screams of the vaguely terrified invalid sounded on his ear, as he staggered, almost blind from

agitation, along the corridor, with the pistol in one hand and his night-lamp in the other. Had his mother been dead, and had her ghost confronted him, François could not have felt more consternation than at her sight he did.

"What — what's this, Hortense!" he stammered, his distended eyes wandering to his sister.

"Your mother and I have come to ask you, François, what you are going to do with that pistol?" answered Hortense: — it was still in his hand. — "Give it me, *mon frère!*" she continued, advancing to him: "give it!" she repeated, in a loud tone, as he receded, and, unconscious of the act, hid it behind his back.

"Give it!" echoed his mother, her attention roused by the force of the circumstances — "give it, son François, or I will kneel down and curse you!" — Her shrill and scarcely human voice rang through the château.

He mechanically extended his hand to Hortense: she put the pistol in her bosom.

"Now help me to bear our mother to her own room, and then I will speak with you," resumed Hortense. He again obeyed her. An attendant remained with the old woman, and the brother and sister walked back to his apartment.

"I know it all, my brother," said Hortense.

"All — what?" demanded François.

"Oh François, François, do not ask me to give it a name! — and you know I speak not of what has just

happened, but rather what it is that put the black thought into your mind: — my brother, my brother, I *do* know it all! — and, François, I could have preferred, much as I love you, to have seen you in your early grave, and to have taken my place at your side.— Oh, mercies! mercies! I could have preferred to have perished with you, and with all — mother, brother, and every one of our own name and blood — in utter ruin of worldly prospects — in poverty — in insulted and trampled-down poverty — ay, and in the depths of a common prison. François — all that, and more — any thing lips can name, or fancy shadow out, I could have smiled at, my brother, but this — this! — Oh, François! François!" — She wept bitterly, and wrung her hands.

With scarcely power to pronounce the poor equivocation, he continued to ask what she meant.

"Oh, never!" she resumed, not attending to him — "never, from generation to generation, has a woman of our house been called a wanton — and oh, merciful heaven! never, never *before*, from generation to generation, has a man of our house been called a ——"

"A what?" he interrupted, in false vivacity.

"I was wrong," she answered, changing her tone; "I was wrong to approach so nearly giving it a name, when I said I would not: I do not want to hurt you, François."

"Tush!" he cried, assuming a higher tone, though still a false one; "I will not bear such vague insult even from you, my sister; tell me, or retire this mo-

ment! — tell me what it is that no man of my family has ever *before* been called, but which you would now dare to call *me*!"

"No, no, no — I will not," muttered Hortense.

"Hortense, *I* will call *you* rude and insolent, and false, too, *if* you do not."

Her tears ceased, — her brow grew stern, — she rose from her seat, fixed her eyes on him; and advancing slowly, while he stept back, said —

"Listen, then — A COWARD!"

He started and shivered as if she had discharged at his head the pistol she bore in her bosom.

"Yes, wretched brother! — you *fear*, you *fear*! — your heart chills in your body! — your brain burns like fire—at the thought of the lot you have drawn this day! — you would shriek like a whipt infant to face the noble dangers of a battle-field!—a score of strong men, did they bind you with thongs, and urge you with base lashes, could not drag you, drag you upright, standing on your limbs, to face it! — Deny not my words — try not to talk me down! — So mighty is the fear at your heart, that, but a moment ago, you would have done self-murder to escape its tortures! — And what else would the act have proclaimed? — proclaimed to the world, and to men and women yet unborn, of you and of your name — your ancient, your glorious name! — What would have been the comment of mankind upon you, miserable brother! — upon *you*, found a corpse this morning, because chance made you a soldier yesterday!"

He had been swaying from side to side, his head hanging down; now he fell without a word. His sister, all her momentary passion gone, flew to him, knelt at his side, and put her arms around him. He had swooned. She started up for water, put it to his lips, and chafed his temples with it. As he recovered, he heard her plaintive and soft murmurs at his ear, asking his forgiveness, and felt her caresses.

"No, no, my brother—my beloved brother!" she continued; "'tis no fault of yours—however great, however terrible a misfortune—no fault of yours! 'tis the will of God—with, perhaps, my own act. Oh how often I have thought so, and wept to think it my own act to provoke so dark a judgment!—Yes, dear François, until the day when running up to you, of a sudden, I fired Antoine's pistol, only charged with powder, so close to you—until that day you were a brave and reckless boy—infant almost—and then, I fear, some manful nerve or other gave way! But if 'tis even so, a change may again come over you; and till that happens, let us guard jealously the secret of our honor."

With groans and tears, sitting on the floor, he turned his face from her, covering it with his hands.

"For the present occasion," resumed Hortense, "something must be done."

The action of his figure and attitude shewed him more attentive.

"We must find you a substitute."

"How?" he asked, not yet uncovering his face, though he turned anxiously towards her.

"Leave it to me to think of, my brother.—True, there is no money in the house, even for our immediate and great wants, much less for the purchase of a substitute; and the only friends we have, Eugène and his family, are almost as poor as we are, and with more claims on them; yet, leave it to me;—by to-morrow morning—indeed, this morning at breakfast, you shall know more. Return to your bed; I will go to my own chamber.—Farewell, my brother, and only promise that you will wait patiently till breakfast, and all may yet be well."

He gave the promise required. She left him with renewed embraces; recollecting, however, the betraying expression of his own farewell to her and Antoine the previous night, she allowed nothing peculiar to mark her adieus.

Our true story may be ended in not many more words. Strange things are true of women in France, calm English reader, particularly since the old Revolution.

Left alone, François did not obey his sister's exhortation to seek repose in bed. Her engagement to procure a substitute took absorbing possession of his soul. What did she mean to do? How, in fact, could she raise the purchase-money?—Vague fears of inconvenience, perhaps of humiliation and suffering to her, crowded upon his mind; and, wrought upon by his great love for his sister, François paced about the room, his kindling resolves almost verifying Hortense's half prophecy, that "a change might again come over him."

He watched the progress of the winter morning through his windows. He descended to the breakfast-room. A note from his sister awaited him upon the table: —

"I am quite sure of obtaining a substitute, only I must be absent some days from home. When you read this, I shall be already distant from you. As you wish me to succeed, make no inquiries about me till we meet. Adieu, dear brother. — HORTENSE."

Agitated with he knew not what terrors, François soon disobeyed the injunction of the last lines. He hastened to question the servants about Hortense's departure from the house. No one had seen her leave it. He spoke with his brother Antoine, who rode off to make inquiries in the neighbourhood.

François himself walked to Eugène's house. The young man had just gone, galloping hard, and in no amiable humour, towards a distant point, on pretended business, and would not return for three days. François walked home again, and in the course of the day saw Antoine come back, without obtaining the slightest information of their sister.

Enquiries and searches were continued for the better part of three days, in the adjacent town, as well as in the country, but without effect. Eugène appeared at the château, agitated with the news of Hortense's elopement. At first, even he could make nothing of it; but, after a moody pause, he smote his thigh, and asked François to accompany him to the house of his rich rival.

They accordingly went thither together. Eugène prophesied either that Hortense would be found under the chevalier's roof, after obtaining money from him to purchase a substitute; or, that the chevalier would be reported absent, no one knew where. Although François indignantly flouted his vile suspicions, yet the jealous lover desired him to call to mind how coldly Hortense had treated her old friend the very last evening they had all been together; and he added, that, although upon that occasion she had told him, Eugène, that she knew nothing of the chevalier's visit in the course of the day, yet he had since had good reason to think that they had spent many hours together in the garden.

Neither of Eugène's prognostics proved true. They saw the chevalier, and his assurances of total ignorance of the present fate of Hortense could not be doubted.

It was the day, and near the hour, when, according to notice received, François was to repair to the town to learn the exact time fixed for his march, as a conscript, towards the frontier. Eugène accompanied his friend. In the town, having presented themselves before the proper authorities, they were told that François was now a free man, a substitute having taken his place three days before; and, it was added, that the young person, from some pressing motive not explained, had urgently required, and eventually obtained, written permission to hasten, as soon as he wished, to the head town of the department, where

all the conscripts of his district were to assemble by a certain day.

A dreadful though true misgiving seized upon François. He asked to have the features of the substitute described to him. Eugène and he glared, thunderstruck, at each other, while his request was complied with. François, after a moment's pause, requested to know how the substitute had been dressed : — in the details given, he recognized a suit of his own clothes. The name was the last request : and then the friends mounted two good horses. The next day they gained the chief town of the department. A substitute of the name given had set out the day before, with many others freshly come in and classed together at random, to join a corps actually in the field, only a few miles beyond the near frontier. Then François and Eugène put their stout horses to their best.

It was the next morning, just after day-break, that the noise of musquetry and cannon reached them on their rapid journey. A short time after, they gained from a height a view of a smart skirmish. French soldiers were in quick retreat over the plain below them.—— It would be superfluous to go through all the little events which, in rapid succession, brought the brother and sister together. Enough to say, that François outstripped even Hortense's lover, when he saw her in immediate danger — brought down with a pistol-shot the whiskered and moustached Prussian whose sabre was descending on her head—and, after delivering her into Eugène's arms, stood his ground in her place,

doing his work like a man and a soldier. The change *did* come over him, from that moment. He served many campaigns with honor, and returned to his family, holding some rank as an officer.

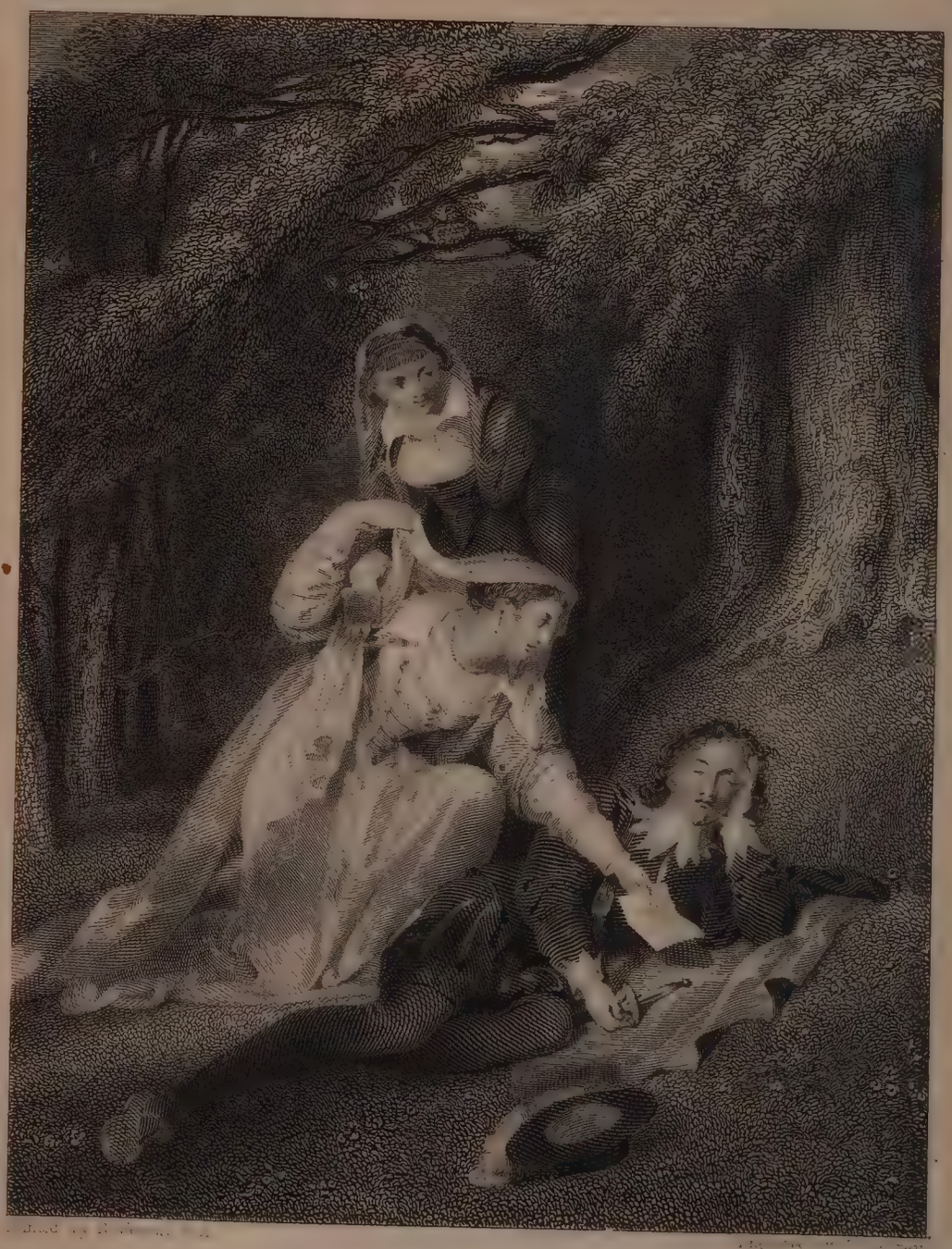
For Hortense, we repeat, kind English reader, that she yet lives in the brave country in which we now write; and more, that she wears (whenever she likes) a military decoration, presented to her soon after the facts of her lofty and yet tender heroism had become known to her Imperial Sovereign.

Boulogne-Sur-Mer, July, 1831.

FOR MUSIC.

Come again! Come again!
Sunshine cometh after rain.
As a lamp fed newly burneth,
Pleasure who doth fly returneth,
Scattering every cloud of pain;
As the year which dies in showers,
Riseth in a world of flowers,
Called by many a vernal strain;
Come *thou* for whom tears were falling,
And a thousand tongues are calling, —
Come again! O, come again!
Like the sunshine after rain.

Barry Cornwall.



THE TITE'S DREAM.

THE POET'S DREAM.*

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

Milton's L'Allegro.

I.

It was the minstrel's merry month of June;
Silent and sultry glowed the breezeless noon;
Along the flowers the bee went murmuring;
Life in its myriad forms was on the wing,
Broke through the green leaves with the quivering beam,
Sung from the grove, and sparkled on the stream:
When—where yon beach-tree broke the summer ray—
Wrapt in rich dreams of light — young Milton lay.
For him the earth beneath, the heaven above,
Teemed with the earliest spring of joyous youth;

* The verses here printed under the above title form the first part of Mr. Bulwer's poem of "Milton," published while the accompanying plate was in the hands of the engraver; the Author and the Artist being occupied, it appears, at the same time, with the same subject --- namely, "the well-known, though ill-authenticated tradition of the Italian lady seeing Milton asleep under a tree, and leaving some verses beside him, descriptive of his beauty." Mr. Bulwer's beautiful lines form so appropriate an accompaniment to the picture, that though already published in his own volume, it appeared worse than idle to provide any other illustration.---*Edit.*

Sunshine and flowers — and vague and virgin Love,
Kindling his tenderest visions into truth,
While Poesy's sweet voice sung over all,
Making the common air most musical.

II.

Alone he lay, and to the laughing beams
His long locks glittered in their golden streams;
Calm on his brow sate wisdom — yet the while
His lips wore love, and parted with a smile;
And beauty reigned along each faultless limb —
The lavish beauty of the olden day,
Ere with harsh toil our mortal mould grew dim —
When gods who sought for true-love met him here,
And the veiled Dian lost her lonely sphere —
And her proud name of chaste, for him whose sleep
Drank in Elysium on the Latmos steep.
Nor without solemn dream, or vision bright,
The bard for whom Urania left the shore —
The viewless shore where never sleeps the light,
Or fails the voice of music; and bequeathed —
Such flowers as ne'er by Thracian well were wreathed—
And song more high than e'er on Chian Rock was breathed.
Dreams he of Nymph half hid in sparry cave,
Or Naiad rising from her moonèd wave,
Or imaged idol earth has never known,
Shrined in his heart, and there adored alone;
Or such, perchance, as all divinely stole,
In later times, along his charmèd soul;

When from his spirit's fire, and years beguiled
Away in hoarded passion — and the wild
Yet holy dreams of angel-visitings,
Mixed with the mortal's burning thoughts which leave
Ev'n heaven's pure shapes with all the woman warm ;
When from such bright and blest imaginings
The inspiring seraph bade him mould the form,
And shew the world the wonder — of his Eve ?

III.

Has this dull earth a being to compare
With those which genius kindles ? — Can the sun
Shew his young bard a living shape as fair
As those which haunt his sleep ? — Yea, there is one
Brighter than aught which fancy forms most dear —
Brighter than love's wild dream ; and lo ! behold her
here !
She was a stranger from the southern sky,
And wandering from the friends with whom she roved
Along those classic gardens — chanced to stray
By the green beech-tree where the minstrel lay.

IV.

Silent — in wonder's speechless trance — she stood,
With lifted hand, and lips apart — and eye
Gazing away the rich heart, as she viewed ;
Darker than night her locks fell clustering
O'er her smooth brow, and the sweet Air just moved
Their vine-like beauty with his gentle wing ;
The earliest bloom of youth's Idalian rose

Blushed through the Tuscan olive of her cheek —
(So through the lightest clouds does morning break)—
And there shone forth that hallowing soul which glows
Round beauty, like the circling light on high,
Which decks and makes the glory of the sky.
Breathless and motionless she stood awhile,
And drank deep draughts of passion — then a smile
Played on her lip — and, bending down, her hand
Traced on her tablet the wild thoughts which stole,
Like angel-strangers, o'er her raptured soul;
For she was of the poet's golden land,
Where thought finds happiest voice, and glides along
Into the silver rivers of sweet song.

V.

O'er him she leant enamoured, and her sigh
Breathed near and nearer to his silent mouth,
Rich with the hoarded odours of the south.
So in her spiritual divinity
Young Psyche stood the sleeping Eros by *;—
What time she to the couch had, daring, trod;
And — by the glad light — saw her bridegroom God!
—Did her locks touch his cheek? or did he feel
Her breath like music o'er his spirit steal?
I know not — but the spell of sleep was broke;
He started — faintly murmured — and awoke!
He woke as Moslems wake from death, to see
The Houris of their heaven; and reverently

* In allusion to the most beautiful of ancient tales, the Story of Cupid and Psyche, in Apuleius.

He looked the transport of his soul's amaze :
And their eyes met !—The deep — deep love suppressed
For years, and treasured in each secret breast,
Wakened, and glowed, and centered in their gaze.
And their eyes met — one moment and no more !
Nursed in bright dreams of old romantic lore,
Of Eastern Fairies gliding on the beam,
Or Grecian Goddess haunting minstrel's dream ;
He rose — and though no faintest voice might stir
His lips — he knelt adoringly to her,
And gazed his worship ; but the spell was past,
And the boy's gesture broke the breathless charm,
And maiden shame, and woman's swift alarm,
Burningly o'er the Italian's soul was rushing ;
And her lip trembled, and her pulse beat fast,
And with a thousand new-born feelings blushing —
She turned away — and with a step of air
She fled, and left him mute and spell-bound there.

THE LILY.

Addressed to a Young Lady, on her Entrance into Life.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Flower of light! forget thy birth,
Daughter of the sordid earth
Lift the beauty of thine eye
To the blue etherial sky.

While thy graceful buds unfold
Silver petals starred with gold,
Let the bee among thy bells
Rifle their ambrosial cells,
And the nimble-pinioned air
Waft thy breath to heaven, like prayer:
Cloud and sun alternate shed
Gloom or glory round thy head;
Morn impearl thy leaves with dews,
Evening lend them rosy hues,
Morn with snow-white splendour bless,
Night with glow-worm jewels dress:
Thus fulfil thy summer-day,
Spring, and flourish, and decay;
Live a life of fragrance,—then
Disappear—to rise again,
When thy sisters of the vale
Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she whose name I write,
Be herself a Flower of light,
Live a life of innocence,
Die,—to be transported hence
To that Garden in the skies,
Where the Lily never dies.

Sheffield, Nov. 9th, 1830.

THE QUEEN ANNE'S SIXPENCE.

It was one of those evenings which are to be found only in Spain, and which are a kind of premium for living in that most intolerably scorching and suffocating of all countries on this side of the equator. The Spanish evening comes with an unspeakably refreshing sensation, that less resembles any thing which we call coolness in England, than the calmness that precedes the sweet slumber of health. It is a soft repose of nature. There is no wind; for England is the only country of Europe in which a gale forms a part of the regular phænomena of the day. In Paris itself the fruit-women sit through the whole evening in the streets, with the flame of their solitary candle unwaved. But during the summer of Madrid, the air of Paris is almost a breeze to the breath that steals upon the ear in the most glowing and golden of all sunsets. The *Las Delicias,* or St. James's park of the Spanish metropolis, is then crowded with the citizens. The nobles have already exhibited their car-

riages and chargers in the royal cortège on the Prado. But the *Las Delicias* is not the less abundant in beauty; the Medina-Sidonias, the Infantados, and the whole tribe of the grandees, having appropriated to themselves the smallest possible share of loveliness or dignity of presence. For, unlike the nobles of England, they never recruit their withered stock from the healthful and native beauty of the inferior orders. The *Sangre azul*, the "blue blood," the unmingled current that has run through their veins since the days of the conquest of Granada, has run meagre and muddy, like all other currents unsupplied by fresh fountains; and the nobles have all the prizes of wealth, birth, and rank, that are to be found in diminished forms, withered features, and, in general, the nearest approximation which man can make to the baboon. Under those circumstances, I decided at once, that the Spaniard who threw himself on the garden bench within a few feet of me, and lay, inhaling the air softened by the fall of a large jet of sparkling water from a Triton shell before us, could not boast of the *Sangre azul* in his veins. He was tall and handsome, with a fine florid cheek, a rare possession under the Spanish sun; and a brilliant black eye, which, as the national proverb says, is as common in Spain as a woman with a tongue, a monk who does nothing, or a doctor who kills more than he cures.

He struck up a conversation with me — "You are an Englishman, Senor," said he. "I know it by your sitting five minutes together without talking to any one, without smiling at our ladies, or without taking

off your hat and bowing to every page of the court that passed you." I replied, "that I had seen too much of the world, if it were only in my way from Dover to Madrid, to feel myself inclined to indulge in any of the three things. But that I preserved all my native tastes about me still, and that as the company were leaving the gardens, as the dew was heavy, and the guard would soon come to turn us out, we had better take advantage of our own free will, and adjourn to supper together."

"Agreed," said the Spaniard; and we set forward for the Italian Restaurant by the *Puerta del Sol*. I ordered whatever could be got; made an attempt at giving my guest an English supper, which proved abortive; laboured to equal his gay and rapid conversation, in Castilian of my own, which evidently fixed the ears of the company in astonishment, though their laughter never went beyond the silent but infinite play of the muscles of their brown visages; and finally qualified all the defects of nation, all the blunders of language, and all the failures of the supper, by a few flasks of incomparable champagne, that might have given us both intrepidity enough to take the great Mogul by the beard.

The palace bell was striking midnight, when the *premier chef*, the Signor Cuccino himself, came forward cap in hand, to acquaint our "lordships," that after twelve his most Christian Majesty suffered no one to drink champagne but himself; and that five minutes more would see the night-patrol coming to carry off all

cavaliers, and particularly all strangers, to the guard-house.

I rose to pay the bill. But here I became involved in a generous altercation with my gallant Spaniard: he insisted on paying his proportion. I objected vigorously. But, as he talked of honour and feeling, and even hinted that obstinacy on the part of even his most bosom friend might produce an appeal to swords and the Prado, I preferred his paying half the bill, to my paying the whole, and having his sword-blade through my lungs besides. He accordingly laid down a coin on the table, of a species which exceedingly puzzled the spectacles of Il Signor Cuccino, who referred the case to my superior knowledge. The coin was my countryman, an English sixpence. And it was with this that the gallant Spaniard was to pay the half of a bill amounting to twenty times the sum. However, nothing could be more accommodating than our behaviour on all sides. I, of course, could not murmur where I had saved sixpence; the Spaniard could not be disconcerted where he had saved his honour; and the master of the Caffè was delighted with having served a "Milordo" who drank champagne, and, rarer distinction, paid for it.

As we were parting on the threshold, the Spaniard turned to me; and laying his hand on his heart with the grave elegance peculiar to his nation, said, that he was a bad accountant, and that the champagne had, probably, not quickened his perceptions; but he begged that if I should next day, or at any more remote

period, discover any kind of incorrectness in his arrangement, I should, by mentioning it, do the highest possible favour to Don Miguel Garamantos Saavedra Pelagio Tremamondo. We gave our *adios* on both sides and parted.

In my chamber was a portrait of Rosicrucius, and as I took the Spaniard's contribution from my pocket, and looked at it as a memorial of the night, I could not help exclaiming,—"Would that I had the power of the Rosy Cross. Metal, that canst already do all things but speak, what would I not give for the art of inspiring you with a tongue. You that give youth to wrinkles, grace to deformity, nobility to the low-born, charms to the ugly, husbands to the old, and friends, followers, and every virtue under heaven to every one who has you,—why can you not set up a claim to a little immortality of your own, and tell me how you have worked your way among the hearts and pockets of mankind?"

Of the rest of the soliloquy of the night I have a singularly confused recollection. All that I know is, that I was dazzled with floating images of a variety of persons passing before me in robes of as various fashions, rising like vapours, and after a speech or two, fading away into the distant obscurity. But by a curious similitude the principal seemed to be of one profession, soldiership, and of one rank in the profession, the highest: while beside them all stood a diminutive spirit, a fairy prince, with a crown and armour, and both bright as the lunar light in which it dwelt, and

from which it had evidently derived its origin. The little being looked all humility; but over those personages, it seemed to exercise a most curious and even irresistible sway. Let them turn in what direction they might, a wave of the little spirit's wand brought them instantly back, and they generally evinced their repentance by double prostration. The display closed with an universal round dance of the characters, like the closing of a masquerade; under a burst of brilliancy, which a poet would have pronounced to be occasioned by the sudden opening of all the maids of honour's eyes at once; but which seemed to me, either the effect of the Earl of Munster's new epaulettes, or St. James's on fire.

I started up — it was the sun, at four in the bright sky of a June morning. My portfeuille lay open, with half a dozen of my most matchless Perryan pens split, as thoroughly as the Countess of ——'s character, or her lord's cranium. My patent imperforable inkstand stood with its top torn off, and hopeless of restoration; for who beyond the Pyrenees can mend any thing but a guitar?—and a quire of my smoothest Parisian rose-coloured paper, embossed with as many bleeding hearts and flames as would have served a crew of Charlottes and Werters for home consumption during a Polar winter, and fluttered round by as many Cupids as ever winged the way over the myrtle bowers of Paphos, — lay defaced with characters worthy of a Chinese scribe, an English lady of the "very first accomplishments," or the pen of Dr. Parr. By degrees

I decyphered some fragments of this hieroglyphic, which, I am satisfied, "upon internal evidence," as the critics say, must have been written by the "Silver Spirit" itself; if there is any reliance to be placed on the profound knowledge, the incomparable penetration into character, or the preternatural eloquence, developed in the production. It began abruptly.

* * * * * *

"After a confinement of some thousands of years in the dungeons of a South American mine, you may conceive with what delight I felt myself brought up to the face of day. With the first beam I felt that my new existence was begun. I was to be buried in the depths of nature no more; I was thenceforth to live among mankind, to enjoy their wisdom, to laugh at their absurdities, to share their adventures, and to take the first place in the hearts of three-fourths of human kind, be they the great, the brave, or the fair. Yet who are without their mortifications? and mine was, to see myself destined to inhabit one of the smallest portions of my native ore, while my brother spirits were allotted masses of much more imposing dimensions. A vast number of my kindred had their ambition indulged in florins, half-crowns and dollars. Even the shilling looked down upon me with somewhat of the condescending contempt with which a new-made Aide-de-camp surveys the subalterns whom he has left behind, or a Lord Mayor listens to the opinions of a sheriff. Yet the insolence was folly on their part, and the mortification, inexperience on mine. I soon

learned, that to the man who loves money, Sixpence as I was, I could be invaluable."

Here the MS. had a long interval, so exactly resembling a page of 'crowquill' sentiment in a lady's album, that it defied my skill. It again went on abruptly.

* * * * * *

"'But, my lord, the whole allied army could not take Barcelona except by famine;' said a grave looking quarter-master-general in the Spanish uniform. 'Then it is out of the question, Don Bastimento, with my force,' was the reply; 'for my nine thousand British are much more likely to be famished than the garrison, unless I can find the undiscoverable secret of making a British grenadier live upon onions and water.'

"'To besiege it in form would require an army of fifty thousand men,' said the Don; 'and, for the mere battering in breach, a train of thirty-six pounders, which we neither have, nor if we had, could find horses to draw, nor, if we by a miracle found the horses, have we, from this to Cadiz, as much ammunition as would drive the sparrows from their nests in the rampart?'

"'That disposes of the question of a siege in form,' said his auditor, who, during the Spaniard's catalogue of evils, was busily running his eye over a large map. 'Any thing else to suggest, Don Bastimento?' he enquired, while he suddenly turned from the paper, still holding his finger on the point which his eye had just reached. 'And pray, Don, what is generally done in your service on these occasions?'

"'Why, my lord, the routine is this. We write a dispatch to the court, stating that all is in the best possible condition, the army burning to come to blows, and the place sure to surrender. This, you see, puts the court into good humour, a first rate point, where the next courier may bring an order for stripping off a general's epaulettes as a reward for bad news. We then hold a council of war, discover that a fever has got into the camp, or that there is too much sun or too little, or that the enemy will surrender the sooner from not being provoked by fighting; and then, having sent off the report of the council, which is always for running away, we follow it with the whole army as fast as we can.'

"'A capital idea, but *we* must try something else,' said his English hearer, with a smile that almost gave beauty to a countenance withered until it exhibited the colour of a Spaniard or a monkey. He was a little personage, with a deformed figure. But that smile had a radiant intelligence that shewed me the hero and the man of genius. He took a pen and drew a few hasty lines on paper. Then feeling for his seals, 'ha!' he exclaimed, 'I had forgot, they are gone, melted down into the Staff supper. Bravo, Archduke, England must pay, as well as fight, for every body.' He sealed the paper with me, the solitary tenant of his pocket. 'Take this paper to the Archduke,' said he; 'tell him that I sealed it with my last sixpence, and that by this time to-morrow, Peterborough will either be proclaiming him king of Spain in his good city of Barcelona, or be unearled and ungeneralled in its ditch.'

"The Don took his leave, muttering something about madmen, heretics, and Satan; and proceeded on his route up the Catalonian hills.——Before he was out of sight of Barcelona, our whole nine thousand English, with the little Earl at their head, were scaling the entrenchments of Montjuich. The batteries of Barcelona were firing all round the horizon at an invisible enemy. But the garrison of Montjuich felt that they had to deal with flesh and blood. The British bayonet tore through their ranks; and, by daylight, the earl was breakfasting in the governor's house; the British flag was flying on the ramparts; and an officer and trumpet were on their way from the city to treat for the capitulation of the French garrison. Then was the time of largess; but then was the time of my recovered empire. The natural feelings triumph in prosperity. The Earl loved a sixpence, and under the pretext of my being a memorial of his last, heroic letter, put me out of harm's way into his escrutoire.

(*Here the MS. was obliterated.*)

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"'Send Colonel Kingsley here, his regiment must head the column of attack; and tell Cadogan that he must look to those sourkrout-souled Germans on the right of his brigade. Let them be fed until they cannot stir, or they will run away.' The speaker, in whose hand I was, and who had continued looking on me with remarkable fondness, was one of the handsomest men whom I had ever seen — tall, and of a presence that finely combined the soldier, the man of courts, and the

nobleman. He was sitting in one of the large rooms of a huge old German mansion; and, though the place was as gloomy as a vault, he was writing a despatch by the light of a small lamp. The aide-de-camp to whom he gave the despatch, had no sooner made his bow, than the noble person blew out the lamp. I felt at the moment a tender pressure of his hand, which fully explained to my self-love his motive for sitting in the dark.

"A bustle in the outer rooms announced an arrival; and a couple of attendants came in bearing candles, and preceding a short, dark-featured, but singularly brilliant-eyed personage, who advanced with a dancing step, and a smile. He was warmly welcomed. 'Well, my Prince, what news to-night?' was the question of my master.'—'The best in the world, my dear Duke. The French are determined to fight at last, for which a thousand thanks to Monsieur Tallard. The Bavarians promise to wait for us, for which as many thanks to our very gallant and foolish cousin the elector; and I come, in the name of the marshal and the elector, to bespeak lodgings and supper for them both in your quarters, Generalissimo, to-morrow night. We shall beat them of course.—But, what on earth, my dear duke of Marlborough, are you doing?'

"The duke had been occupied during the address with putting out three of the four wax candles which had been left burning, and as he extinguished each, I felt the friendly pressure of his fingers. 'Nothing, my dear Eugene,' was the answer; 'but we English

find it necessary to avoid expense; and you know we can talk just as well with one candle as with fifty.'

"'*Ma foi*,' said the laughing prince, with a flash of half wit, half wonder, from his sparkling eyes; 'no one can approach your Grace without learning something. But can we not as well talk without any? Suffer me too to be a philosopher.' He started on his feet, and blew out the remaining candle.

"I heard no more, for my master's fears for me having been thus completely quieted, he let me fall from his fingers into the recesses of a rich purse, embroidered for him by queen Anne herself; and I was for once forgotten, in the long conference of two heroes for the overthrow of the most powerful army of France in one of the most glorious of English battles.

"The next day was a continued explosion of mortars, musquetry and field pieces, shouts of charging columns of infantry and cavalry, and shrieks of the flying and the wounded. My master was in the midst of this terrible scene of human absurdity, and was not far from dying the death of a hero by the pistol of a runaway French suttler. His horse received the shot, and plunged headlong with him into the rivulet under the walls of Blenheim, and in front of the fire of six battalions of the household of France. At length a bold fellow rushed forward through the fire, dragged the Generalissimo out of the stream, placed him on a fresh horse, and gave him again to victory and England. I felt myself caught at the moment with a tremulous hand; the purse was slowly brought up to light; the Duke look-

ed at me with an eye of double fondness; the dragoon was still standing beside him, evidently waiting for the purse. But I was destined to pay the whole debt of gratitude. My master dropped the purse back into his pocket, and me with a parting twinge into the astonished dragoon's hand.

(Here the MS. fails.)

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"I was once more in the little Earl's possession, but he had now laid down the truncheon, and made love instead of war. But I was his first love still; and no fair Amanda or Dulcibella, irrestible as she might be in his verses, could ever sap his fidelity to me. Yet my divorce came. He was once driving down a London street, in the period of the great Marlborough's unpopularity, when the mob, mistaking him for the Duke, insisted on tearing him to pieces, in proof of their respect for liberty, property, and the protestant succession. His wit saved him, but it lost me. "There" said he, throwing me with a sigh out of the carriage window, "There gentlemen, is my last sixpence, and I give it to you. Do you take me for the Duke now?" The evidence was unanswerable, and he drove off amid huzzas.

"Mine was a tenfold misfortune; for after a rapid fight for my possession among the friends of property and principle, I was finally trampled into the mire on the brow of Snowhill, where, thanks to the primitive contempt of brooms and paving, I lay, as much dead for fifty years as if I had been in the hands of the accountant general of a Court of Law. I was at length pick-

ed up by a peerage-looking figure on his way to the Horse Guards to solicit an ensigncy, a ship, a government, or whatever might fall first, for his son, yet unborn. He gave me to the head clerk, a slave in the last stage of a consumption, who looked at me with a smile of friendship, and deposited me in a coffer with a quarter of a million, which he had provided for a slice of the next loan.

"He died that night, and I found my way through the fingers of his heir into the hands of a watchman, for suffering him to sleep in his box, on the night after he had scattered the last guinea of his quarter of a million at Brooks's. The watchman had a wife, who of course demanded a strict account of his revenues; and I was surrendered to her. She was an orange woman at Drury Lane.

(*Here a Hiatus.*)

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"'Can no one find the rascal out. By Jove, the first regiment in the service should be at the man's disposal who could bring me his name.' This was pronounced in a tone of furious indignation by my master, a showy looking, bald-headed man, in a red ribbon, and with the air of a thorough soldier.

"'I'm sure, my Lord, I have not been deficient in zeal," said a grave-looking officer, with a sallow complexion, as if he had been lately serving in some unhealthy climate; 'I have given him my name, I have written against him in the newspapers, I have hunted for him in the clubs, I have talked at every man, of

whom I had the remotest suspicion, in the House of Commons. I have publicly offered him his choice of being posted like a poltron, horsewhipped like a scoundrel, or shot like a gentleman and a man of honour.'

"'Ay, and there is the blunder,' said the man in the red ribbon. 'Your confounded vanity must drag *me* into the scrape. You must show off your acquaintance with the Commander in Chief, and the art of scribbling together. I tell you now, Sir William Draper, that unless you contrive somehow or other to stop this fellow's mouth, by all that's delicate in money matters, I shall instantly order an enquiry into that very slippery business of the Manilla ransom.'

"Here the door was gently opened, and his grandson, a very handsome boy, brought in a packet of papers. But the Commander in Chief had a glance but for one. 'Here he is at it again;' he exclaimed. 'Letter to the Marquis of Granby.—Ay, as usual, a pestilent tissue of insolent epigrams, and poisoned insinuation. But ha, ha, ha! I forgive him for all. He has fallen on *you*, Sir William; ay, and the very Manilla affair too; he has let fly a volley at you from flanks to centre. You may now show your talents on your own account, my good friend; I forgive Junius after all.'

"The little bearer of the packet stood waiting for his recompence. The Marquis had at length recovered his good humour, and in his liberality had thrust his hand into his pocket for a guinea. But reflection came to his aid. Prodigality was the ruin of nations. He

dismissed the guinea, and felt for a crown. Still the profusion was too glaring, he dropped it back again; he next tried a shilling; next his fingers touched on me. He could go no further, and he drew me forth, and poised me in his hand. The boy looked up expectingly. But wisdom was still paramount in the Marquis's heart. He shifted me from hand to hand, and observed new beauties in me at every gaze. He was on the point of returning me into his pocket, when he caught Sir William's eye fixed upon the transaction. He dropped it into the boy's hand, and patting him on the head, observed, 'That having given him so large a sum of money, he hoped he would make good use of it; and when he came to be a marquis or a duke himself, he would duly avoid the disreputable vice of extravagance.' The boy laughed, took the gift, and I forget whether in after-life he remembered or *forgot* the lesson. [*Hiatus magnopere deflendus.*]

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"'Popular clamour is crushing me. I must give way: I must resign. Say no more, Sir Herbert, my mind is made up upon the point. I cannot accept the pay of my rank, nor the income of office, from a nation who are now hunting me down like a pack of blood-hounds. There is my letter of resignation.' His hearer was a stately and sensible-looking personage, a little beyond the middle of life, and with the air of one whose habits were formed in the presence of royalty. While he read the paper, which he did with the respect due to its illustrious writer, I had leisure

to look upon my master's countenance. He had an extremely handsome and noble aspect, a little faded by the dissipations to which his rank exposed him; but his heart was uninjured. It was the very seat of human kindness. In one of the highest stations of public life, with innumerable claimants on his purse and his patronage, no man ever left him but with a higher sense of his generous and gentle nature. The claimant might be disappointed, but he could not be dissatisfied. And in a few years of unobtrusive and quiet regulation, this individual, by the infusion of his own spirit through all his subordinates, raised the British army from a disorganized and unpopular service to the highest state of discipline and public favour; abolished extortion, oppression, and injustice in its ranks; and when the hour for its activity was come, sent it forth, the admiration of Europe, to be the liberator of Europe and mankind.

"I loved this master more than all my former ones; but unfortunately he was the only one with whom I never could remain. * * * *

(*Here a slight break in the MS.*)

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"'Hoot awa, man, never tell me; the loons complain, do they, of my cutting down the feathers in their caps, and giving them worsted lace? The extravagant dogs, they will thank me for it yet.'

"'Yet, Sir David, we may lop down even feathers too much; and after all, the whole will be but a sixpenny saving,' said the Adjutant General, whose solid

figure formed a striking contrast to the tall and meagre anatomy before him.

"'A saxpenny saving!' exclaimed the anatomy. 'Do I hear what ye say aright; or am I altogether deaf or demented? A saxpenny saving, Sir Harry! Why, man, what saving in the wide world is there, if it be not a saxpenny saving? Do ye think the wealth of England grew by punds sterling? No, Sir, it was not even by punds Scots, it was by farthings, Sir, let alone saxpences, Sir; and let me tell you, Sir Harry, that the Adjutant General who does not honour the saxpence as the ancestor and progenitor, the father and grandfather, the 'Atavus, abavus, and proavus,' as they say in the High school, of all coins and denominations thereof, is not likely to be long Adjutant General of his majesty's forces, under existing circumstances.'

The hint was expressive. But the officer to whom it was applied, was a stubborn Englishman; and neither the principle nor the practice was recommended by coming from the crabbed disciplinarian who now lectured him.

"'All this,' was the answer, 'may be very true, Sir, in a merchant's office, however it may be unfitted for the horse-guards. But the system of lopping and docking is becoming unpopular already. You have already stripped the lace off the line, and given them a beggarly substitute for epaulettes, that leaves no distinction between the captain and the corporal. The fusileers are scribbling verses upon you; the guards shrink from promenading Bond-street; and the lancers swear

that they will shave, and desert. And this I call a pitiful reform; a saving worthier of some withered old chairman of some eternal finance committee, some garrulous, querulous, dry, old slave of detail, than of the enlightened economy of a British government.'

"The old general had alternately lifted up and let down his spectacles on his forehead in utter astonishment, as he perused the visage of his portly adviser. At length, as an unanswerable refutation of those prodigal maxims, he took me from his purse, and, gazing on me with a 'love surpassing the love of woman,' said —'Look at this coin, Sir; it is the vara identical one which I brought with me from my native place; which was my sole and single travelling companion, and which, with my own good will, shall remain with me tull my dying day.'

"His hearer, in return, drew a paper from his pocket. 'Sir David,' said he, gravely, 'I have come to announce a piece of news, which may give it additional value. You have a successor within this half hour, and here is his order for abolishing your appointment and your reform together.' He laid the paper before the thin tactitian. It was a 'nineteenth manœuvre,' and not in his list. The news was electrifying. His nerves for once relaxed their pressure on me. I was rejoiced at the prospect of escape from my dungeon of twenty years. I sprang from his hand, took refuge in a chink of the floor, and was happily lost to him and his heirs for ever. All his efforts to recover me were in vain. My loss was felt at once as a moral

reproach, and a physical calamity. I was the first sixpence that he had ever let slip through his fingers."

(*A Hiatus.*)

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"In the apartment which I had so often inhabited, as I entered, in the pocket of the chief clerk, a personage whose spine had contracted, by the habit of bowing, a convexity that would have defied all the skill of man or machinery to set it straight, whose mouth was distorted into eternal obsequiousness, and whose soul was conscious of but two ideas, the receipt of his salary, and the fitness of worshipping every head of office; I saw a man of middle size, but of a strong and compact form, sitting at a table covered over with coroneted letters, red boxes, and papers for signature. His countenance mingled an extraordinary degree of harshness and intelligence; his profile was finely Roman, and I thought of my oldest acquaintance, a Julius Cæsar medal; yet his front face was often expressive of nothing but absolute vagueness and want of thought. But this was only in idler times; for when any subject arose which strongly attracted his attention, his whole physiognomy seemed changed; his languid grey eye was charged with fire, the lassitude of his features was changed for a quick, eager, and universal nervousness; his whole visage became vividly, almost fiercely, intellectual. 'Well, Sir, what in the name of all folly are you bowing and muttering about now?' was his address to the startled clerk. 'Give me those papers at once; for I foresee that I shall never be able to ex-

tract a meaning out of such an automaton. Eh! what do I see here? Seven millions and three quarters for the army ordinaries and extraordinaries: a handsome sum, certainly, for a hundred thousand men, whom a sea-girt country like this wants no more than a hundred thousand lawyers, opera-dancers, or Russian princes. However, that is no business of mine. But what is here, Sir; your total is wrong.'

"The trembling subordinate ran his finger down the rank and file, of half pay, full pay, ordinance, hospitals, &c. and still there was no mistake.

"'Look to my pay and allowances, Sir,' was thundered on him. The clerk acknowledged that *there* had been an omission of sixpence.

"'Then let it be added instantly,' exclaimed the hero, rising from the table and stretching forth his hand for the penalty; 'and to put the mistake out of the possibility of recurring; to fix the matter indelibly on your mind, Mr. whatever your name may be, pay it down on this table instantly.' The functionary dared not refuse; but, with a pang through his entire frame, he drew me from his pocket, and, sighing, laid me on the table. The sixpence was instantly deposited in the pocket of his rebuker. 'What, Sir, when the country allows but ten thousand a year for the penalty of sitting in this room an hour a day, is an officer to be defrauded? Sir, *you* may think little of sixpence; but this only shows that you know nothing of the matter.' He took me in his hand, and gazing on my fine impression, no work of the degenerate modern mint, on my pure

metal, and on the polish which I had acquired by my intercourse with the purses of nobility.'—'There are three periods in an Irishman's life,' said he, in one of those immortal soliloquies which let us more into the minds of the mighty than all the king's speeches that ever were made, 'when a sixpence is the supreme object of his soul. The first period is, when he launches into the world without one; the second, when he lives from day to day without one; and the third, dearest of all, when——.' Here a messenger entered, to announce a personage of the highest rank, who came to offer the hero a diplomatic mission of the most pressing importance, to a great northern court. The interests of the European states were rapidly discussed, and my merits received an illustrative honour, at which, if so low a thought as ambition could touch a spirit, I should have felt elated. 'There,' said the hero, at the close of the conference, laying me on the table; 'there is my estimate of the whole set. For Don Pedro's chance of sitting another year on the throne of Brazil, I would not give that sixpence. Don Miguel's chance of sitting another year on the throne of Portugal, is not worth that sixpence. The Emperor Nicholas would make a capital bargain, if I were to give him that sixpence for his chance of ever being crowned in Warsaw. Louis Philippe may thank me for that sixpence yet; and as for Prince Leopold, that sixpence would be heavy odds against his sixty thousand a year, that he is not glad to find himself picking currants at Claremont next June. Why, I would stake that sixpence against three-fourths of the crowns of christendom.'"

"I here must confess a weakness almost mortal: idly vain of being set above so many of the prouder combinations of human things, I glittered with a sudden brilliancy which caught the eyes of both parties at the same moment, and stopped the further state disclosures of my renowned master. He begged my acceptance by the superior personage; and as he gave me up, sighed internally—'What human friendship is worth sixpence after all!'"

THE CLOUD.

Oh, welcome is the Cloud of Night
That makes the morrow's dawn more dear;
Or dewy Veil that falleth light,
The Summer's fervid breast to cheer;
The Thunder-Cloud, though fraught with fear,
Doth in its folds a blessing bring,
And freshens nature with its shock;
Even Winter's wildest blasts but rock
The cradle of the Spring.

But ah! far other is the Cloud
That wraps the sickened soul in gloom,
Hangs o'er the heaven its sombre shroud,
And darkens, like a living tomb,
This world of beauty—till the bloom
Of nature withers in its breath;
Till all on earth we prized the most
Seems blighted, or for ever lost,—
And the heart sighs for death! P.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Advice to the Ladies.

Look, Julia, on that joyous thing,
  Which hovers round and round your bower,
And, on its little quivering wing,
  Looks like the Spirit of the flower.

And though my Julia waves no plume,
  (You 're yet not Angel altogether)
And many a year may see her bloom,
  Yet, trust me, time will change the weather.

The days *will* come, my laughing maid,
  When you and I may both be wiser,
When even those ruby lips will fade ;
  So, listen to your true adviser.

I own, to sport with flames and darts,
  And put philosophers in peril,
And teaze at once a hundred hearts,
  Is made for eyes like your's, my girl.

But, Julia, fix on *one*, at last,
Before you find the evening coming.
See yonder shade the sky o'ercast,
See yonder fly has stopped his humming.

He perches on that generous rose,
Which in its loving breast has wound him,
And, careless if it rains or blows,
Sleeps with his paradise around him.

Αων.

AFRICAN SCENERY.

'Twas pleasant as we journeyed down the glen,
Flanked by romantic hills on either hand,
To see the bosch-bok * bound away, and then,
Beneath the bowery greenwood, gazing stand:
Or, where old forests darken all the land,
From the far mountain to the river's side,
To mark the wild-bull † tearing up the sand;
Or huge rhinoceros, in tameless pride,
Glare forth,—then backward shrink into the wood-lands wide.

P.

* *Antilope Sylvatica.* † *Bos Caffer*; the African Buffalo.

THE DEATH OF KING HACHO.

A Legend of Denmark.

The Maelstrom has often been described as one of the great perils of northern navigation. It lies on the coast of Norway, in lat. 68. It is a vast whirlpool, occasioned by the flux and reflux of the tide. At flood, the ocean forces its way between Lafoden and the Island of Moskoe with tremendous violence; but its chief fury is at the ebb, when its sound is said to be unequalled by that of the loudest cataracts; and its strength is such, that all vessels which are caught in it are inevitably dashed to pieces; and it is dangerous even to approach it within the distance of seven or eight miles. At the full tide, the fragments of the vessels, trees, &c., absorbed by this gigantic rapid or eddy, are thrown up, and found drifting on the shore.

I.

King Hacho has sailed for the throne in the north,
When the winds are piping loud:
With the sunshine of summer, King Hacho went forth;
He comes back with the winter's cloud.
Woe, woe to the land where his torch's light
Was seen on the wave or the shore,
For the soil was swept with a vulture's flight,
And the wave was a banquet of gore.

II.

And now with a flowing sheet he came
Up Norway's dashing wave;
From a hundred galleys his torch's flame
Flashed broad upon forest and cave.
And his hundred galleys were heavy with gold,
With pearl and with jewelled ring;
For the gems of the lovely, the arms of the bold,
Were the prize of the great Sea-King.

III.

But their hour was at hand. And the tempest uprose,
And the sea was a valley of foam;
And the drifting hail, and the sheeted snows,
Were King Hacho's welcome home.
And through the long night went light by light
Down deep in the tossing main;
And the foam was the shroud of seaman and knight,
Who shall never see battle again.

IV.

King Hacho's galley was left alone —
Yet it rushed by the iron shore,
Like a war-horse bestrode by some mighty one,
When a crown must be won by gore.
But o'er deck and o'er bulwark the billow swims;
And where are his Norsemen, where?
In rank on rank lie their lifeless limbs,
The war-dogs lie dead in their lair.

V.

To the deep, to the deep are his warriors gone:
But King Hacho took his stand,
On the poop, like a sultan on his throne,
With the waves for his warrior-band:
His helmet of gold was on his brow,
On his neck was his jewelled string;
For, let thunder burst, or whirlwind blow,
King Hacho must die like a king.

VI.

There came a voice!—Though the thunder-peal
In tenfold fury roar'd;
Though the storm, like an army's dying yell,
Burst down the black fiord;*
Though the billow stood like a fortress wall,
And the gale went howling by;
That sweet faint voice was heard through all,
In its low agony.

VII.

And, on ocean green, was a vision seen,
That walked on the rolling wave;
Its form was the form of Queen Imogene,
Whom his dagger had sent to the grave.
And beauty and love were in its cheek,
Like the dawn when it wakes on the sky;
But unearthly and keen as the lightning's streak
Was the vengeance that flashed in its eye.

* Arm of the sea.

VIII.

King Hacho was bold — yet he felt a throe,
And his hand let the rudder swing ;
But he cried to the tempest — " Blow high, blow low,
King Hacho will die like a king."
At once sank the gale, like an infant's breath,
And the billows fell smooth on the shore ;
But his prow beneath was that vision of death,
And he longed for the tempest's roar.

IX.

Yet forth sprang the galley with reeling speed,
Though by tempest and billow unborne ;
Now, swifter it flies, like a frightened steed —
Oh heaven ! will it never be morn ?
Now swifter it flies, like a shaft from a bow,
Till a sound seemed to grow on the gloom,
Like the sound of the forest when winds are low ;
And King Hacho cried out — " The Maelstrom !"

X.

He grasped the wheel with a giant's grasp,
But were he ten thousand men,
In vain that moveless wheel might he clasp,
Earth's millions were useless then.
And swifter now, like the lightning's flash,
Ran the galley its wild career ;
And he heard the mighty whirlpool's dash,
And the sound was death to his ear.

XI.

One glance, one maddening glance, he gave,
And he felt one scorpion-thrill,
As he saw his palace above the wave,
On the brow of his native hill :
But in wilder might, to blast his sight,
Was the sheeted image seen.
The tapers that gleamed in his hall that night
Were hung on the tomb of his queen.

XII.

And now, on the Maelstrom's rolling rim
The galley seems poised in air :
King Hacho cast down his eyeballs dim —
The blackness of darkness was there :
It sinks, in huge, swift, serpent slides,
It sinks from gloom to gloom,
Down the mighty pit's returnless sides,
Where earth's armies might find a tomb.

XIII.

All's dark and still on his royal hill,
All's smooth on the ocean wave, —
For the Judgment has done its own high will,
And King Hacho is gone to his grave !
But those who watched from his palace towers,
Saw shapes that none may name,
Through the long long midnight's dreary hours,
O'er the Maelstrom ride in flame.

Αων.

ON GREEN GRASS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER, M. A.

We are so accustomed to many of the best and loveliest of our earthly blessings, that we are wont rather to be happy in our enjoyment of them than grateful for the possession of them. The sick chamber and the gloomy prison-cell often admonish us, for the first time, of our indifference to the common air and the pure light of heaven; and the leafless boughs and bare earth of winter set us longing for the disregarded roses of warm prodigal summer. With somewhat of a like careless spirit do we pass along through the delightful meadows of our own merry England, careless and insensible, because the green grass springs up wherever the sunbeams shine and the dews and showers are falling. I remember some years ago, when I was standing with a rose in my hand, that the excellent Mr. W————e said to me, as his eye fell upon the beautiful and fragrant flower, "There is a proof of the overflowing goodness and graciousness of our heavenly Father! He has not only supplied us with every thing needful

for our use, but scattered a lovely exuberance of ornament over the earth that He created. He resembles some kind and generous friend, who has not only given me a noble mansion and furnished it with every necessary and useful article, but hung the finest pictures upon its walls, and lavished upon it, with an unsparing hand, every ornament most beautiful and most elegant." I can agree in this sentiment of Mr. W————e when gazing on a field of green grass. The sweet pasture might have been made as grateful to the mouth of the dull grazing ox had it wanted the soft attraction of its colour to the eye of man; but loveliness has been spread over the dark ground to steal through the eye of man into his heart, and amid all that loveliness, the broad earth has not a fairer ornament than green grass.

The first green level lawn that attracted my gaze was the grass-plat of our garden at W———. I well remember with what delight I crept about under the two tall cherry-trees that grew there, seeking the large black-heart cherries which had fallen from very ripeness, half-eaten by the birds, and so tasting the sweeter, till the knees of my white trowsers told the tale of my heedlessness, in many a smear of green and many a crimson stain from the cherries I had crushed. I loved also the carpet of turf so necessary beneath the rich shade of the fruit-dropping mulberry-tree, particularly when the dark fruit lay like rubies upon the fine-bladed grass.

Green grass is equally a sign of the very neatness

of order, and of neglect and disorder. Turn from the bowling-green in some little country town, where the grass is so closely shaven that scarce a solitary daisy is permitted to peep up, to the old desolate mansion on the outskirts of the town, now deserted by its foolish and fashionable owners, because the neighbourhood is too vulgar for them. Enter the silent courts, and you will say that one chief feature of the desolation there, is the long rank grass almost hiding the once smooth and well-trodden pavement.

I delight in the long, straight, formal alleys of an old-fashioned garden, with clipped hedges on either side and green grass under foot, and a summer-house at the end, out of all rule and order of architecture, partly Chinese, partly Grecian. But I will leave gardens, and pleasure-grounds, as the beautiful modern garden is so expressively named, where, among the finest trees of the forest and the luxuriant thickets of the superb and flowering shrubs of America,

> " many a glade is found,
> The haunt of wood-gods only, where if art
> E'er dared to stray, 'twas with unsandalled foot,
> Printless, as the place were holy ground."—*Mason.*

I would lead you by hedge-row elms, and hillocks green, where the grassy banks are all thickly set with the delicate enamelling of the trailing ground-ivy, and the wood-sorrel, its petals freaked and pencilled with lines of light, and the rose-coloured crane's-bill, and the germander, as brightly blue as the azure of heaven, and the unsullied white of the stellaria and the pearl-

wort, and many other brilliant flowers common to our climate. I would lead you to the high and breezy downs, where the golden blossoms of the dwarf-cistus grow side by side with the rich smalt-like purple of the milkwort, where the sheep are scattered over the pale green pasture, and the rarefied and bracing atmosphere is scented by beds of fragrant wild thyme. Or let us leave the uplands for the wide heaths of my favourite county. There, in the midst of an almost boundless waste of dark heather, we suddenly drop down into a little glen-like vale of the finest greenest grass, never discovered till we come at once upon it, but stretching away for miles and miles towards the west, with here and there a low cottage built upon its sloping sides, and a few birch trees hanging their graceful branches round the neatly-cultivated garden. Herds of cows and heath-ponies are grouped as a painter loves to see them, all along the level margin of the limpid stream that flows through the midst of the glen; and perchance a country girl, with hair as wild and sunburnt as the manes of the colts around her, is kneeling on the broad slab of stone, the only bridge across the babbling water, to dip her mother's pitcher. Let us follow the stream a little way towards the east, and just beyond that mass of ironstone and sand-rock, covered with so many tufts of the delicate blue harebell scarcely yet in blossom, the valley turns, and the stream sweeps round with it, and there you will see — yes, you see it now — the broad calm waters of the forked lake. The last time I came hither, a tall heron

was standing on that little patch of greensward, stretching forth like a peninsula just where the stream flows into the lake. I see him now at some distance, and here are the marks of his feet upon the shining sand. Is not the grass beautiful here? How softly the waters meet the green shore, glassing their crystal surface, and flowing and curling so gently, that the place where their approaches cease is only marked by a slight line of silver surf resting and trembling on the slender bladed grass. Now, let us pass through the fields where hay-making is begun, and the cool green depths of the meadow are laid bare beneath the scorching sunbeams, to the village green, the cheerfullest and pleasantest spot in a country village. On one side, a fine old farm house, its stacks of chimneys shaped and twisted after the quaint fashions of other days, and only out-topped by the venerable elms before it; opposite, a row of cottages overgrown with vines and honeysuckles, the end one of them the dame's school, the green itself being the delightful play-ground to the merry urchins there; another side of the green is bounded by the river and the old stone bridge that crosses it; and on the fourth side is a village church in its grassy churchyard. It was a bold and beautiful piety that led our forefathers to lay the senseless and corrupting body, the sad proof and witness of the sin and shame and misery of our fallen race, round the spot where the prayers and praises of souls redeemed from eternal death are continually offered to the Father of the spirits of all flesh.

Grass was the first production of the earth. We read in the first chapter of Genesis, that when God had divided the waters from the land, God said, "let the earth bring forth grass." How finely Milton has expressed the effect which followed that Divine command:

> "He scarce had said, when the bare earth (till then
> Desert, and bare, unsightly, unadorned)
> Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
> Her universal face with pleasant green."

Grass is, in Scripture, made the emblem of one who is blessed and nourished by the favour and grace of the Almighty. "He shall be as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." * And grass is spoken of in the Revelations as the sign of life on the earth. When describing the latter days, St. John saith, "all green grass was burnt up." †

What would Milton have found to give a principal charm to his imaginative Eden without "the verdurous wall"—"the lawns and level downs"—"the table raised of grassy turf," which the all-accomplished Eve "spread with all Autumn's store" before her husband and the angel-guest—"the green and shady bank profuse of flowers," the blissful bower of their chaste nuptial happiness and love, where

> "Under foot the violet,
> Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
> Broidered the ground."

There is a description of a green field in the "Ar-

* 2 Samuel, xxiii. 4. † Rev. viii. 7.

cadia" of Sir Philip Sidney, which is so quaintly beautiful that I will quote it here. "It was indeed a place of delight, for through the middest of it there ran a sweet brooke, which did both hold the eye open with her azure streams, and yet seek to close the eye with the purling noise it made upon the pebble-stones it ranne over; the field itself being set in some places with roses, and in all the rest constantly preserving a flourishing greene; the roses added such a ruddie shew unto it, as though the field were bashfull at his owne beautie."

I well remember a dark and tangled forest through which I delighted to roam, thrusting aside the branches that started back into my face as I passed, till I reached a wild glade, surrounded and shut in by lofty trees and thickets; and there grew an old hawthorn tree, mantled in the snow of its fragrant blossoms. There I have startled from the hawthorn shade a doe and her timid fawn, which dashed away in their bounding flight the sparkling dew-drops that hung upon their low fern-bower. I was a boy then; and I could almost believe that those wild deer and myself had alone discovered that solitary glade; and I have stolen round the whole enclosure with a vague fear, which it pleased me to encourage, lest the sound of my own footsteps should betray to human ears the secret of that green retreat; and I have even then crept into some hidden nook amid the long yellow broom and the luxuriant fern, and there peeped sideways through the long grass, to mark the little world of minute insects, to whom the

tall and feathery blades appear an interminable forest, watching, with half-closed eyes,

> "The nameless tiny things
> Climb the grass's spiral top
> Ere they try their gauzy wings."—*Clare.*

listening to the chirping of the grasshoppers, those ventriloquists of the field, with their continual and perplexing tinkling; or I have taken a great deal of trouble to assist some tiny captive with a blade of grass to escape from the entangling web of the grass-spider.

Verdure never appeared so uninteresting to me as on the wide expanse of Salisbury Plain; the effect is grand, but its grandeur is wearying and monotonous, except where Stonehenge relieves the dull uniformity of the scene:—Stonehenge which is almost to England what the Pyramids are to Egypt—a huge volume of the history of past ages, where the enquiring gaze of posterity can find many pages remaining, but where Time has obliterated every letter which might have made them the lively records of those days. They are truly the unlettered tomb-stones of forgotten kingdoms.

It is on the Alps, the grand and glorious Alps, that I have beheld the magnificence of grass:—there, where the eye travels on from the flower-enamelled turf immediately beneath, to rich and sunny pastures all of the liveliest green, every where studded over with thousands and thousands of cattle, appearing but of

pigmy growth from the stupendous heights; there where luxuriant grass clothes the bold mountain-tops, and brightens beneath the very clouds of heaven. I remember creeping up the side of the Col de Ferret, after leaving the wonderfully beautiful Val d' Aosta, on my way to the hospital of St. Bernard. We preferred this wild and unfrequented pass to the common route by the Cite d' Aosta. It had been raining in the valley, and my eye-lashes, as I ascended the steep dome of the mountain, were weighed down heavily by the mists which floated around us. I could only cling to the wet grass, and consequently every now and then I slipped back like a snail creeping up a wall; and whenever I slipped back, I could not help laughing aloud at my own provoking awkwardness: at last I reached the summit. I was walking on, when the guide called on me to stop; I did stop, and saw, as the clouds unfolded beneath, that I was on the verge of a tremendous precipice. A dreadful abyss seemed to open all round me. The clouds parted away like folds of silvery gauze, and in the depths beneath shone out a lovely spot, where the sunbeams seemed sleeping on soft meadow scenery. Again a thick curtain of mist rolled before me; but a far-retreating desert of green mountains and savage rocks opened to my view, darkened by a visible shadow of soft rain, through which many a ray of transparent gold shot down from the mass of clouds above. Then, through another vista, I looked down upon a furious cataract, leaping and boiling from caverns of white-crusted ice, and

plunging into the horrid darkness of a fathomless ravine with the roar of thunder. I had imagined such scenes — I had hardly believed in their existence till then. The grandeur of those mountain regions baffles all description: the awfulness of such forms and hues, in some places boldly opposed to the dark clear blue of the sky; in others, wreathed and confused by the ever-varying, ever-shifting vapours; and below all, the deep green fairy valley! There is another spot, amid the Alps, which I would try to describe. It is a small meadow of the greenest grass flourishing in the midst of snow and rocks, high up in the most dreary mountain solitudes, and this soft verdure is strewed with the loveliest flowers. There blooms the gentianella, with its bell-shaped "blossoms of loveliest blue," the bright Forget-me-not, many species of the Cistus, the large purple Heart's-ease, and many, many more springing up close to the cold and barren snow. Spring seems to have run laughing to the desolation there, and, in playful defiance to the threats and eternal frowns of Winter, flung down at his feet her fragile garland.

After all, the fresh verdure around some fountain in the deserts of Arabia must be delightful beyond all power of description! What could so well declare to the Israelites the spiritual consolations of Heavenly Grace, as these words of their sweet Psalmist: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."

I never saw grass of such a vivid green as close to the beautiful cascade of Chede, in Savoy, on a bank above the abyss into which the waters rush foaming down. The cloud-like spray falls in an unceasing shower,

> "which round
> With an unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
> Is an eternal April to the ground,
> Making it all one emerald."—*Byron.*

I wished to stand upon the bright turf, but found when I reached the place that it was impossible to do so without the risk of slipping into the deep foaming gulph below, and of getting thoroughly wet, as I found that I was in fact standing in the waterfall, and the rainbow which played upon the cascade was actually shining around me.

The first day of summer in some far northern country must be enchanting. The sun blazing forth in unshorn splendour, and melting away the barren snow from the herbage beneath, — grass already thick and luxuriant, and flowers which only waited for that sun to burst from their swelling buds. But England — what can equal the verdure of dear, foggy England? where

> "Daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight."—*Shakspeare.*

Orange bowers and myrtle hedges must be very delightful; but then, when the trees are in their moist gorgeous attire of fruit and flowers and rich foliage,

when the air is one soft breath of perfume, and not a cloud stains the azure depths of heaven, then the grass is usually parched up, and the dew seems out of place upon the dull brown turf. I have heard of an English gentleman residing at Cintra, who hardly kept a small patch of grass green by having it watered twice every day. How very different from the fresh grass beneath the dark-foliaged beech trees during an English summer, where the fairies keep their midnight revels, and leave the traces of their tiny presence in rings of deeper tinted verdure, all the year long, upon the greensward.*

Grass at sunrise is beautiful, when

> " glitter gay
> With rainbow tints, on every herb, leaf, flower,
> And slenderest blade, the pure fresh dews of morn
> That vary while they twinkle, and still seem
> (Like tears that tremble in the eye of bliss)
> As if they wished but did not dare to fall."
>
> *C. H. Townsend.*

And again, at the close of the day, when

> " Daisies button into buds,"

and

> " From soiling dew the buttercup
> Shuts its golden jewels up,"—*Clare.*

when the sun's golden orb is dropping into the rich streams of crimson, mounting and flooding above the horizon, and its slanting beams spread themselves in threads of quivering fire over every blade of the green

* Fairy rings are really caused by lightning falling on the ground; the electric fluid makes a cone-shaped entrance, and, as it calcines the earth, the vegetation in those spots is consequently richer. (See Note to Darwin's Botanic Garden, referring to Philosophical Transactions.)

uplands. But when the day is dull and gloomy, and one mass of opaque clouds has gathered over the whole sky, then is green grass most beautiful, for every little patch by the common roadside shines out from the earth like a bed of emeralds.

Grass even in winter is beautiful, when the delicate blades are bent and flattened beneath a crystal surface of ice, or when every blade is fringed and spangled with the silver frost: then by moonlight on a winter's night the frosted grass often seems sprinkled with diamonds.

The old Scottish ballads tell of little bands of fairies coming forth from the grassy hill-side all in green attire. But the sweetest fairy fable is old Chaucer's tale of the Flower and the Leaf, which Dryden has so beautifully modernized. The descriptions have all the freshness of green grass. The

"Unshorn wood of venerable oaks,"

with the fresh grass beneath;

"The scarcely printed path across the green;"

the arbour with turf, where

"The thick young grass arose in fresher green;"

the sycamores, which were twined about the sides of the bower

"With fragrant briar,"

"which exhaled a breath
Whose odours had a power to raise from death."

Then the description of the first fairy troop,

"With chaplets green on their fair foreheads placed,"

and the lady who was

> " Nobler than the rest in her attire,"

and yet

> " Plain without pomp, and rich without a shew,"

bearing

> " A branch of agnus castus in her hand."

I cannot omit the beautiful account of her song :

> " She raised her voice on high, and sung so clear,
> The fawns came scudding from the grove to hear,
> And all the bending forest lent an ear :
> At every close she made, the bending throng
> Replied, and bore the burden of the song,
> So just, so small, yet in so clear a note,
> It seemed the music melted in the throat."

Ovid (as all school-boys must remember) speaks of a certain meadow, whose grass had the rare property of possessing every creature that tasted it with a most uncontrollable desire of leaping into the sea, the fish which were thrown on the turf regained their native element, and the poor fisherman himself, who followed their example, became a sea deity.

There is another tale I loved to read in Ovid when I was a boy, the scene of which is a green field. I can imagine the timid Proserpine, in all her maiden gentleness, roaming "nudo pede" through the cool and shady plains of Enna, calling to her young and virgin company,

> " Comitis accedite,
> Et mecum vestros flore replete sinus,"

and then, forgetful of every thing but her sweet employment, never raising her face of exquisite loveliness

from the flowers beneath, as she strays away yet further and further to gather every blossom which attracts her delighted gaze :

> " Ipsa crocos tenues, liliaque alba legit,
> Carpendi studio paulatim longius itur,
> Et dominam casu nulla secuta comes."

But now, her gathered flowers are strewed upon t e grass, and her maidens, her disconsolate maidens, are vainly seeking the gentle girl; and now her wretched mother weeps among them, and wanders inconsolable to seek the lost Proserpine. At last, beside a limpid fountain that steals and trembles into light, and then winds silently away through the long grass, she sees her daughter's girdle. Alas! the maiden is not there to kiss off her mother's tears.

Can I finish this fanciful subject without borrowing the sweet language of simple old Isaac Walton, and heartily agreeing with him in the beautiful sentiment which he expresses when sitting in a pleasant meadow, whose owner, though possessed of a plentiful estate, had not a heart to think so, and was always disputing about it by law-suits ; " so that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content which I (says Venator), who pretended no title to them, took in his fields; for I could sit there quietly, and, looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May; these and many other field-flowers so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow

like that field in Sicily, of which Diodonus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and lose their hottest scent. I say, as I sat thus joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth, or rather they enjoy what the others possess and enjoy not."

My fancy dares to picture a lonely valley winding in among the mountains, above the broad and azure sea of Galilee; the majestic palm is scattered in careless groups about that green valley, and rears its graceful foliage towards a sky of sapphire clearness, gradually melting through every pale and delicate tint into the richest amber. There, on many a level strand, encircled by shadowy rocks, and overspread with rich grass, the cedar hangs down its massy shade in solitary grandeur. The rose of Sharon, and the lily of the field, are blooming there in wild luxuriance; and a clear spring, seeming to distil from the rocky sides of a deep cavern, glides silently over the smooth turf. Stately aloes, and lemon trees laden with their pale yellow fruit and ivory blossoms, grow beside the stream; and sycamores, twined and drooped with the long and waving festoons of the wild vine, through whose mantling foliage the sun shoots down its rays, and trembles in stars of golden lustre, upon the grassy bed of the pure stream. "There is much grass in

that place," and not a sound disturbs the stillness which reigns over a countless multitude of persons, all reclining on the green grass; every eye seeks but one object, and there rests its gaze in the full and satisfied rapture of adoration; every ear is thirsting to catch the faintest murmurs of *his* voice, who spake truly as never man spake; that voice which sinks, with more than the music of human eloquence, deep into every heart. Evening approaches, but a lingering radiance seems to kindle around one form, standing up there in all the majesty of holiness, and a glory of sunbeams gathers, and blazes 'mid the waves of hair, parting and falling from that calm clear forehead, and the sun touches with its pure lustre the mild and melancholy light of those eyes, upraised in rapt communion with the Almighty Father of Heaven. The scene is changed — The shadows of night have deepened over that mountain valley, and a few pale silvery stars seem vainly struggling into light from behind the swiftly-passing clouds. The multitude is gone, but the wail of low and mournful winds, sweeping at intervals through the dark trees and mountain hollows, now rudely disturbs the quietness of the valley. There is a sound as of a voice in prayer! Alone, in that dark wilderness, praying for a guilty and ungrateful world, the Son of God, the Saviour of mankind, kneels on the cold damp turf.

MAY SONNETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANTEDILUVIAN SKETCHES," &c.

I.

The heart of Nature is a glad one now:
High in the heavens are songs above the day;
And love and gladness live on every bough,
In this clear morning of delightful May.
The swallow do I see, the cuckoo hear—
Blithe twitter, and bold voice, ye please me well:
O! make the heart of May, like Nature's, clear,
Throughout the summer where you come to dwell.
What poet can behold this, and forget—
What heart that loveth God and Man, behold
The seal of heaven in earthly beauty set,
And walk the earth with spirit dead and cold?
Freshness beneath, and splendour all above,
The world in light—is Beauty, Joy, and Love!

II.

What delicate freshness in the foliage green,
What graceful drooping dwells with every spray,
Now in the rosy light of sunrise seen,
In this clear morning of the joyful May.

Of thy own song and Nature's gladness proud,
O, blackbird! singing in love's sweet excess,
Thus, in thy secret thicket, piping loud,
Thou canst not *more* than *I do feel* express.
I think of Christ, now I do hear the dove—
Of his ascension, now the lark I hear—
Of Virtue triumphing—Eternal Love—
Immortal Hope—and feel no mortal fear.
Can Nature give me *more* than she doth give?
O God! I thank thee, I have lived—and live!

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard, from morn to morn, a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, while I drank the sound
With joy:—and often, an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils, from day to day,
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modeled it within with wood and clay.
And by-and-bye, like heath bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted-over shells of green and blue.
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

THE EMBARKATION.

Was it from Sidon old,
Or Tyre, or Tarshish, or some city fair
Of Greece or Egypt, that these people went?
It was a place of ships, whose merchants bare,
From isle and continent,
Ivory and gems, fine carvéd-works and gold.
Its name I know not, nor wherefore
This throng of people leaves its shore.

Perchance, 'tis for the shrine
Of some great Deity,
Star-crowned and called divine,
And worshipped with high rites and great solemnity,
That all this people go?
Perchance there is some mighty woe
Within some palace hall,
Some daughter sick to death,
Whose quivering parting breath
Her weeping father would recall.



Drawn by J. Wheeler.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

THE EMBARKATION.

Published by Smith, Elder & Cº 65, Cornhill.

Therefore he bids them haste the sacrifice,
And fill with incense all the air,
And pray the gods to pity and to spare,
Nor take her beauty from his eyes.
Therefore that linen-robéd priest
Has left the untasted feast,
As one that doth in spirit grieve,
And goes forth on this glorious summer eve
To some fair island of the sea,
Where lies the shrine of their Divinity.
And all this people in the porches dim
Of the great temple, will chaunt forth a hymn,
Which, like the far-off sound of seas,
Will reach the city on the midnight breeze.

Perchance it is not so!—
They pass not hence for woe;
They go, with loud rejoicings, to bring back
A Queen to this fair city; and they throng,
With melody of pipes and choral song,
And hymeneal offerings borne aloft,
That city's sons and daughters,
Down to the shining waters,
A gorgeous company, silk-robed and fair;
Perfuming the warm air,
And treading upon carpets rich and soft!
Here they embark—the masts are wreathed with flowers,
And joy seems dancing with the hours!

All is a festival —
All beautiful !—the sky ; the river,
Where golden ripples quiver ;
Palace, and leafy tree :
And the proud peacock on the wall
Sits in his bravery,
As if he knew it was an hour of pride ;
And the fair swans go side by side,
Sailing on gallantly ;
As will these beakéd ships anon,
Upon the golden track
Of the down-sinking sun,
To bring a Queen to this fair city back !
And all, through the calm night,
Under the shine of the soft summer moon
And the pale stars, will they go sailing on ;
And with the opal light
Of the ascending day,
Anchor within the bay
Of that sweet island, with its pride
Of mountains that o'erlook the sea,
Where waits the gentle bride
The coming of this company !
Joy go with them ! In three eves more,
They will return unto this shore
More joyful than they went,
With livelier sounding pipes and louder merriment !

Mary Howitt.

THE TEMPTATION OF THE CAPUCHINS.

A Tale of Murcia.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830."

No one visits Murcia without making an excursion to Monte Agudo. It is a very small village flanked by two convents, and situated at the base of a perpendicular rock, which is crowned by the ruins of a Moorish castle. This rock, and its subject village, are among the most conspicuous objects seen from the tower of the Cathedral of Murcia; and being charmed with the distant view of Monte Agudo, I paid a visit to it the same evening.

I walked through the garden of the Capuchin convent, in company with one of the friars, who informed me, among other things, that ten years ago their number had been twenty; but that now, no more than seven inhabited the convent.

"The mortality has been great," said I.

"And sudden and singular," said the friar. "Come this way," added he, leading the way to a small elevated mound which commanded a view of the rock: "Do you perceive these crosses on the summit?"

"There are thirteen," said I.

"Just thirteen," said the friar, looking grave, and crossing himself. "I told you," continued he, "that there were twenty friars in the convent, and now there are but seven: these thirteen crosses commemorate the death and perdition of thirteen friars, once the children of God!" and again the reverend father crossed himself rapidly.

"There must be some extraordinary circumstances connected with the event," said I.

The friar, without attending to my remark, took my hand, and led me back to the convent. "'Tis late to return to Murcia to-night," said he; "a bed in the convent is at your disposal: but for supper I can only promise you good fruit and tolerable wine."

I was easily prevailed upon; and, before throwing myself upon my mattress, the friar indulged me with the following curious relation.

"You must know, that the Capuchin convent of Monte Agudo was long noted throughout Spain for the strictness with which the rules of the order were observed, and for the unblemished sanctity of those who were its inmates. More than once has the peculiar favour of God, and the protection of the saints, shielded our fraternity from evils that have fallen heavily upon our brethren; and miracles have oftentimes attested the fact, that St. Francis had taken into his keeping the friars of Monte Agudo. The spectacle of piety was as hateful to the wicked as it was pleasing to the good; and if the glorified saints looked down upon us

with complacency, the Evil One, and his apostates, beheld us with far other feelings. They plotted our ruin, — and they accomplished it.

" The superior of our convent was named Godfrido. He loved us all as his children; and our love and respect for him knew no limits; but he was full of years, and his last hour approached. Before leaving this world, he charged us not to be over hasty in the choice of a superior. ' Choose deliberately, my children,' said he; ' upon the father depends the piety of the children; doubtless God and St. Francis will direct your judgment.'

" Godfrido died; and, for some days, no one spoke of a successor. At length, the propriety of choosing a superior began to be whispered amongst us; but the age, piety, and qualifications of several of the fathers were so equally balanced, that it was impossible to find any reason for a preference of one over another; and so our convent continued without a head.

" One day — (a day that can never pass from my memory so long as it pleases God that I remain in this world!) — we were assembled in the refectory, and had taken our places at table: but the chair of the superior was vacant; for so it had been allowed to remain ever since the reverend father Godfrido died. ' That chair,' said one of our number, pointing to it, ' must not remain longer unoccupied: 'tis not for the interest of the order, or of this convent, that it should be vacant. Holy St. Francis!' said he, raising his eyes and his clasped hands to the picture of that saint kneeling in

adoration of the cross, 'direct us in our choice.' In that moment, the chair was filled! St. Francis himself appeared to preside over us. The same thought passed through the minds of us all: Saint Francis has seen our difficulty; he has returned to earth to direct our choice; and, till that choice has been made, our patron saint condescends to be our superior. During our meal no one spoke; our sainted superior did not taste of our repast, and no one pressed him to eat. He rose first, and we followed him; and, at vespers, a voice such as never was poured from human lips, mingled with our song. I gazed earnestly upon him all the while; and, although his countenance was expressive of that mild and enraptured piety that I had learned to know so well in the picture of Murillo which adorned our refectory, I observed, at times, a strange and almost fearful smile pass over it, jarring with our holy exercises, and with the character of a glorified saint; and once, so strongly and unpleasantly was my mind impressed by the contemplation, that I involuntarily crossed myself.

"Strange! said I, within myself, when I retired to my dormitory,—strange, that when our patron saint, an immortal and glorified spirit, presided over our exercises, so little devotion should have entered my heart. And when I fell upon my knees, and would have prayed, my prayers were disturbed by flitting images of the world, and by forgotten, and almost unholy recollections, that I had thought were buried for ever.

"The following day St. Francis was still amongst

us: the same singularly beautiful tones mingled with our services; the same wan and pious countenance presided over our repast; and, when it was concluded, he first broke silence. The voice came as if from the distant land of the dead, and every word that he uttered is engraven on my memory. 'My children,' said he, 'your prayers for direction reached the holy assembly of the saints; I left the abodes of the blest, to come to your aid; but first, I am commanded to make known to you the will of God. Moderate your austerities; heaven is satisfied with the past, and wills that, for the future, you shall show your gratitude by using the life which has been bestowed upon you. Eat of all that which God has given to feed his people; let darkness be the season of rest, for the morning is as acceptable as the midnight prayer. To-morrow I will further announce the will of heaven. *Pax Vobiscum.*'

"When the likeness of St. Francis ceased speaking, there rested a moment upon the countenance the same fearful smile that I had seen at vespers; and, glancing at the picture of the saint, I was struck with the more than usual mournfulness of his face, and with the dissimilarity in the *expression* of the two countenances, although the features were the same. I observed, with pain, that the announcements of the superior were not disagreeable to the greater number of my brethren, who, like myself, were all sensible of a diminished ardour in the spirit of devotion: but for my own part I heeded not the injunctions we had received; I spent the whole of the night in prayer; and although I was

unable to infuse into my orisons the warmth that once I had felt, I yet retained the power of punishment, and, as an expiation of my mental wandering, I inflicted corporeal suffering.

"Our table, the following day, was spread with luxuries; not the simple luxuries of mellow fruits, and vegetables, and wheaten bread, and pure oil, but with dainty meats, to which our palates were strangers, and rich and spicy sauces that heated the blood, and the intoxicating wines of Alicant that inflamed the mind. Few were able to resist such temptations; the fruits were neglected, and the weak wines were passed by. 'My children,' said the superior, when the repast was concluded, 'it is good that you rest until vespers, that the body may be refreshed for the exercises of the mind. Go to your dormitories, and enjoy what I have prepared for you.' I entered my dormitory, and opened one of my devotional books, and at the same moment, music such as I had never heard before rose as if from the convent garden. It was slow, but not solemn; the instruments and the voices might have been tuned in heaven, but the strain was earthly: it awoke no holy thought, but appealed rather to human feelings and human passions.

"We met at vespers; it was an assemblage of flushed countenances and troubled minds. We attempted the service; but so discordant were our tones after the strains that still rung in our ears, that our music died away in whispers, and only the melodious voice of the superior was heard. Strange! most strange! said I,

within myself, that tones such as these should fall like ice upon the heart. — 'Go, my children,' said the likeness of St. Francis, 'go into your garden; breathe there the evening air and the sweet fragrance of your flowers; walk under your palm trees, and reflect upon the goodness of God, in having framed you with so much capacity for enjoyment; and then retire to your dormitories, and sleep till you are awakened by the morning sun.'

"I went with my brethren. It was a delicious evening; our palms stood stately and stirless; the leaves of our acacias scarcely quivered; the slanting rays of the sinking sun tinged with a brighter gold our clustering dates and oranges, and the air was loaded with sweet perfumes. — See ye that fountain shaded by its willows?" continued the friar, approaching the window of the refectory; "a female was stooping over it, lifting water with a small vessel, which she emptied into a larger pitcher. No female had ever before been seen within the precincts of the convent; and a small door that led from the garden to the rock was open for the first time in my remembrance. One by one we approached the fountain; curiosity led us forward: perhaps other motives and other feelings guided the steps of some. The maiden continued to bend over the fountain, and her form was reflected in its glassy bosom. No one amongst us spoke to his neighbour; each felt ashamed, and knew that duty commanded him to withdraw; but all remained rooted to the spot.

"The maiden at length had filled her pitcher, and

lifting a little water in the smaller vessel, she turned suddenly round, and holding the vessel towards us, asked if any of us would drink. Strangely sweet and melodious was her voice; yet, when she spoke, I thought I had heard the tones before. Beautiful was her countenance; yet it was beauty of an unearthly kind. I am little skilled in these matters; few females I had seen; but of those that accident had from time to time shewn me, neither in gracefulness of form, nor in perfection of features, could any one of them be compared with the maiden who fixed her calm lustrous eyes upon us, and offered the little vessel dripping with chrystal. The rich meats that most of us had eaten, and the heating wines, gave additional value to the offering; and he to whom the damsel first extended the cup, took it from her hands, and drained it to the dregs. Again she filled it, and offered it to us one after another, as we stood around the fountain; and fourteen times she re-filled it, and I was the fourteenth to whom she offered it. I had never ceased to gaze upon the countenance of the damsel, from the moment that she first presented the cup. I confess it was partly the fascination of beauty; but curiosity, arising from a vague feeling of suspicion, was another motive; for I had remarked, that as each friar returned into her hand the cup drained to the bottom, a faint smile passed over her countenance, bringing with it a re-collection of the strange and fearful expression that had more than once disfigured the face of the superior. I had resolved to refuse the cup; and, at the moment

that I rejected it, her still lustrous eyes looked into mine. There was that in them which belongs not to the good. I shuddered, and recommended myself to the protection of heaven. The remaining six followed my example, and refused to drink; and the damsel, placing the earthen vessel upon her head, left the fountain, and passed through the little door-way out of the convent garden. The path is visible all the way up the rock, from the little elevation to which I conducted you. We saw her slowly ascend; she often paused and looked back; at length she reached the summit, and sat down; but the deepening dusk soon hid her from our sight.

"There was no conversation amongst us; we returned silently to the convent; and the supper table was again spread with all that tempts the palate and debilitates the mind. We were dismissed to our dormitories, and again soft and voluptuous music filled the air. I laboured at my devotions: they came not willingly; but I called again and again upon St. Francis to give me strength; till at length the world was shut out, and earnestness came, and strength and knowledge came along with it. I then knew that we were deluded; and I believed that the damsel of the fountain, and the likeness of St. Francis, were one and the same; and that both were the Evil One!

"At length I slept; but unholy visions pursued me. Again my ears were delighted by music of the earth; I sat at a luxurious banquet, and quaffed rich and intoxicating wines. I knew that my feelings were sin-

ful, and I escaped from temptation, and fled into the convent church, and prostrated myself before the image of St. Francis; but when I raised my eyes, it was not the Saint upon whom they were fixed, but the damsel who lifted the water from the fountain. The scene then changed; again I stood by the fountain with my brethren, and I saw her extend her rounded arm and small hand towards me, and when I put the cup aside, there stood in her place a horrible likeness of St. Francis. If such were my visions, what must have been the visions of those who had not, like me, striven against temptation — who had banqueted like men of this world, and who suspected not that the damsel was no child of earth?

"I awoke, and slept again. I thought I stood by the fountain; but, save myself, the damsel only was there. She rose, and passed through the small gateway, and I followed; and when she turned round and beckoned, I saw no unearthly expression in her eyes, and nothing but beauty in her smile; but when I would have passed out of the garden, I found myself held back, and looking behind, I perceived the mild countenance of father Godfrido; and again I awoke.

"I rose from my bed, and looked from my window which opens towards the garden. All was steeped in the white moonshine, which trembled upon the surface of the fountain, and showed me upon its brink a figure such as I had seen in my vision, and such as reminded me of the damsel who had offered us to drink. I will fathom this mystery, I said within

myself. I know it is a delusion, — a fascination sent from hell, to lure us from the path to heaven; perhaps I may save my brethren; and, recommending myself to God and St. Francis, I hastily put on my garment, and left my chamber; but, before passing into the garden, I entered the church, and offered up a prayer at the altar of the Virgin, and of our patron Saint. As I left the church and crossed the *patio*, I heard the doors of several of the dormitories close, and the steps of more than one of my brethren echo through the cloisters; and I could entertain no doubt that their latest vision had been like mine, and that they, like me, were seeking the fountain and its visitant; but the motive, I feared, might be different.

"I passed into the garden, and walked towards the fountain. All was calm and solemn; the silent visitant of the fountain sat by its margin, and as I approached, she turned towards me, and I remembered the captivating smile I had seen in my vision. She rose and passed through the gateway, and I followed; but no shade of the pious Godfrido stood there to warn the passer by. The path from the convent garden to the summit of the rock, is steep and narrow, and is here and there fringed with clumps of the *Algoroba*. The damsel walked or glided quickly up the ascent, and I pressed closely forward. God and St. Francis know that I was urged on by a pious hope; I knew that it was no earthly being I pursued; but I was strong in the belief of heavenly help, and feared not even the Arch Enemy. At a small clump of trees, not far from

the summit, the figure paused; and when I had nearly reached the same spot, a countenance was turned to me that was no longer the countenance of the damsel who had filled her pitcher at the fountain; I saw the features of St. Francis, but the expression of a fiend.

"Here, at this spot, I will remain, said I within myself, — here will I stand, to warn my deluded brethren; for I could perceive by the moonlight, that the path below was speckled by several who hastened up, each pursuing a phantom, that from time to time turned round, beguiling them forward with a bewitching smile. Soon I saw one of my brethren approach, led on by one whose countenance was to me the countenance of a demon. It was father Calomar, God rest his soul; he passed swiftly by. I was rooted to the spot; I had lost the power of motion; else I would have rushed betwixt him and destruction. I attempted to cry — to speak — but in vain. I was voiceless, and the warning died in my throat. I saw him reach the summit — I saw the pretended daughter of earth step from the pinnacle and stand in the thin moonlight air; and I saw father Calomar attempt to follow; and the silence of night was broken by the fall of the guilty. Again, another approached — it was father Fuenfria—once a pattern of holiness; and he, too, was led on by the beckoning smile of one that seemed to him the damsel of the fountain, but whose face I knew. I strove to move — to catch his garment as he hastened by — to cry — but vainly; he, too, passed to perdition. Eleven more came, and passed me by; they saw me

not, for their eyes were fixed upon the phantom that beguiled them — and thirteen times the echoes of the rock told the success of the Evil One, and the weakness of man.

" When the thirteenth had passed, I recovered the power of voice and motion. Another approached; but I pronounced the name of St. Francis, and sprang betwixt him and ruin. He, and the five that followed, had, like me, refused to drink from the vessel offered at the fountain; like me they had been true to the ancient usages of the convent. No sooner had I pronounced the name of St. Francis, than the fiend, in its multiplied likeness, was no more visible. The five friars who were ascending the path, stood still bewildered; for the phantom that led on each had disappeared; and we returned to the convent, singing a song of thanksgiving. No strange voice mingled with our morning service; and the chair of the superior stood empty: but alas! thirteen other chairs were vacant also. These thirteen crosses were raised on the summit of the rock, in commemoration of the end of the unholy. Masses are every day said for the deliverance of their souls; and let us trust that they may find deliverance. Since these events," continued the friar, " we who escaped perdition have redoubled our austerities; and I, who am superior, have endeavoured to follow in the footsteps of the pious Godfrido."

When the friar made an end of his relation, twilight had almost faded into darkness, and a glorious moon

had risen in the east. I preferred a request to him, that he would walk with me to the summit of the rock, and to this he kindly assented. We passed into the garden, where every thing reminded me of the strange and eventful scene which the friar had described. The moonlight fell white and calm upon the deep foliage; the branchy palm wore a broad crown of silver; the tufted blossoms of the acacia, and the orange trees, and the geraniums, filled the air with a sweet and mingled fragrance; and the moonbeam trembled in the depth of the crystal fountain. I almost expected to see the damsel sitting by its brink. We passed out through the small door, which my companion opened, and up the narrow path that wound to the summit of the rock. "Here," said my companion, when we had reached a clump of *algorobas*, "here I paused on that fearful night, and saw my thirteen brothers hasten to perdition." I looked down the path beneath, but saw no speck upon its moonlight turnings; and when I gazed above, I saw only the thirteen crosses between me and the sky.

EVENING LEAVES.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

No. I. — THE DANUBE.

The Danube is a mighty river,
Dark, deep, and broad, and craggy-sided,
Girt in by rocks which gloom for ever,
Whilst thunders, by the wild winds guided,
Come bellowing forth upon its shores,
Till the pine-forests start and quiver,
And sailors pause upon their oars : —
Is it not thus with thee, O mighty, mighty River ?

Thou runnest : — wilt thou run for ever —
For ever to the Pontic waters,
Sweetening those briny deeps, that shiver
With passion for the sea's wild daughters ?
Wilt thou rush round the tyrant's holds,
And fence their frowning pride for ever,
Within thy winding foaming folds ?
Tell us thy future tasks, O mighty, mighty River !

Shout, — and let earth reply ! For *ever*
Wilt thou fawn round the haunts of power ?
Or sing, whilst many a merry liver
Shall dance through the spring and summer hour ?
Is Fate to *thee*, like us, a dream ?
Or from thy woods and waves that never
Lie still, do words prophetic stream ?
Give forth the truths thou know'st, O mighty, mighty
River !

No. II. — THE SEA, — IN CALM.

See, what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us ! Mark ! How still, (as though in dreams
Bound,) the once wild and terrible ocean seems !
How silent are the winds ! No billow roars ;
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores !
The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no sound :
Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors.

What ! is the Giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatched beneath the sun ?
No ; he reposes ! Now his toils are done
More quiet than the babbling brooks is *he* :
So, mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be !

No. III.—SONG.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying :
Come, — tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing :
How many smiles ? — a score?
Then laugh, and count no more ;
For day is dying !

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure ;
But here, by this lone stream
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure !

We dream ; do thou the same :
We love — for ever ;
We laugh ; yet few we shame,
The gentle never :
Stay, then, till sorrow dies ;
Then hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever !

No. IV. — A RECALL.

Into what cavern of the world forlorn
Hast thou fled, Juan? In what exiled home
Art thou forgotten, whom the happiest morn
Smiled on, and gentle hearts bade never roam?
O speak to me, whose love asked no return,
Save pity for its gift complete and pure!
I would not thou should'st weep because *I* mourn;
Scarce would I wish thee know what I endure;
I only ask that thou should'st come to cure
Our pain, — I only say "Return! return!"

No. V. — OLD AGE,—ITS COMPANIONS.

Look, — I grow old. Amidst how many storms
Hath come my winter, leaving on this head
A snow must never melt. Companions have I
Who will not leave me for the ruddiest lip,
Palsy, Catarrh, cold Ague; Blindness strait
Will come and hide me from the scorching noon,
And Deafness will shut out all wild alarms;
And so — helped gently to my soft turf bed,
I'll soon lie down and sleep. A day — an hour —
A minute — after the last sigh hath flown,
And where shall I be? Shall I be, indeed,
A traveller swifter than the sun, and pass,
In one small countless breath of vulgar time,
From earth unto the angels?....

No. VI. — VAIN REGRET.

Oh! had I nursed, when I was young,
The lessons of my father's tongue,
(The deep laborious thoughts he drew
From all he saw and others knew,)
I might have been — ah, me! —
Thrice sager than I e'er shall be.
For what saith Time?
Alas! he only shews the truth
Of all that I was told in youth!

The thoughts now budding in my brain, —
The wisdom I have bought with pain, —
The knowledge of life's brevity, —
Frail friendship, — false philosophy,
And all that issues out of woe,
Methinks, were taught me long ago!
Then what brings Time?
Alas! he but brings back the truth
Of all I heard, (and lost!) in youth.

Truths, hardly earned and lately brought
From many a far forgotten scene, —
Had I but listened, as I ought,
To your voices, sage, — serene,
Oh! what might I not have been
In the realms of thought!

THE ORPHAN.

A Country Tale.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

Many years since, as a farmer of the name of Somers was returning home late one autumn evening on horseback, he heard a faint wailing cry as if from an infant. He was a kind, good man, and his heart pitied the child who was left unsheltered at such an hour; so he stopped and listened, but he heard no sound except the low wind sweeping by him, and it was too dark to distinguish objects at a distance. He walked his horse up and down that part of the road from which the cry had appeared to come, but it was not repeated; and he was just turning homewards, when he thought he saw something like a heap of white linen lying close to the large iron gates of a park that opened on the road. The farmer's heart sank, for he thought murder had been done in that lonely place, and for a moment he hesitated whether he should not first obtain assistance before he advanced; but the faint cry he had heard was again audible, and

there was no one near but an old deaf woman who kept the gate of the park, and her daughter who was but a child. He tied his horse to the iron railing, and knelt down by the white heap, which proved to be the body of a female, quite stiff and cold: on her bosom lay a little infant, in which there was still life, though it was numbed by the bleak wind which must have blown over it for many hours; and again it moaned feebly as the farmer lifted it in his arms. He knocked at the door of the park lodge, and begged of the old woman to allow the body to be carried in there; but she was so terrified at the thought, that he was obliged to think of some other plan. Having obtained a light, therefore, and assured himself that the female was indeed dead, he left the body, and rode home. The first thing he did on arriving, was to order two labouring men to go and fetch the corpse. Then stealing softly into the sleeping room, where his wife sate watching by the cradle of their youngest child, he laid the little foundling on her lap, and told her where and how he had found it. "And God will bless you for it," exclaimed the poor woman, weeping: "that God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and she turned her tearful eyes to the cradle where her own pet lamb was lying in a sweet quiet sleep. All that night they watched over the frail life thus committed to their care. Many times they thought its sufferings were over, and that it had joined its unhappy mother in another and better world; but at length the shadow of death passed away from its fair pale face: it moved its lips as if asking for nourish-

ment; and, after swallowing a few drops of warm milk, opened its large blue eyes and faintly smiled on the good woman who tended it. Farmer Somers himself wept with joy on this occasion; and, leaving a little girl to watch the sleepers, he proceeded with his wife to the room where the body lay.

It was an awful sight to see, by the dim light of a single candle, and a lantern which stood at the corpse's head, the eager expression of fear, curiosity, horror, or pity, in the countenances of the bystanders, — and to contrast these evidences of human passion, with the eternal quiet of the dead woman's face, and the stiff, unnatural repose of her form. There was no mark of violence on the body, but it was so wasted and thin as to look almost like a skeleton.

Mrs. Somers assisted in laying out the corpse, and cut off a lock of the long golden hair which was all of beauty that now remained. This, and the certificate of the child's baptism, which was found in the woman's pocket, she sealed up till the little orphan should be old enough to value them. And after that, the cold lip and the closed eye, whose smile and glance had once, perhaps, gladdened many hearts, were hidden under the heavy earth; and in a few years, the circumstances which placed the Orphan Mary an inmate in Farmer Somers's house, were almost forgotten; nor was the history of the poor woman ever known, nor any enquiry made about her, after all had been made public in the newspapers of the day.

The little child, thus rescued from destruction, was

brought up with Farmer Somers's own daughter, and the same care and tenderness was shewn to both; but both did not thrive equally. The sparkling beauty and mental quickness of "Gypsey Jessie," as she was called in the village, formed a striking contrast with the paleness of Mary's delicate features, and her slow progress in what Jessie called "her learning." But Jessie's two brothers loved meek Mary as well if not better than their true sister; and Jessie herself poured out all the warmth of her affectionate heart in behalf of her companion, nor was she conscious of any superiority except that of being two years Mary's senior. Children are slow to feel their own inferiority unless it is forced on their minds by those around them. The orphan knew that Jessie was the prettiest and the cleverest, just as she knew that the hair of the latter was darker, and her limbs stronger to bear fatigue, than her own; but the knowledge gave her no pain; and, secure in the affection of all around her, she enjoyed a quiet happiness, till accident caused her to institute a comparison in her own mind, between her merits and those of her more sprightly companion.

She was sitting at the door of the farmhouse one sultry day in August, watching Jessie and her brothers, who were helping the reapers at some distance. The orphan had exerted herself to the utmost that day — even beyond her strength; and had stolen home to the threshold of the house to rest a little while. Farmer Somers had returned a few minutes before, and was speaking to his wife within doors, so that Mary scarcely

heard their conversation till the sound of her own name awoke her attention. "Yes, Mary was there, too, poor thing;" said the farmer, in answer to his wife's question, "doing her best—and that was but little."

"She always does her best," said Mrs. Somers, quietly.

"Yes, yes, I know the girl does all she can, but there's no more strength in her than a bit of wash-leather—you should have seen Jessie, the little sturdy gipsey, she did as much as a grown woman; and with such a merry smile on her sun-burnt face, God bless her, as did one's heart good to look at. The other will never be any thing but a burden upon us all her life long."

"Oh don't say so, Richard; it was she who put the cider ready for you that you've just been drinking: she's a deal more thoughtful than Jessie, and pretty enough, too, if beauty goes for any thing. Don't speak as if you repented the great charity God has put it in your power to do."

"I dont repent it," said the farmer vehemently; "I never see her enjoying a summer's day with the boys and Jessie, or warming her little shivering hands at our hearth in winter, without thanking heaven for having made me the means of saving her life. But that's no reason I should think of her as of my own girl; and I tell you that she will never be fit for any thing,—never."

Mary heard no more. She rose from the place where she had been sitting, and walked very slowly to a little bank which overlooked the field they were reaping;

and there she sat down and sobbed bitterly. She was roused by a peal of merry laughter from the field; and presently Jessie and her brothers came bounding towards her. The little orphan dried her tears, and watched them till they reached the sunk fence which formed the boundary of the cornfield. The eldest of the boys cleared it; then the next; and lastly, Jessie threw over her little sheaf of gleaned ears for the "Harvest home," and jumped across it as lightly and fearlessly as her brothers.

"Ah!" sighed poor Mary, "I could'nt do that; I always go round to the little gate." And she looked wistfully up in Jessie's face, as she bent over her and jested her for her laziness, with a painful impression of the beauty of that countenance which her father had blessed for its brightness. And very bright and lovely it was at this moment, glowing with exercise and irrepressible merriment; but a shadow fell on her brow when she saw the sadness of her companion, and she earnestly enquired the cause of her weeping.

"Because—because," said the little girl, again bursting into tears, "your father says I shall never be any thing but a burden to him all my life long." The children looked at each other with dismay.

"Did my father say that *to* you, Mary?" said one of the boys, while a deep flush crossed his handsome face.

"Oh! no—no; he did not know I was within hearing—he said it to—to—your mother; and that I had no strength in me like Jessie; and that I never should

be fit for anything; and that when I had done my best it was but little.—I that thought I had done such a good day's work!"

"And so you have, Mary—and so you have"—"and you'll be stronger next summer—Jessie's older than you"—"and what does it signify how little you do, when we're all willing and happy to help you, every day and all day long"—eagerly burst from the lips of her youthful comforters. And Mary *was* comforted in a degree; but it was long before her spirits recovered the little elasticity they had formerly possessed, and she shrunk from the eye of Farmer Somers with nervous timidity, whenever she happened to be engaged at her tasks in his presence.

Meanwhile both girls grew up, and both had their admirers among the young farmers of the neighbourhood; but of these Jessie had many more than the orphan Mary, and cared infinitely more for their homage. Indeed, it must be confessed, that the faults of Jessie's character developed themselves as visibly as the beauty of her person. She was vain, passionate, and a coquette; but she was also warm-hearted, generous, and industrious; and even her faults were dear to those with whom she lived. To her father, especially, she was an idol; a thing

> ———"too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food;"

and Mary was insignificant in comparison. The very manner of Jessie had a charm in it which was wanting in Mary's. The sidelong glance of those dark down



cast eyes, which seemed laughing at you beneath their lashes when you attempted seriously to converse with her; the sudden flash of joy which shone in them at times when they were turned full upon you, which glowed over her whole countenance, and parted her full lips on her even teeth; her low laugh; her cordial welcome; her sweet voice; even the look of mischief that lurked occasionally in her eye and the corners of her mouth, and which ever tempted you to propose some innocent frolic; had a charm of which she herself was but half aware. You listened to Mary without emotion; you heard her slow stealing step approach, and scarcely cared whether she paused or passed you; you met the gaze of her quiet blue eyes, and thought how good and gentle she seemed: but ere the day ended, her image faded from your mind, and left that of Jessie to haunt your dreams, and make you smile even over the memory of *her* smiles in your waking hours.

It pleased providence, however, to reverse the situations of the young companions, and to make Mary the only stay and comfort of her protectors. Farmer Somers's affairs became less prosperous; his crops failed; three bad seasons in succession destroyed all hope of being able to continue things on the same scale as before; and one evening in October, when the whole family were collected together, he abruptly broke silence with the words—"Children, we can no longer sit round the same hearth at night, or meet at our morning meal, regularly as the sun rises: some of you must earn your bread away from me: I have no longer the means to

support you all;"—and the last words were spoken with a forced firmness, which said more than tears. No answer was made; his sons and the girls looked at each other; and Mrs. Somers turned pale and kept her eyes fixed steadily on the ground; but the farmer gazed on Jessie and on her only, as if she was all he had to lose; and when he spoke again his voice was broken and unequal. "One of the boys—you, Richard—can remain to help me in the farm; and James must work with farmer White, who has taken part of the land off my hands; Mary and Jessie (and here his eye wandered from his daughter to his wife) must go out to service: God's will be done!" and the farmer bowed his head reverentially. Jessie flung herself into her mother's arms, and wept bitterly; while the orphan stole to her adopted father's side, and murmured—"*Must* Jessie go?"

"Yes, child, yes, she must; and so must you all; all but one; your mother will do all a woman can do in the farm, as she did for me when we began life, and I brought her home to this very house, a young thing like Jessie. For you, my gentle, patient girl (and he wrung the hand he held), I have little fear; but for my poor Jessie—ah! Jess," continued he as he folded his arms round his favourite child, "you must tame that wild spirit, and learn to obey strangers, for your father's sake who never said a harsh word to you, or frowned even on your follies."

It was soon settled, that Jessie should be dairymaid at the Park, and Mary become the attendant of Mrs.

Benson, the clergyman's wife, who was latterly grown very infirm, and was afflicted with a dimness of sight which it was feared would end in total blindness. James went to farmer White's the day after that eventful conversation; and that day week was fixed for the departure of the sisters to their different services. A bright evening sun gleamed on the faded and yellow foliage of the trees round the farm-house, while they stood lingering in their own room, and gazing round as if to seek an excuse for still remaining, after every preparation had been made. "Ah!" said Jessie, as her eyes fell on the neat little bed they had shared together, "I shall not hear a hymn from your sweet voice to-night!" The blue ribband Mary was tying round her sister's hat, dropped from her hand; and in an instant the weeping girls were locked in each other's arms.

Their roads lay in the same direction as far as the park, and then Mary had about a mile further to walk. The little party set out accordingly, together; Farmer Somers and Jessie foremost, and his wife and Mary following. Mrs. Somers talked affectionately and encouragingly to the orphan, but her eye was wistfully fixed on the group before; and as they neared the park gate, and she saw her beloved child evidently sobbing violently, while her father passed his arm fondly round her waist to support her, she hastily pressed the hand of her young companion, and passed on to share the task of soothing the agitated girl. They passed through the park gate which formed the boundary where they were to part from Mary; and she paused as if in ex-

pectation that they would turn round and bid her good bye; but they passed on — and on — till their forms lessened in the distance, and grew dim and indistinct to her tearful eyes. As she turned away to proceed on her solitary path, the same feeling of bitterness stole over her heart, as had first smote it the evening of that memorable harvest-home when she was yet a child; the same vague yearning for the sweet and natural ties of parent, brother, and sister; the same sense of desertion, which even her own reason told her, proceeded from an inadequate cause. It was not that she should not again see them; the three short miles which were to separate them, scarcely warranted, perhaps, a formal farewell: but it was the feeling that she was not *one of them*; that in a moment of mutual sorrow, these, even these, the nearest and dearest friends of her life, had forgotten her—the feeling, (and let none deny its overwhelming bitterness till they have felt its power) that in the wide world she was a *first object* to no human heart!

The orphan leant weeping against the iron railwork, as these thoughts passed through her mind, and it was not till the chill evening dew reminded her of the lateness of the hour, that with a hurried step she proceeded onwards. There was a stile at some little distance which she must cross; the rest of her road lying entirely among fields and lanes. As she approached it, a figure, which she instantly recognized as James Somers, jumped from it: — "Oh! Mary dear," said the young man, hastily, "how late you are: I have been waiting an hour and more at this

stile, which I knew you must pass, to walk the rest of the way with you; and how you have been crying! but no wonder, for poor Jessie and you were always as fond as sisters." There was a long pause; and as Mary leaned on his arm, she mentally contrasted his kindness in waiting for her, with the parting which had just taken place. James Somers interrupted her reflections with the words—"And yet you know you are not her sister, Mary."

"No," said the orphan, faintly.

"Nor—nor *mine*," added the young man, hesitatingly.

"No, James, nor your's; I know I belong to no one; but don't remind me of it just now:" and the choking tears again rose to her swoln eyes.

He pressed her arm closer to his heart, and again for a few steps there was silence. Then, speaking very hurriedly, he said—"But it is *now*, at this time of all others, that I would remind you of it, Mary; because I will say now, what I have often wished to say before, and dared not, though there was neither sin nor shame in it; and that is, that I love you better than ever brother loved sister; better than father or mother; better than the whole world; better than life itself! Don't tremble so, dear Mary; and lean on me still. I do not wish to wring any promise from you just now, when you are sorry to leave us all; I know it may be many years before I can claim you for a wife; but I tell you this, because you are going among strangers, that you may think of me, not—not

merely as a brother — and that if others should wish to marry you, you may ask your heart whether they can love you, or you them, as we love who have spent our lives together."

The orphan retired to rest that evening — the first evening of dependance on strangers—the first evening of separation from all her friends, with a deep and entire sense of happiness such as she had never before experienced. That James Somers, — the lively, handsome, affectionate James Somers, the favorite of the village, the brother who most resembled Jessie, should love *her* better than father or mother, better than life itself, seemed wonderful, incomprehensible. — That there should be one being to whom she was all in all — the hope looked forward to for years to come — the image which made labour light to his soul — oh! it was more than she had deserved from Heaven; and, when the orphan knelt that night before the throne of grace, in the purity of her heart she thanked her God for the words James had spoken.

All went on smoothly; and the quarterly earnings of the two girls were, with very slight deductions, regularly deposited with Mrs. Somers during the first year. Mary's mistress declared that her caps had never been crimped so neatly — her work never done so well — herself never waited on so cheerfully, as since the orphan came to live with her. She was not treated as a servant, but remained constantly with Mrs. Benson, that as the old lady expressed it "the sight of her face, and the sound of her voice, might cheer her heart."

Jessie too had given satisfaction; but she was not contented with her place: the housekeeper she said, was cross, the other dairy maid overbearing and officious; and she willingly accepted an offer made by a lady who had spent some time at the Park on a visit, to enter her family as waiting maid to two very spoilt and lovely children, who had taken a fancy to her during their stay. This lady was in very bad health, and on her way to London, where she intended to fix her residence, in order to be under the care of the first physicians; and even farmer Somers reproached Jessie for having engaged herself to leave them all, without consulting him or her mother. But Jessie was determined; and to London she went; and at the end of the quarter wrote, in high spirits, to her mother, to whom she transmitted four guineas of her wages. The next account was less pleasant: her mistress was dead; her master gone to Paris on business; and what with mourning, and other expences, she could only send one guinea home. Her third letter arrived just as her anxious parents were reasoning on the probability of her being ill, as the cause of her long silence. It was written in low spirits, with an affectation of levity which struck painfully on the hearts of the circle at the farm. It contained no remittance; but she expressed a hope of being able to send money in a few days, "as every one who comes to the house," said she, "gives me something; I suppose for the pleasure of looking at me; for I do nothing in the family except dress and undress the young ladies."

She concluded by complaining, that her wages were never regularly paid, as before her mistress died; so that she was often more in debt than she was aware before she could receive them; and that the new housekeeper was a very fine lady, who insisted on Jessie's dressing smartly, and "keeping up a genteel appearance before company." Farmer Somers did little that day but peruse and re-peruse the letter of his beautiful and wayward Jessie; and after much consideration he wrote to her, a peremptory command to leave her place and return home. Had that letter been sent, much misery might have been spared, to him — to all: — but as the farmer raised his eyes from the finished page, they lit on her accustomed seat; in an instant the sound of her laugh, the expression of her beaming brow, the bounding step with which she used to meet him, flashed across his soul — he read his mandate to her, and it appeared stern and cruel; he had apportioned the severity of his language more to the magnitude of her temptations, than the faultiness of her conduct; why should he speak harsh words to his child? — why should he issue a command to her who would obey his wishes? He tore up his first letter, and wrote another, in which his natural anxiety was so mingled with the outpourings of awakened tenderness, that Jessie might, perhaps, be excused, when she wrote home that she feared her not being able to send more money had induced her father and mother to think she was not advantageously placed: she assured them they were mistaken; that she would not

leave her place for the world; and finally she enclosed four pounds as a proof that her inability on the two last occasions was entirely accidental.

Poor Jessie! it was her last remittance home. The year rolled round; Christmas came—but no letter or word from London cheered the hearts of the party at the farm. Impatiently they waited till the first spring quarter was at an end; and kind letters were written at intervals to assure her that they merely wished for a line to gladden them; to say she was in health, and remembered them all. They told her how prosperously the farm went on, and with the delicacy that is born of affection, magnified the improvement in their situation that she might feel less painfully (what they never doubted caused her reluctance to write) her inability to assist them with money. Still no tidings were received; and at length one of Mary's letters was returned to her with the post office mark, "no such person as Jessie Somers to be found!" Mrs. Benson herself accompanied the orphan to the house of her adopted father, to communicate this distressing intelligence; and advised him instantly to write to Jessie's master, and learn whither the unhappy girl was gone. He wrote; and neither ate, drank, slept, nor scarcely spoke, till the few lines of reply were handed to him. They were as follows:—

"Sir,—I have made all due enquiry respecting the young person you mention of the name of Somers, from my housekeeper, and find that she was discharged from my service for a theft committed on one of my

daughters, and that no one in the house knows her present abode."

The farmer covered his face, and with a wild hysterical laugh, sank back in his chair, from which he was lifted to his bed by his son and wife; and there for eight days he remained, utterly unconscious of the presence of those around him, and talking incoherently of righting his child, and punishing those who had slandered her name. At length the fever left him, and he turned to his wife and Mary, who were watching by his bed-side, and said — "I feel well again — well in body; and I shall go instantly to London to find my poor girl." No entreaties to delay but a few days till he should in some measure recover his strength, could move him. He set off alone, resolved, as he said, to come back with his Jessie, or never to return to the home she had clouded with shame.

From the housekeeper who had turned Jessie away, Farmer Somers learnt all the circumstances which had condemned her. She had been observed measuring a quantity of fine lace which belonged to the dress of one of the little girls; she had washed it, and on the housekeeper enquiring, why the child's frock was not trimmed, she replied, that it was not dry, and that it should be put on the next day. The housekeeper observing that she was much embarrassed during her answer, took particular notice of the way in which the young ladies were dressed during the two following days, and at length insisted on Jessie's producing the lace. The girl then burst into tears, and declared she could not,

that she had lost it immediately after having hung it to dry, and that she was convinced some one had stolen it. At the same time she offered to replace it out of her year's wages. This the housekeeper peremptorily refused; it was old family lace, and it was necessary that some enquiry should be made immediately into the manner of its disappearance. All the servants were called into one room, and their boxes searched. In Jessie's box a remnant of the lace was discovered, carefully concealed in the sleeve of a gown, and her passionate protestations and vehement accusal of treachery on the part of some one in the house, her proud defiance to the housekeeper to prove her guilt, inclined all to suspect her truth. After much trouble, a pawnbroker was discovered in the neighbourhood, with the remainder of the lace in his possession. He voluntarily stated that a young girl had pawned it at his shop a week previous; that the circumstance made a particular impression on his mind, both from the superior quality of the lace, and from the fact of its being damp as if lately washed. Of the girl he knew nothing; she spoke in a very low voice, did not appear agitated in the least, had a quantity of beautiful hair dressed in long dark curls on each side of her face, and wore a deep bonnet with a blue ribbon round it. There was a general murmur among her fellow-servants, for there was no one in the house with hair like Jessie's, or who wore the same sort of hat. She was desired to put on her bonnet and shawl, and the pawnbroker was asked whether he recognized her as the young person who had pawned the lace. The man refused to speak positively, on account of its

being dusk at the time, but thought she was the same person, and produced a pocket handkerchief which she had dropt in leaving his shop, with the initials J. S. in the corner. On seeing this last proof, the wretched girl turned as pale as death, exclaimed in a suffocated tone "my father! my father!" and fell senseless on the ground.

On recovering, she asked wildly if the officers were come to take her; said she was lost for ever, and again repeated the words "Oh! my father—my father!" after which she lay down on the bed, and begged to be left alone. About an hour afterwards the housekeeper went to her room to inform her that in consideration of all the lace having been recovered, and the pawnbroker persisting in refusing to swear to her person, as well as from mercy to her youth and previous respectability, she would not be prosecuted for the theft, but must instantly quit the house, and her things should be sent to her.—The frantic sorrow of the little girl whose loss was the cause of Jessie's disgrace, had also some weight in this decision, as the child was very delicate, and an idol with her father, whose absence on the continent left the housekeeper at liberty to act as she pleased on the occasion. But Jessie was no where to be found, nor did she ever return, or send for the few things she could call her own.

After vainly endeavouring to obtain some clue to the abode of his wretched daughter,—and publishing an advertisment, "that if J. S. would return to her parents and native village, all should be forgotten and forgiven,"—

the heart-broken father returned home. From that day according to his wife's mode of expressing it, "he never held his head up." He did nothing on the farm; but sat with folded arms on the seat opposite Jessie's empty place, repeating—"I made an idol of her, and God has punished me—God has punished me!" But for the unremitting exertions of his son, Farmer Somers would have been utterly and irretrievably ruined.

Very early one morning in May, the orphan tapped lightly at the farm-house door, which was opened by the worn and weary form of Mrs. Somers. "Mother," said she in a low voice, "Mrs. Benson is going to London for three days, and I came to tell you this, and wish you good-bye." Mrs. Somers looked on her fair open brow, and the tears rose to her eyes. "God bless you, my child," said she, "and keep you from harm, though it is but three days you have to spend in that world of sin." And the heavy sigh that burst from her heart showed whither her thoughts had wandered. "Who knows, mother," said the orphan after a pause, "whether I may not hear something of *her*." A painful smile quivered round the mouth of her adopted mother, and she shook her head without answering. Mary kissed her, and turned away without asking for Farmer Somers, for she knew that her visit would scarcely be missed, and that his whole soul was wrapt in the contemplation of Jessie's loss.

The sabbath day was the second after Mrs. Benson's arrival in town, and the servant of the lady with whom she was staying, proposed to Mary that they should at-

tend divine service in Westminster Abbey, which she assured the orphan was "grander than any thing she could see in a dream." Permission was easily obtained, and they walked together through St. James's Park. "How sweet and quiet every thing is," said Mary, as she looked upwards and caught glimpses of the early sun through the fresh foliage of the trees. "And how beautiful the light is upon those large white houses — oh! surely London is a glorious place! But see," added she, after a pause, "what a crowd of people huddled together; they are not going to church; they are not moving; something dreadful must have happened."

"Oh, nothing has happened," said her companion carelessly; "it is only some drunken person they are trying to move away."

"Drunken!" said Mary with amazement; "at this hour of the morning, and on the sabbath day!" and she felt that the wickedness of London surpassed even what she had imagined. She turned her head again to the group — and her sudden gasp for breath was followed by a piercing shriek.

"What is the matter, for heaven's sake?" said the startled servant girl.

"Oh, help me — save me," murmured Mary, as she clung beseechingly to her companion; "it is Jessie! poor Jessie! and she is on the ground, dying."

"Don't — don't," said the girl — "don't go near them; it can't be any one you know; it is some poor wicked wretch, and there are all sorts of people and

soldiers round her; don't go — pray don't." But Mary heard nothing — saw nothing — but Jessie dying; and in a minute more she was on the spot.

"Come, get up and go home, and don't lie here to make a disturbance in the park," gruffly remonstrated a man who had hold of Jessie's arm.

"I won't stir, I wont — I came here and I'll stay here as long as I please — I won't!" and the last word was prolonged with a scream so shrill as to make every one pause and look round who was passing within any distance.

"Let *me* speak to her — let *me* lift her," said Mary, who had shrunk trembling from the people with whom she was more immediately in contact.

"Don't go near her — she's dead drunk," said one of the soldiers.

"I'm not drunk!" screamed the girl, while the blue veins in her temples and throat swelled almost to bursting; "I'm not drunk — and I'm not a thief, though they made me out one — and I'll not stir, I won't!"

"Oh!" said the orphan sobbing bitterly, "let me get near her — she's not drunk, she's dying — you're suffocating her. — Oh! ask them to make way for me?" continued she, suddenly grasping the arm of a soldier who stood like his comrade gazing on the scene; "Do! and heaven bless you! — do! it's Jessie — it's my sister!" and in her agony the timid country girl leaned her brow on the arm she held, with hysterical sobs.

"Make way — make way," said the young man, the flush of sudden pity rising to his face; "don't you see her heart is breaking, poor thing?"

"Ah! she 's another of the same sort!" said some one in the crowd, as they surlily made way for her to pass: but a deep silence fell upon them when they beheld the meeting of the sisters. Mary knelt down, and uttered in a low voice a single word—it was the wretched girl's name; but that single word, and the voice in which it was uttered, worked like a magic spell. Jessie rose with a weak wailing cry; the shabby bonnet and torn cap fell from her head, and the long dark hair, of which she had been so vain, waved in tangled masses over her shoulders, as she buried her face in the bosom of her earliest and dearest companion. There she wept, passionately, unrestrainedly, as if they were again alone in their little room at the farm; and the big tears silently gushed from the closed eyelids of the fair and innocent orphan, as she bent above the long-lost, still beloved lamb of a forsaken fold.

"Let us go home," murmured Mary, "out of the sight of these strange people."

"Home!" said Jessie; "to *my* home!—oh no, no, no — *that* is no place for you!"

"I will not leave you, Jessie," said the orphan; "never, never again; where you live is only too good for me — let us go;" and she wound her arms fondly round her sister's neck.

Through dirty narrow streets they slowly proceeded, accompanied by the soldier who had been interested by

Mary's supplications, and who now supported the faint steps of the exhausted Jessie; while the orphan shrunk from the stare of scorn, curiosity, or wonder, which they attracted.

They reached the house at last, and the two girls crept up the dark dirty stair into a low and ill-furnished room; and there they sat down, and Jessie told her own story from the time of her leaving her place, to the moment when Mary found her. She said she was innocent of the crime for which she had been sent away, and that she firmly believed the lace had been put into her box by one of the other servants, a girl who had since been transported for a theft committed in another family. That fearing the disgrace of a trial, and feeling the impossibility of proving her innocence, she had left her master's house in a state of mind approaching to delirium, and as she wandered on, she came to a bridge, and felt irresistibly prompted to throw herself from it, and so die. — That while in the act of jumping from the parapet, she was saved by a young man whom she afterwards discovered to be a surveyor, and who persuaded her to return with him to his mother, promising that no one should ever know where she was, till she herself wished it. — That she remained with his mother for more than two months, and that the young man wished very much to marry her; but that she would neither consent to this, nor to tell her father's name, nor to write home (though often urged to do so by the old woman), till she should stand acquitted of the charge of theft; which event,

knowing her innocence, she thought time might bring about. — That when she heard of the transportation of her fellow-servant, she relinquished all hope of ever having her character cleared, and gave herself up to despair. — That just about this time, the young man who had treated her so kindly, was killed by the fall of some old houses he was examining, and his aged and feeble parent survived his loss but eight days. — That after the death of these persons she had hired this miserable lodging; and having gone in search of employment to a distant part of the town, on her return homewards she had fallen asleep from grief and weariness, and never woke till she was roused by the person Mary had seen holding her, who persisted that she was drunk, and ordered her to get up and go away.

During the whole of the recital, Jessie's voice was almost inarticulate from hysterical weeping; her violence of language, the bitternesss with which she expressed herself against all those connected with her dismissal from service, startled and dismayed the gentle Mary. At first she strenuously refused to return to her father's house, and passionately disclaimed any wish to be received, unless they entirely believed her assertions of innocence. But when the orphan meekly reasoned on her probable fate, — when she contrasted the confused shouts, the brawlings, the drunken songs with which from time to time their ears were assailed, with the quiet of their own old home,—when, above all, she described the utter brokenheartedness of the stout farmer,— the proud spirit melted, and Jessie consented

to accompany her adopted sister. A letter was written to prepare her father and mother; and late on the evening of the day farmer Somers received the intelligence, the two sisters again walked together through the little lane which led to the farm-house; and in a few minutes more Jessie was folded to her father's heart. Another letter had reached him on that eventful morning; — it was from Jessie's master, containing the confession of her fellow-servant, taken before a magistrate and duly signed; the principal purport was, that the theft had been a concerted plan, both to obtain money and cause Jessie's dismissal, of whom she was very jealous: — that she had taken Jessie's bonnet, and procured curls of the description usually worn by the unhappy girl: — and that she had purposely dropt the handkerchief, that no circumstance might be wanting to condemn her.

While these happy tidings were reading, Mary scarcely felt that James's arm was thrown round *her* while he gazed on Jessie: but she heard and felt his audible *amen*, when at evening prayer that night, farmer Somers called down a fervent blessing on "THE ORPHAN;" and the humbled and saddened Jessie, who became again (and with better cause) the cherished idol of all around her, never forgot the day when Mary sate in that dark and wretched room, earnestly persuading her, in those low musical tones, to return like the prodigal son, like him to be welcomed.

THE ARTIST.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

And he is gone!—It seems as yesterday
Since on the pleasant hills we roamed at play!
Two striplings, like twin ozier-boughs entwined,
Our flexile figures yielding to the wind,
We pryed into the secrets of the bee—
Sought the mysterious nest in hedge or tree —
Scaled the gaunt cliff, or loitered by the brook,
Gleaning strange lore from Nature's wondrous book.

As waxed our boyhood, it rejoiced us more
To thread the wilds when Summer's reign was o'er—
To haunt the ruins of the feudal hold,
And warm our fancies with achievements old:
Blest mates of innocence, how oft the moon
Dissolved our dreamy councils all too soon!
How oft our bosoms rose against the wrong
Which taxed with waywardness our wanderings long—
How oft for sphere more gentle have we sighed,
Where blameless wishes would not be denied!

Friend of life's spring! the joys I tasted then
Passed with the time, nor gladdened me again:
Doomed to the task, the weary oar I ply,
Content to live — nor less content to die —
Nought now reflects my being's better part
Like the pure waters of thy tranquil heart.

Untaught—hard-handed—shrewd — Lorenzo's sire
Cared little for imagination's fire —
The burley wight who fertilized the clod
Appeared to him the noblest work of God.
Three sons, the heirs of his colossal frame,
Maintained the credit of a rustic name;
The fourth — my comrade — was a feeble boy,
Destined parental pleasure to alloy.

A worthy priest there was who marked the youth,
His soul's high promise and transparent truth —
Hailed with perception just and purpose kind,
The early fruitage of his ardent mind,
Read in the boldness of a rude design
Such genius as made Angelo divine;
And, generous, delighted to foretel
His bright career who had begun so well.

Spite of opposing Fortune's hard controul,
The love of beauty filled Lorenzo's soul —
The varied hues of ocean, earth, and sky,
Awoke to rapture his discerning eye —
He viewed creation's wonders, great and small,
And his fine sense exulted in them all:

Yet saw he not, nor ever lived to see,
Mid affluent Nature's fair variety,
Aught that could equal the transcendant grace
Which glorified his spirit's sacred place —
Which made even woman's noontide lustre dim,
Dazzling, indeed, but disappointing him.

Sweetly intrusive, on my vigils lone,
Like midnight music, steals his touching tone,
And re-appears in features free from guile
The classic calmness of his pensive smile —
Again in dreams we visit antique fanes,
Where art sublime in desolation reigns —
Again on wings of hope we woo the wind,
And scorn to cast one trembling glance behind.

My youthful friend's revered protector knew
An Earl renowned in letters and virtu,
To him he made a politic appeal,
And won his influence for Lorenzo's weal.
Skilled in subscription was the wary peer,
Unused to pay for patron-honours dear;
To Rome he helped the lad—and took good care
The world should hear Lord D—— had sent him there.

With quivering lip, and frequent-waving hand,
The son of genius left his native land:
We parted as the youthful only part,
Prospective joy assuaging sorrow's smart;
Trusting our treasure to life's restless main,
Assured 'twould reach us, multiplied, again.

The swallow—bird meridian—went and came,
And yet no tidings of the Artist's fame :
Rarely he wrote, and then remembered not
Me whom he vowed should never be forgot.
I deemed it strange—unkind—but mellowing age
Brought the oblivion of a wider stage —
Withdrew me from the home-scene of my race,
To feel the chill of London's vast embrace.

Within a picture-gallery I stood,
Where rival pencils lured the multitude.
'Mong vulgar daubs exposed to shameless glare,
One master painting hung obscurely there :
I gazed, and gazed—receded—paused to see
If on its merits many thought with me.
Apart from the dull throng that sauntered by,
A man regarded it with feverish eye ;
And then, as though he observation feared,
Heaved a deep sigh, and instant disappeared.

It was Lorenzo!—Ah ! how sadly changed
From him whose free foot o'er the mountain ranged —
Smote by despondency—perhaps despair —
Clogged was his gait, his visage worn by care —
Better he still had trod his northern heath,
Than bear from softer climes a cypress wreath.

* * * * *

Down dropped the eyelids of an angry day,
The pall of evening o'er the city lay.

Dabbled with mud — sore pelted by the rain,
I reached a house in a suburban lane —
A creaking staircase led me to the room
Where a poor stranger withered in his bloom —
A pallet, easel, brushes, tarnished dress,
Such furniture as law allows distress ;
Some random proofs of mind's neglected power —
Were all that cheered his solitary hour.
I clasped his thin, cold hand — bent o'er the bed —
With tender arm sustained his drooping head —
" And, dear Lorenzo, and is this thy fate ?"
" My friend," he faultered, " kindness comes too late !"

* * * * *

A single boon he asked—that boon we gave —
He sleeps within a self-selected grave ;
For, even in death, he could not bear to be
Afar from beauty, his divinity —
To rot promiscuous in the civic heap,
Seemed, to his fancy, degradation deep ;
And so his headstone rises in a vale,
Dear to the early flower and vernal gale.

He's gone ! and now a nation's late remorse
Dwells idly on his melancholy course ;
His flight of thought, too lofty for the crowd —
His stainless soul for patron peers too proud —
Wrecked were his hopes on that barbarian coast,
Where many a goodly vessel has been lost,
Whose few rare pearls, chance-scattered on the shore,
Proclaim the noble freightage that they bore.



Painted by [illegible]. Engraved by Wm Finden.

EXPECTATION.

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EXPECTATION.

When at the midnight hour I speak
Thy welcome home, with playful smile,
If bloom be brightening o'er my cheek,
And gladness light mine eyes the while,—
Thou'rt pleased, nor dost thou seek to know,
If festive hours with others spent,
Have kindled on my cheek the glow,
And lustre to mine eyes have lent.

But when my vigil lone I keep,
And, through the hours that linger drear,
While reigns around me tranquil sleep,
Intensely watch thy steps to hear,
Till wayward doubt and wildering fear
A veil of gloom have o'er me wove,
Then dost thou chide the falling tear,
And say that sadness is not love.

Yet others may have lit the bloom,
And waked the smile, thou'rt pleased to see:
But *thou* alone can'st spread the gloom,
And falls each anxious tear for Thee.
Unkind! thy steps no more delay,
But quiet to my breast restore:
Think, if I love thee much when gay,
When I am sad, I love thee more.

ANNA MARIA WOOD.

SONNET WRITTEN AT SEA.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

LIKE mountain-mists that roll on sultry airs,
Unheard and slow the huge waves heave around
That lately roared in wrath. The storm-fiend, bound
Within his unseen cave, no longer tears
The vexed and wearied main. The moon appears,
Uncurtaining wide her azure realms profound,
To cheer the sullen night. Though not a sound
Reposing Nature breathes, my rapt soul hears
The far-off murmur of my native streams,
Like music from the stars; the silver tone
Is memory's lingering echo.—Ocean's zone
Infolds me from the past; this small bark seems
The centre of a world—an island lone;
And Home's dear forms are like departed dreams.

TO MARY HOWITT.

On her expressing a doubt of the popularity of her ballad style, and some intention of abandoning it.

Thy harp—it has an antique tone!—
Teach thou its chords none other part,
No music but thy spirit's own,
No critic but thy heart!
Pour wildly forth along the land
Its tameless song, and free,
And tune it by thine own high hand,
With thine own fancy's key!—
The prisoned bird may learn the note
Of every passer-by,
That, like a winged flute, may float
In music to the sky;
But his mocking wants the gushing spell
Of the free bird's ringing tone,
And he never sings so wildly well
As when he sung his own!

And fear not but thy song shall find
An audience fit, if few;
And echoes, if they be not loud,
That are both sweet and true;
Approving voices and applause,
In souls who "dwell apart,"
That fail to reach the ear, *because*
They die along the heart!—
The glowing day has many a bird,
With song both rich and loud,
A crowded choir of singers, heard
And echoed by a crowd:
The nightingale, she seems to waste,
Her far dim haunts among,
Upon her own unmated breast,
Her overflowing song;
Yet, many high-toned souls and ears,
To hear that lone one sing,
Beneath the everlasting spheres
Are out and listening!—
Oh! they who love her solemn tale
Shall love thine antique strain;
And, trust me! like the nightingale,
Thou canst not sing in vain!

Long may thy lyre retain its spell
To waken dim delights,—
Its voice that, like the curfew's bell,
Shall call us home o' nights,
To dream, beside the blazing hearth,

The marvels of the ancient earth,
And seek with thee, like hidden gold,
Its spirit quaint and old;
By thy sweet singing led, to stray
Through many a wild and mystic way,
Yet still in every path to find
The morals of thy lofty mind,
And joy to think how wondrous well
They fit their music to thy shell!

Thy bark is launched!—to Nature's gale
Spread still thy canvas free;
By *thine own* chart and compass sail,—
And let me sail with thee!
Oh! lead me to some dream-born shore,
Where waves are prophets in their roar,
And I may gather from the blast,
The spirit of the past!
To blooming isles that, far in space,
Receive from thee their mystic place;
'Mid stranger-birds, whose burnished wings
Are bathed in thine imaginings,
And nameless flowers that drink their hues
From thy creative muse!—
In storm or calm, with thee afloat,
There sits a spirit in thy boat,
That rules the wave with angel-strings,
And teaches while he sings;
That, through the strife of air and main,
Shall surely bring us home again,

And — wheresoe'er he steer in sport —
Still anchors in the self-same port, —
A spirit beautiful as youth,
But very old, — whose name is Truth!

Then, let him take what form he will,
But keep him for thy helmsman still;
And spread thy canvas wide and free,
While piloted and singing thus,
Oh? many hearts will sail with thee,
And with "*The Ancient Nautilus.*" *

* A Poem by Mary Howitt.

IRISH MARY.

A Song.

BY JOHN BANIM.

Far away from Erin's strand,
And valleys wide and sounding waters,
Still she is, in every land,
One of Erin's real daughters:
Oh! to meet her here is like
A dream of home and natal mountains!
On our hearts their voices strike —
We hear the gushing of their fountains!

Yes! our Irish Mary dear!
Our own, our real Irish Mary!
A flower of home, fresh-blowing come,
Art thou to us, our Irish Mary!

Round about us here we see
Bright eyes like hers, and sunny faces,
Charming, all!—if all were free
Of foreign airs, of borrowed graces.
Mary's eye it flashes truth!
And Mary's spirit, Mary's nature,
'Irish Lady', fresh in youth,
Have beamed o'er every look and feature!
Yes! our Irish Mary dear!
When *La Tournure* doth make us weary,
We have you, to turn unto
For native grace, our Irish Mary!

Sighs of home!—her Erin's songs
O'er all their songs we love to listen;
Tears of home!— her Erin's wrongs
Subdue our kindred eyes to glisten!
Oh! should woe to gloom consign
The clear fire-side of love and honor,
You will see a holier sign
Of Irish Mary bright upon her!
Yes! our Irish Mary dear
Will light that home though e'er so dreary,
Shining still o'er clouds of ill,
Sweet Star of Life, our Irish Mary!

RED EACHAN, THE HUNTER.

A Legend of Glencoe.

BY JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.

It is some years since, in the progress of a tour, through part of the Western Highlands of Scotland, which I made in company with a friend, we visited the singularly romantic and well-known valley of Glencoe, and were forced to take shelter from a very threatening night, in the comfortless and miserable inn, at the head of that glen.

The night fulfilled its threats to the uttermost, being howling and tempestuous; but, as if the ill-humour of the weather had exhausted itself in blustering, the following morning was fine, and the sun, rising in a bright and cloudless sky, made even the black and rugged hills around us smile under the cheering influence of his beams.—It was a lovely and a smiling season; and, desirous to take advantage of it, not only to explore the picturesque and savage beauties of the glen, but to examine the localities and trace the scenes of that bloody national tragedy of which it had been once made the theatre, I made known my wishes to the landlord of our lowly hospitium, and

besought him to supply us with a guide, qualified to point out the places which have been so fearfully signalized.

Mine host, a sheep-farmer as well as an inn-keeper to his trade, had already assumed his grey checkered plaid, and with a stout oaken plant in his hand, was about to stalk off to one of the adjacent hills, upon some matter connected with the sheep-shearing, when this application was made. Casting a somewhat impatient glance upon us, from a keen grey eye, deep-set among a thousand wrinkles, he regretted, in good English, though in Highland accent, "that all his *laads* were off to the hill, and that not one of them was nearer than three miles, even if they could be spared from the sheep; as for himself, he was for the big Bochall, at the top of Glen Etive, and wud na be back till night; the wife and the bit lassie was a' that wud be left in the house.—But the gentlemen needna be at a loss: there was old Allister Dhu,—they would find him at his little bothy, no four miles down the glen—or close by it surely—he was the only man to shew the glen—proud was Allister of every grey stone and black rock in it—and as for stories about them, he had more than all the Sheanachies in the country—when he was in the humour."

This last was a species of reservation which needed to be explained; and the landlord, who evidently wished to get rid of the detention we were occasioning to him, merely said, that old Allister was at times something crabbed, and when he took a notion in his head that

the gentlefolks were laughing at him, he would grow sulky and silent, and maybe turn his back and be off from them altogether. This was a conclusion which we resolved to avoid, by treating the old Highlander with due respect, and I had private hopes of mollifying the acerbities of his temper in which I trusted mightily; so, although we might have preferred a secure guide from the inn, and could not avoid looking a little blank upon our host when he intimated the impossibility of supplying us, we became reconciled to our disappointment, and with curiosity somewhat excited by this account of old Allister, we mounted our Highland ponies, and proceeded down the glen, according to the directions we had received.

The day kept up as days seldom do in the proverbially moist climate of the West Highlands; and although clouds did occasionally curl round the rugged brows of the sharp and lofty crags on either side, and throw a darker shade over the narrow and naturally gloomy valley, the breeze was always sufficient to dispel them ere they broke in rain; and they served but to vary the splendid mountain scenery, by the magical effect of their flitting shadows, without making us pay for our pleasure by a drenching.

The four miles of our friend, mine host, proved somewhat of the longest, as Highland miles seldom fail to do; for it took us an hour's smart riding to bring us to the habitation of our proposed guide. The stream, collected from the peat bogs and moss cracks, in the moor, at the head of the glen, and swelled by numer-

ous rills oozing from the surrounding mountains, had worn a deep channel in the bottom of the valley, in some places tumbling and brawling amongst huge grey fragments of granite, in a very narrow space, in others spreading out into a broader bed as the receding banks afforded space. In one of these more open spots, where the better soil of a little basin had encouraged the growth of a turf as green as emerald, and as smooth as velvet, was situated the dwelling of Allister Dhu.

It was a black hut, constructed entirely of turf, or *divots*, as they are called in the Highlands, cut with the heather growing on them, and built into a wall; and but for the thin stream of blue smoke which found its way to upper air through a hole in the roof, it might have been mistaken for one of the moss-hags, or tufts of black earth, so abundantly scattered over the surrounding moors. A steep mountain brae, sprinkled with grey crags mingled with moss and fern, rose behind it to the foot of a frowning and overhanging precipice, from the brow of which the fragments that speckled its side had originally fallen; and before and around it sloped the green turf of which we have spoken, to the verge of the moss-brown bounding stream.

We had no difficulty in finding the object of our search in this lonely wilderness; for, carelessly thrown at length upon the green carpet before the hut, lay a figure which perfectly corresponded with the description we had received of old Allister Dhu. He was a man whose wrinkled countenance might have justified the belief that it bore the furrows of seventy winters,

although the ruddy and healthy hue of his brown cheek, the glance of his keen grey eye, and the elastic spring of his gait, seemed to forbid the conclusion. His frame, though it rose not above the middle size, was square, and still athletic, exhibiting strong marks of the fine proportions which it must have borne in youth. The national garment, a phelebeg of dark tartan, served to display his sinewy knees and well-shaped legs, which were but partially covered with short grey worsted hose. His jacket was of coarse and faded blue cloth; a shepherd's plaid of the dark grey check, which has now in great measure superseded the more shewy tartans as a serviceable covering, was loosely cast across his breast and shoulders; and his head was covered by a broad blue bonnet, from under which his silver hair streamed down upon either shoulder. He was quite alone: indeed, the only living things beside himself which animated the wild landscape, were a huge shepherd's dog, which lay at its master's feet with its head couched between its fore paws, and a few goats which were browsing among the crags above him.

A growl from the dog, ending in a loud bark, announced to its master the appearance of the strangers; and the old man, looking up, raised himself deliberately, and fixed upon us a keen glance of enquiry as we approached. "Failt 'herry!" said he, doffing his bonnet, and bowing with no undignified action, as we saluted him, "What is your will?"—"Good day to you, my friend," replied I, "but if you mean that we should understand one another, you must talk to us in English,

which I am told you can do well." "Och! no just that—a little—a little," replied Allister; adding enquiringly, "The gentlemen will be English, then, no doubt?"—"No, not exactly so neither, Allister," said I. "Scotchmen—ay, and Highlanders—born are we, although not fortunate enough to speak our native language."—"Ochone, and that's a pity," said the old man with awakening interest: "and ye're from the Hielands then?—and o' what clan will ye be, sir?" I satisfied him in this particular, and intimated our wish that he would give us his services as guide in our exploratory ride down the glen. "In troth will I, sir," replied he, with alacrity; "and maybe there's no many leeving now that can tell ye as muckle about the place as old Allister Dhu Macdonald—good reason sure enough has he to ken about it.—And ye're a * * then?—a good name and a brave clan—they were out wi' *him* in the forty-five—ou! weel do I ken the * *'s every family of them, and every foot o' their country.—And what part will ye be from, sir, if ye please?" persisted the old man, after a pause, during which he seemed to expect further information regarding myself——"Are ye o' * * or * *" mentioning by name several families, which, one after another, I was forced to disclaim, until at last, after having amused myself with his curiosity, I told him the designation of my family. He started at the name. "The Lord be here! Sir—the Lord be here!—and are ye young * *. Ochone! weel did I ken your worthy father when he was in the * *d, for I was awhile wi' them mysel—

and a pretty man he was—Ye'll no be so tall as him, sir,—but its no many ye'll see like * *,—the Lord bless his father's son!"

This accidental recognition of my name and parentage was very favourable to our objects;—the old man quickly girt his plaid about him, drew close the rude screen of boards, which did duty as a door, in the orifice by which access was gained to the bothy; and, giving some orders in Gaelic to his dog, which sent the animal towards the goats upon the hills, probably as a guard upon duty until his return, he announced himself ready to attend us.

I explained to old Allister that one of my principal objects in visiting the Glen, was to view with my own eyes the scene of that infamous massacre, which, to the eternal disgrace of the government of that day, had been perpetrated there in 1692. "In troth then," replied he, "your honor could scarcely have hit upon one better able to content you on these particulars than the ould man that speaks to you—a good right has he to know them, as you shall by-and-bye understand." And accordingly not a rock, a corry, nor a ravine occurred during our ride, which was not the subject of some remark or traditionary tale.

A sharp descent brought us to a lower level of the glen, which opened out so far as to admit of a small lake, closely circled in by dark and precipitous mountains. "There," observed Allister, pointing to a cottage of late construction,—"there is Auchintriaton—the highest spot in the glen where blood was shed

upon that fearful day—little thanks to them that plotted the mischief. The laird of Auchintriaton was of near kin to Mackian himself—little chance was there of his being spared. But it was na here that he met his doom—ye'll see, ye'll hear all about it yet. Come away, we'll go a bit further down the glen yet."

A succession of the most savage yet picturesque scenery now greeted our regards, and the glen gradually expanded, until at length another lesser valley opened upon our left, sending down several streamlets to swell the torrent which had accompanied us from the lake.—"Sêe," said our guide, pointing to several houses and huts that were visible in the small valley—"yonder is the bloody bit—yon is Inneriggin—and there is Auchnaghon—it was there that more than thirty brave Macdonalds, with women and children and all, were shot like wild beasts by the cowardly red coats.—In these very touns—but oh they were blithe touns then, and many a braw lad and bonny lass was there—in these very touns, sir, did the cruel soldiers and their false-hearted commanders, after living among them like friends,—eating of their bread and drinking of their cup, and pledging their hand in token of peace and friendship,—rise in the night, like traitors and butchers as they were, upon their unsuspecting hosts, and slew, while they slept, the men whom they dared not attack in the open face of day!—It was a foul, devilish work, your honour, as no doubt those who planned it and performed it have found out by this time—for the eye of the Lord was upon them, and his justice neither

slumbers nor fails. I have been a soldier, sir, myself—but, thank God, I never heard of nor saw such duty put upon brave men—and the officers I have served with, your honour, would have flung their commissions wi' the orders at the head of any man who would have proposed it. Could any living creature believe, sir, that so much cold-blooded treachery could be in the heart of man, as to make him smile and flatter the very men whose blood he was going to spill; when, after doing all in their power to welcome him, but alarmed at the preparations they saw, they threw themselves upon his honour, and received his solemn assurances that they were safe—that no ill was intended them—yet thus did the false and cruel Campbell of Glenlyon even to his own kindred!—'What are ye frighted for,' said he to John, the eldest son of Mackian, who asked of him the reason why the soldiers were mustering so strong in the glen and preparing their arms as if for service—'It's only some of these wild Glengarry men that want a dressing—if any thing was brewing against you or yours, think ye I would not have told your brother Sandy and my niece?'—for ye'll understand Allister Macdonald, Glencoe's second son, was married to Glenlyon's niece—and yet did that very Glenlyon not only dispatch the two Lindsays and their men against Allister and his worthy father, but with his own lips gave orders for the soldiers to shoot his own host, the good Laird of Inneriggin with nine others of his family—ay, and stood by to see his orders executed. Even the poor boy, Eachan Beg, who ran and got hold

of his knees for protection against the bloody butchers, did he shake off at the word of the hard-hearted Drummond, and cast upon the bayonets of the soldiers—but the Lord will repay him!

"It was in truth a most bloody and infernal transaction," replied I, with an emphasis that was echoed from my very heart—"and so wholly unprovoked too—for I have heard that the clan was quiet, living at peace with all men when the storm burst upon them."

"Ay, your honour—that they were," said the old guide. They had all seen that it was useless to kick against the pricks, and needed no more to keep them quiet for that time at least. Mackian had taken the oaths to Government, sir; and Inneriggin had Colonel Hill's protection in his pocket at the very time he was killed—no wonder they little suspected what was coming."

"And yet," said I, "it seems almost unaccountable that the mustering of troops and other preparations should not have roused them to some suspicion."

"Who would have thought of suspecting the king's government,—ay, or the Highland troops in its pay, of such villanous treachery?" said the guide in reply.—"And yet some among them were not so entirely blind. I told your honour how John Mackian took occasion to question Glenlyon about his intentions. Before that, he met the soldiers on their way from Inverlochy, as they entered Glencoe, and put the same questions to Lieutenant Lindsay, who, shewing him Colonel Hill's orders for the men to quarter in Mackian's country,

assured him that no harm was intended. Accordingly they were received with hospitality and entertained with all kindness.—I'm thinking too, that old Auchintriaton was not without his doubts; for even on the very night of the slaughter, he and his brother, with seven or eight more, sat up watching at Auchnaghon. Little good did his watching do. In the morning, when the bloody villains stole like thieves to the house, and poured in eighteen or twenty shot upon them through the windows and door, as they sat or lay around the fire, Auchintriaton was killed outright with four others; the rest were all more or less wounded, although some of them, by a providential chance, escaped. And, if your honour is na wearied of my talking already, I might tell ye the tale, although it's a strange one—weel may I ken it, for often have I heard it from them who kenned all about it; and it's an old story now, though I'm something concerned in it mysel."—It may easily be conceived that I was quite disposed to indulge the old man's garrulity, and my complaisance was rewarded with the following recital, which, in part at least, is given nearly in the words of Allister Dhu himself.

Eachan Ruah Challaher (or Red Hector the Hunter) was foster-brother to one of the sons of Mackian of Glencoe, and, according to the customs of the Highlands, lived much more in the laird's family than in that of his own parents. Eachan was a clean-limbed handsome young fellow, remarkable for his uncommon activity, quick eye, steady head, and firm foot; which, together with his invincible good-humour and manly spirit,

made him a universal favourite. The young Mackians in particular, who were themselves fond of the chace and all mountain sports, would never be easy without one who was so able an assistant in their favourite pastimes. In truth Eachan did little else than attend them upon such parties, and furnish the laird's table with fish and game.

In such pursuits, which led him over most of the surrounding country, young Eachan formed an intimacy with a family, which occupied a remote dwelling in Glen-Leven, and with whom, after a weary day's stalking in the wild hills of the Black Mount, or the Muir of Rannoch, which in those days abounded in red deer and game of all sorts, he would often find a welcome, with food and shelter for the night. In the course of time, his friends and companions began to remark how frequently his steps were turned towards these muirs, and how often he found a resting-place in the bothy of Ian Bochal. That some object more attractive than even the bounding stags and hinds of the Black Mount occasioned his partiality for this beat, became soon the opinion of every gossiping neighbour, and it was remembered that old Ian the herdsman had a daughter, Isobel (Gaelicè, Ishpal), whose dark eyes and raven locks might very naturally have fixed the regards and fascinated the heart of the Red Hunter.

In truth the matter soon became notorious; for it was discovered that old Ian had absolutely signified his consent to resign his black-eyed daughter, with the few beasts which were to form her portion, together

with certain household stores, such as sheets and blankets, held to be convenient, if not absolutely necessary in these primitive days, to the setting up of a young couple, so soon as the Laird of Glencoe should intimate what it might be his pleasure to do for the foster-brother and favourite of his son. Thus Eachan became an almost constant indweller of the black bothy which was the home of his mistress and her father, although duty to the chief and his sons occasioned his being very frequently during the brief day-light of the season, in the several touns of Glencoe.

It was well on in February 1692; and the ferment occasioned by the ill-starred movements in favour of the exiled royal family had in great degree subsided. Most of the Jacobite clans had given up all hope of success, and returned to a reluctant acknowledgment of and obedience to the reigning family, in order to save life and property. But still, as has been hinted at above, there remained upon the one hand a jealous suspicion, on the other an anxious alarm and concealed dissatisfaction, which kept the minds of men painfully upon the watch; nor was this irritable state at all lessened by the increase of an armed force, which suddenly made its appearance in the lower part of the Glen.

These troops, as has been already remarked, being received as friends, upon the solemn word of their officers that their coming was in peace, neither meditating nor intending injury to any of the inhabitants, were distributed in small parties in the various dwellings of the clan, in a manner altogether suitable for

the murderous part they were destined to act; while their hosts, trusting in these hollow assurances, exerted themselves to greet them with such welcome as their means permitted.

Such being the state of affairs, young Eachan, who, from his erratic habits of life, was in the way of hearing every current report, pacific or alarming, divided his presence and his cares between the house of his mistress and the family of his chief; passing from Kinlochlevin to Glencoe, or Auchnaghon, as circumstances prompted, and frequently visiting all those places in the course of the same short-lived winter day.

It was upon the afternoon of February 12th, 1692, that Eachan came to the bothy of Ian Bochal, and with some agitation informed the old man that he had seen one from Ballichulish, who reported certain movements of the troops there and at Inverlochy, of a suspicious if not an alarming description—"Ye'll better look out for yourself," added he; "and ye had as good drive the cattle up the glen out of sight the-night; and, Isobel dear, be ready for a start yourself. As for me, I must be off to the laird, and give him a word of warning;—but I'll be back here, please God, before this time to-morrow; and there's little chance of ill before that time any way."

The dark eyes of Isobel bent upon the young man half-mournfully, half-reproachfully, as he spoke, and her lips severed as if she would have addressed him; when at that moment, a black shaggy sheep-dog, which lay

basking before the peat-embers on the hearth, raised its head and uttered a loud wailing howl. All eyes were turned upon the animal—Isobel started, and her father, running to the door, cast an anxious look around. "Oh go not to Glencoe the-night," said the girl, turning earnestly towards him when they were alone—"dont leave us at such a time, Eachan! See, the night will close in before you're half over the hill, and a wild road is that, even by daylight—see, Shulach wont have you to move."—"Hout, lass, what would keep me?" replied Eachan; "before the light's done I'll be cross the water, and Auchnaghon is no that far off."—"What ails thee, Shulach?" said the father, now returning from his espial, and addressing the dog which was so named—"what ails you, poor beoch?—deil a creature is near." The only reply of the animal was another long dismal howl, with a glance at the door-way, and a look at Eachan. "The bitch smells a fox or some vermin," said Eachan; "and she wants me to go after it with her."—"Na, na," replied the father, "that's no the yelp Shulach would give if game or vermin were in the wind—the creature's no canny—she smells mischief, and it's for us to guard against it."—"Oh Eachan! my father says true," said Isobel, imploringly—"there is mischief about to happen, as sure as ye're before us—oh let Glencoe and Mackian alone the night—there's plenty o' them to keep themselves—dinna leave the bothy at this time o' day."—"What! lass," said the father somewhat sternly—"would ye tempt the lad to forsake his chief at need, and leave his own foster-

brother in danger? Na, na! he'll no hear such counsel from old Ian Bochal.—Off with you, young man—God speed and bless you—let me alone to tak care o' the beasts, and no fear of ourselves."

"I'll no say, sir," continued the old guide, "that there was not a weight upon Eachan's heart, as he took a kiss and a look at Isobel, and turned to leave the bothy: and scarcely had he passed the threshold, when Shulach, suddenly rising from her lair, darted before him, and began to howl and to bark more wildly than ever, still crossing and recrossing his path, and seeking, as ye might think, to stop his progress.—'Down, Shulach! down, ye fool!' cried he, trying to caress the beast as it bounded past—but it still kept away out of reach, continuing its strange eldrich antics. 'Hear me, Eachan,' at length said Isobel—'It's a true word my father spoke when he said that beast 's no canny. Shulach 's no like other dogs—mind how often she has led us, by her yelping and tugging, to the beast that has fallen into a peat crack—and was na it she that took my father last winter to the place where old Callum was lying half dead in the drift? Let the beast go wi' you, Eachan—she canna' do you ill, and I'll be easier for it in my mind—for, ochone!—I wish there may na be some evil about to befal us!'—And in truth, sir, the creature would na be forbidden; and, when at last he turned away with a determined step, and whistled her to him, the beast lap and jumped about him, as if it had been contented to follow since she could not keep him from going on his ill-fated journey.

"Well, sir—away went Eachan. The evening turned out a wild one, and it got so dark with rain, and drift, and snow, that before the night set in, it needed all his skill and stoutness of heart to make his way to Mackian's dwelling. There he told his story, but the good laird would na believe that any ill could be meant after the plighted words of Glenlyon and of Lindsay; and he set down all the stir among the soldiers to the score of the Glengarry and Keppoch men. He wanted Eachan to stay the night in the place, but he was keen to be with his foster-brother at Auchnaghon, and off he set straight for the house.

"It seems that the people of Auchnaghon and of Inneriggin had as little thought of danger as the laird of Glencoe himself, for they all went to their beds as usual, except old Auchintriaton, who, no doubt, alarmed by Eachan's tidings, which, maybe, strengthened his own suspicions, thought it as well to sit up all night along with his whole party.

"Eachan having seen his foster-brother, to whom he told all his suspicions, and whom he earnestly prayed to continue upon his guard, quitted the house, which was already full both of its own folk and of the soldiers quartered there, and retired to that where Auchintriaton kept watch, and took his place with others around a good fire of peats. The early part of the night was passed in talking cheerfully, and drinking moderately; in which the soldiers and officers of the party stationed there freely joined. But as it grew late, the soldiers retired, leaving the room to the poor

doomed Macdonalds, who towards morning began to be drowsy, and to watch less carefully. Among the rest, Eachan, wearied with the buffetting of the night's storm, lay down in his plaid upon the floor, behind the rest, and fell into a sound sleep.

"How long he lay in this way, sir, he could not tell, but he was awakened by a loud continued rattle, like that of thunder; and starting up to know what was the matter, was instantly felled to the ground again, by a shock, of which at the moment he did not know the nature. For a few moments his head swam round, and a sickness like death itself came over him; but soon recovering, and hearing around him a horrid uproar of cries, and groans, and curses, mixed with the heavy tread of men, and the clash of arms, he looked up: the room was filled with smoke of gunpowder; and by the dim light of the fire he saw himself surrounded by the bodies of his companions, stretched dead upon the floor, or writhing with their wounds, while a number of soldiers were bursting into the room, and some were already thrusting their bayonets into the bodies of those who had fallen by their fire. Not a moment had he to think or to recollect himself, sir, for scarcely had he opened his eyes, when he saw the bayonet of one of the butcherly soldiers within a foot of his breast: a waft of his arm dashed the weapon aside, and on looking up at the man who aimed it, the faint gleam of the fire shewed him a face he well knew. 'Hold, hold, Hamish, man!' cried he, 'would ye murder your friend, Eachan Ruah?' 'Deoul!

Eachan, are you there, and alive?' cried the man, stepping back a pace; 'but what can I do? see, they are all there, at my back.'—'Oh! but man, dinna let me die by a friend's blow—let me go—let me die out of doors if it must be—not in this hole, to be burnt like a beast, when the fire takes the bothy.'—'Weel, weel,' said Hamish, 'if I canna save you, I'll no kill you—off wi' you, man.' So he let him rise; and Eachan rushed through the throng to the door, where three of the red coats were watching wi' fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. But Eachan was a supple chiel, sir; he pushed through the bayonets, and as the men lifted their guns to fire at him, he took his loose plaid, flung it over their faces, and off he started like a deer.

"There was a serjeant close by, who saw this daring act: 'Seize the fellow,' cried he; and off he set himself, wi' his drawn sword after Eachan. But it was na the like o' him that could catch the lightest foot and best wind in Glencoe or Lochaber; and his useless attempt was the safety of Eachan; for the men, when they freed themselves of the plaid, could not fire after him, for fear of harming their officer. The serjeant saw this when it was too late, and flinging himself on the ground, called out, 'Fire away boys—shoot the rascally rebel.' Bang went their pieces; but a dark morning and a running foot spoil a good aim—the balls whizzed by him harmlessly, and on bounded Eachan, dashing across the river, though it was roaring in speat, and up to the hills on the east of the Glen.

"But his course was soon very near being stopped to

some purpose; for as he turned the corner of a little knowe, at the foot of which the high road passed up the Glen, he found himself full in front of a dozen soldiers, who were hastily marching onwards. 'Halloo!' that's one of them, roared their leader, 'fire! shoot the fellow!' and Eachan, though he doubled like a hare, had scarcely time to dash across the road, and down a little heathery brae, before eight or ten musket balls were rattling about him. Nor was theirs so bad an aim; for one of them cut the belt which fastened his phelebeg round his waist, and another gave him a deep flesh wound in the side. But the mischief was little, and he scarcely felt it at the time; and as for the soldiers, their power was spent with their powder—for who, while strength and breath remained, could keep foot with the Red Hunter.

"Away sprang the lad, like a horse that feels the spur; and before a red-coat was fit to follow, he was deep among the wild rocks of the corry. But to skulk like a hunted fox was not the design of Eachan.—'No,' said he to himself—'Isobel!—Isobel!—while I have life and strength, let me strive to reach Glen-Leven—let me see if she be safe yet: and then, come life, come death, Eachan will care but little. Ochone! Ochone for Mackian!—Ochone for the brave young Allister! a black, black day is it for the clan, and the black curse rest on their bloody murderers!' The thought of poor Isobel, perhaps in the hands of these butchers, gave him force and speed; the light was increasing in spite of the driving storm;

and Eachan neither halted nor breathed himself, until he saw the black glen below him, from the top of the wild hills above us, sir, which lie between Glencoe and Glen-Leven.

"The road was then easy, for it was all down hill, and he was eagerly looking through the mist for the black bothy of the Bochal. But will cannot strive against nature; the blood which had flowed from his wounds began now to tell — a sick faintness came over him, his knees trembled, and while still distant from the bothy, poor Eachan in spite of his stout heart and best exertions, fell insensible upon the ground, which was now white with the driving snow; and he would soon have slept the sleep of death with the rest of his wounded clansmen — but there was a Providence watching over him, sir, and the hand of man could not prevail against it.

"The poor lassie, Isobel, had remained the whole night watching in her father's bothy, attended only by an old woman, who could have been of no use as a protector. For Ian Bochal had on the preceding evening, according to the advice of Eachan, set out with a protchach of a herd boy, to drive the cattle to the hills, and she did not expect him back till the next day. The night passed without disturbance; and when morning dawned she continued earnestly gazing about the bothy door, in hope, and partly in fear, of seeing some one approaching, until her attention was attracted by the sight of a dog running furiously towards the hut. It was Shulach, sir, the creature which had followed Eachan the

whole way to Auchnaghon, and accompanied him back when flying from the soldiers, until she saw him fall, and lie like a dead man on the hill; and then it seems the poor beast must have kenned that better help than she could give was wanted, and off she set to the bothy to bring it.

"The moment Isobel saw the dog she gave a scream, and cried out, 'Eachan!—Oh Eachan! they have murdered you!'—and her heart failed her, so that she fell almost fainting against the door-post. But Shulach running up, fawned upon her, tugging at the skirt of her gown—then ran off again—looked back, and then returned to pull again at her clothes. Isobel was not long of understanding what all this meant, sir.—'Oh Moraig!' said she to the old woman, 'he is not dead—I am sure of it—Shulach is calling me to him—he may be wounded, or dying in this wild weather—oh! let me go to him at once.'—And catching up her plaid, and whatever clothes came first to her hand, with a horn o' whisky, and a bannock of bread—off she set, following the dog, which, bounding and scampering before her, led her straight to the hill. Sure enough, sir, there did Isobel find her poor Eachan, bloody and stiff; and the coldness of his body went to her heart like ice, for she thought he was dead and gone entirely. But oh! muckle will a woman do for the lad of her heart, your honour. Isobel covered him wi' the plaid, and even laid her own warm body upon his—and, ochone! glad was she when she saw his hurts begin to bleed again, for that was a sure sign of re-

turning life. And so it was in truth; for he opened his eyes, and gasped, and sobbed, while the dog, poor beast, kept licking at his wounds, till at last he glowered about him, and called out 'Isobel!'

"Weel, sir! I need na tell you how she dressed his wounds, and covered him with the clothes and the plaid she had brought; and how he was recovered by a sup o' the whiskey, and came to himself; and Isobel, blithe to see him in life again, was for going back to the bothy. 'No! no! Isobel, dear,—it's the mercy of God that the villains have na been there already—it would be rank madness to go back. No, no!—let the trash that's in it go—we'll after your father, and be off to Rannoch, till this sore sough blow bye; and then we'll do as the Lord pleases. As for Glencoe, there's as many corpses as grey stones in it by this time o' day.'

"It was well for them, your honour, that they went na back to the bothy; for Isobel had na left it ten minutes before the red-coats came. They murdered the poor creature Moraig, and, plundering it of all the few things it contained, set fire to it, and left the place, cursing, no doubt, the chance that had saved the rest of its in-dwellers.

"Eachan, revived by the refreshment he had received, and by the warmth of the clothes which Isobel had brought him, was able to assist her through the drift and snow to the hill where her father had driven the cattle. To save his master's property and his own, as well as the lives of the whole party, was the point

now; and accordingly they drove the beasts as fast as the wild weather and Eachan's wounds would permit, towards Rannoch, where Ian Bochal had a cousin, in whose good will he could trust. There they remained until the false and bloody Glenlyon went off to Holland, and the great folk of the nation began to make a stir about the slaughter of Glencoe, when the surviving sons of Mackian were enabled to claim their own. Ye may believe, sir, that Eachan and Isobel were na long o' being married: and the man who now tells you the tale is grandson to that very Eachan Ruah."

"Indeed! my friend," said I, with some surprize; "I did expect to hear that you were in some way connected with this Red Hunter; but, old as you are, I certainly did not give you credit for being the grandson of a man who figured and married so long ago." —"Ay, Sir, that may be, for I'm gay and stout, sure enough; but whatever ye may think, it's the truth. I was a weel grown rattling chield at Culloden; and if I be spared to Lammas, I'll be just four-score and five years of age. It's a long-lived race we're of, your honour, and the Glen is a braw place for health."

"And pray, my good friend, how do you live — what are your means?" demanded I, still more interested by the veteran's account of himself. "Oh, it's little that keeps the like o' me, sir," replied he. "The family are kind to me, as they have been to all my forebears. —I have the little bothy up by, from them, wi' leave for a few goats and some sheep; and the Colonel, God bless him, gives me a pension; and the gentle

folks that pass through the Glen give me something for my guidance and my clavers, whiles; and the neighbours are all very kind too — so when it pleases the Lord to call old Allister from this weary world, there'll no be wanting something to bury him decently, and to gie a dram to the caillachs that cry his coronach."

Delighted with the old Highlander's simplicity and patriotic independence,—for, poor as he was, a slighting look, or an expression against his country or clan, he would not have endured from king George himself—and gratified, perhaps, with his flattering attention to myself—or rather to my name and family, I would willingly have made substantial acknowledgments of the same. But not one penny would the old man accept in the shape of coin. "No, no," said he, "proud woud old Allister be, sir, to follow your father's son from the Mull o' Cantyre to Loch Eribol itsel,—forby shewing him the bonniest glen in a' the Hielands. If young * * wad gi' him but a pinch o' snuff out o' his own mull, he wad think more of it than a' the siller."—"That will I, my good friend," said I, presenting him with a handsome Lawrence-Kirk box, which I had lately bought, and filled with right Lundy-foot; "and you shall keep the box and all for my sake." "Ohone!" said he, "it's too much trouble; may the Lord protect you and bless you, sir, when old Allister is put under his own grey-stone." "Amen!" responded I, "but I hope to see you at the bit bothy yet, once and again before that." The old man turned

to me with a softened eye:—"No, no," said he, shaking his head gravely,—"that 's no to be thought of—but the Lord's will be done!" Alas! it was the truth. Many a year had passed, and through many a land had I wandered, before I again visited Glencoe. The scenes were the same, "unchangeable, unchanged," and my heart beat as recollections of the past rushed thick upon it—but a green turfy mound, occupied the place of the bothy in the Glen, and its former tenant, my honest old guide, had long been gathered to his fathers.

TWILIGHT.

The spirit-hour of Eve with smile benign
Shadows the earth; rocks, fields, and mountains lie,
Shrouded in colourless tranquillity,
Beneath the starry vault: "The sweet-breathed kine,"
Couched on the jewelled grass, themselves resign
To timely sleep, soothed by the breeze's sigh,
And the dim river's blended harmony,
Whose snaky folds through grey mists faintly shine.
Twilight! meek season set apart for thought—
E'en as a gulf art thou 'twixt night and day;
Wherein who lingers, owns the potent sway
Of old remembrances; and visions fraught
With primal sympathies around him float;
Sweet as Æolian numbers—vague as they!

R. F. Housman.

A PARTING DIRGE.

In joyous Love's delicious spring,
I said, 'I will of sorrow sing;'
For hearts too happy seek relief
From joy itself in fancied grief.
Alas! was there a Demon near,
That listened with malignant ear,
That looked on us with evil eye,
And laughed at coming misery?
Ah! little wist I that my song
Should be our parting dirge ere long;
And all thy lover's minstrel art
The murmurs of a breaking heart!

So fondly loved—so sweetly won—
And art Thou then for ever gone!
And what on earth remains behind
To cheer the darkening waste of mind?

What wish can Wealth or Glory wake,
Though once I prized them for thy sake?
Is there no balm by Friendship lent
To heal the hearts which fate hath rent?
Can Fancy's power no spell combine
To hide that parting look of thine?

Ay! other feelings may control
The inward current of the soul;
Passion in apathy may die,
This lonely breast forget to sigh,
And changes o'er my spirit pass—
But ne'er the *heart* be what it was,
Ere the fell fingers of Despair
Had writ their cruel legend there!

And yet, had I again to chuse,
I scarce could wish this lot to lose;
Love, even though joy and hope are past,
Retains enchantment to the last:
But wherefore glows his living spark
With rapture's light to set so dark!

I heard the tempest's rising wrath—
But Thou wert *then* to light my path;
And what from Fortune could I fear,
While hope was kind and Thou wert near?
While round us breathed Elysium's bloom,
How could I heed the gathering gloom?

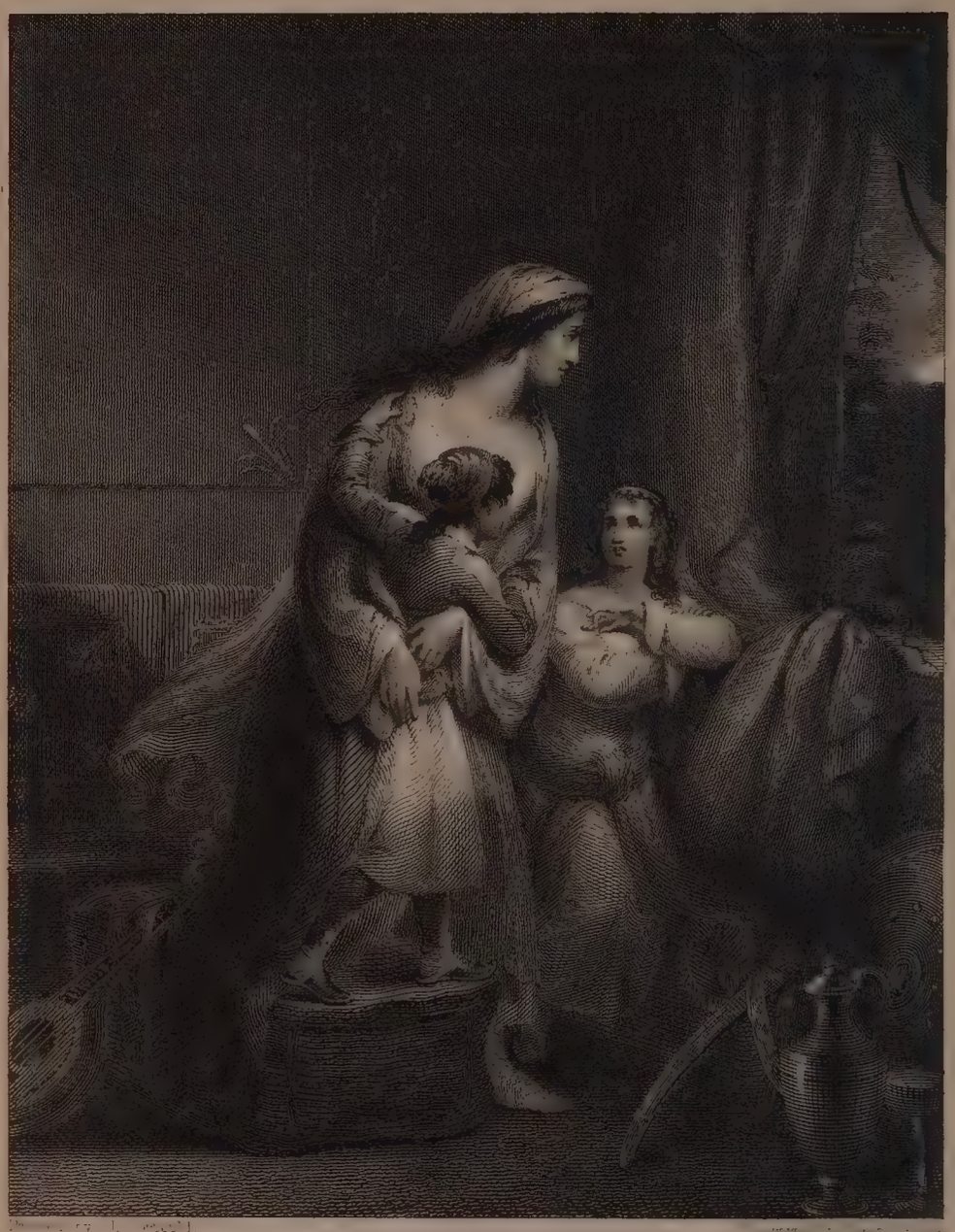
Sweet dwelt on mine thy melting eyes,
Love's golden torch illumed the skies,
And, dazzled by the enchanting ray,
I thought the storm had passed away :
Alas ! 'twas like the rainbow's beam,
Quenched in the lightning's lurid gleam !

SONNET.

To S—— H—— with a Volume of Poetry.

My Sister ! the sweet Bard whose tender thought
Warbles in gushing music through this book,
Breathing forth beauty, like the summer brook
Whose ruffling breast the morning rays hath caught,
And thence, by its own delicate powers, hath brought
A thousand tremulous hues to meet the gaze,—
Taught me—(though few and changeful were his days,
And Anguish round his heart her dark web wrought)—
The true pure relish of that kindly bliss,
Which to home-friends, beside the blazing hearth,
Warm-hearted mirth and free festivity
Diffuse and foster upon nights like this :—
And, therefore, now I ope his page for thee,
Thou dearest one of all that walk the earth.

J. H.



THE CREEK MOTHER.

THE GREEK MOTHER.

BY HENRY G. BELL.

I.

"Nay, shrink not, girl! look out! look out!
It is thy father's sword!
And well know they — that Moslem rout —
The temper of its lord!
He fights for all he loves on earth,
And Heaven his shield will be, —
He fights for home and household hearth,
For Greece and liberty!

II.

"See! see! wherever sweeps his hand
Down falls a bleeding foe;
What Turkish spoiler shall withstand
A husband's — father's blow?
He marks us not, yet well he knows
How breathlessly we wait
The fearful combat's doubtful close,
And deep love nerves his hate.

III.

" I'd rather be thy father, child,
In sight of God this hour,
Than holiest hermit self-exiled
From earthly pomp and power;
The gleam of patriot sword will rise
As fast as prayer to heaven,
And he who for his own land dies
O! never dies unshriven!"

IV.

" God help us! if our father falls,"
Irene whispered low;
" Ruin will light upon our walls,
And o'er them grass will grow!
Weak as I am, I would not shrink
From what my fate may be,
But, Mother! I grow mad to think
What will become of thee!

V.

" Hark! nearer rolls the battle shout!
Our island band gives way!
I dare not any more look out, —
O Mother! turn away!
It is not good for thee to gaze
With eyes so fix'd and wild ——"
" I see him in that fiery maze,
I see my husband, child!"

VI.

Then out the young Alexis spoke,
A bright-eyed fearless boy,—
"I would this arm could deal one stroke,
That I, in pride and joy,
Might stand beside my father now,
And slay a Moslem foe,
Then see *him* turn with smiling brow
To thank me for the blow!"

VII.

"Hush, boy! he is hemmed in—beset!—
Thy father fights alone;
A moment—but a moment yet,
And then thou may'st have none!"—
One moment stood those gazers fixt
As statues in a dream,
One breathless moment—and the next
Broke forth a widow's scream!

VIII.

"Dead! dead! I saw the gushing gore—
I saw him reel and fall!
And now they trample o'er and o'er
The mightiest of them all!
Dead! dead! and what are children now,
And who or what am I?—
Let the red tide of slaughter flow—
We will wait here to die!"

THE SEXAGENARIAN'S STORY;

OR,

The Fair Incognita of Munich.

It was my fate last winter to take up my residence with my family in one of the smaller cities of Italy, which, after the dissolution of Napoleon's kingdom, acquired the dignity of becoming the metropolis of what is called, by courtesy, an independent state, governed by its own sovereign. This city, which I shall not name, possessed the singular advantage of uniting within itself most of the *desagremens* of an extensive capital with those of the smallest country village, having all the pretensions of the former joined to the meannesses and inconveniences of the latter. The inhabitants of the place were so anti-social among themselves, that man as carefully avoided his fellow-biped, as he would have done a tiger in the jungles of Hindostan; and, whether it was the fault of the government, or the natural disposition of the people, an air of mystery pervaded every countenance, and they all seemed afraid of one another.

In such a state of society, to meet with a real friend where you scarcely expected to find an acquaintance, was a blessing to be particularly appreciated; the more so as an English family does not easily acquire the faculty of adapting itself to Italian manners, and if one is neither a *cavalier servente*, nor an admirer of cafés and theatres, time will very often appear slow in passing away. Like the Frenchman who would not marry his mistress, because *then* he should not know where to spend his evenings, the Italian must have some place of out-of-door resort: he cannot stay at home; and that is the reason why the theatres in Italy are so constantly well filled, to hear the same opera every night for a whole season. For myself I always disliked crowded assemblies, heated rooms, and late hours, and greatly preferred that social interchange of thoughts and opinions which distinguish an English fireside. Happily for me, my friend, whom I shall designate by the name of the Sexagenarian, entertained similar sentiments; and we gradually formed, with other associates, a little *conversazione* of our own, round a blazing wood fire every evening, about the time that the *elégantes* of the town flocked to the theatres and cafés. We had most of us been great travellers, and were none of us unacquainted with the vicissitudes of life; so that our stories generally possessed the interest of real observation.

My friend, the Sexagenarian, who had arrived at a good old age without having suffered any of its infirmities, except an attack of the gout now and then, was

always good-humoured and pleasant, and still as ready to laugh with the young, and romp with the children, as in the best days of his youth. He had been in almost all parts of the world, had visited most of the courts of Europe, spent several years in England, and was well acquainted with many of the most celebrated persons of his time. I may add, also, that he had a peculiar regard for our countrymen, from certain connections formed in early life. Perhaps it may seem strange that such a person, gifted also, even at his time of life, with an imagination that might be called romantic, should have chosen such a place for his residence as that in which we met. No doubt he had his own reasons for so doing; but he must have felt very like Gulliver in the capital of Liliput, after the society to which he had been formerly accustomed.

One evening, when we had talked ourselves into peculiar good-humour, and, with the aid of a small room and a large fire, had made ourselves as *snug* (to make use of an expression thoroughly English) as the capabilities of our quarters would permit, the conversation happened to turn on the Margravine of Anspach's Memoirs; and one of the company asked my old friend if he had not known her amongst the celebrated persons of that time in London. He replied, that he had not; but the mention of this lady's name seemed to have such an effect upon his imagination, that we could not help feeling particularly curious to know what extraordinary recollections it had revived. After a few apologies and a little press-

ing, he agreed to indulge our curiosity: and we all drew around the fire to listen to the Sexagenarian's story, which I shall endeavour to relate as nearly as possible in his own words: —

"You may laugh at me, Miss Lucy, if you please," said the old gentleman, addressing one of my little girls who was listening to him *à bocca aperta;* "but though my hair is now white, it was once as brown and curly as your own, and I thought as much of myself then as I dare say you do now. Some *fifty* years ago," continued he, laying a melancholy emphasis on the word *fifty*, "I was travelling with one of your countrymen, a most excellent friend of mine, to whom I am indebted for some of the happiest days of my life, and for much good advice besides which I did not always follow. We were then staying at the best inn in the city of Munich, before the elector of Bavaria had become a king; and my friend Sir John M——, a rich baronet of some ten thousand a year or more, was as well received by the court and the first society of that place as Englishmen of his rank and fortune usually are. He is now dead; but if he were alive he would laugh as heartily at the recollection of the romantic story I am going to tell you as he did at the time it happened; for he was much my senior, and his age and knowledge of the world had left him little fellow-feeling for the romance of life. He had spent his youth in acquiring a large fortune in India, where he had held some of the highest employments; but the natural nobleness of his disposition

had prevented his being corrupted by that system of arbitrary government which you free Englishmen practise in your East India Colonies; and his great friendship for me induced him to respect even my follies and caprices.

"At tne time I am speaking of, we had been visiting most of the smaller courts in Germany; and Sir John was so much respected by all the diplomatic people of his own and other countries, that his company was universally sought for; and I accompanied him on all occasions. Returning one evening to my own apartment, after we had been sitting very late over our Madeira (a beverage Sir John was particularly fond of, and never travelled without), I saw a young lady endeavouring to light her candle at the lamp which was fixed to the wall in one of the corridors leading to different rooms. Surprised to find a young woman alone at such an hour, supposing her to be a *femme de chambre* belonging to some of the families staying at the hotel, I hastened to offer her my assistance, with all the gallantry and self-sufficiency of a young man who expects not to be refused, and addressed her with that tone of familiarity one is too much accustomed to make use of to such sort of people. But when I presented her the candle, I immediately perceived my mistake, and saw both by her dress and manners that she was a lady, and consequently entitled to polite consideration and respect. I accompanied her to the door of her apartment, which to my great surprise was next my own, where, wishing

me good night in French, she left me *planté là*, which I disliked the more from having observed that she was extremely beautiful. There was, however, no resource for me, as I could not assign any reason for intruding on this lady's privacy; and I resolved therefore to have recourse to the waiter for further information, still supposing her to belong to some family staying in the house.

"The information I received from the waiter tending only to increase my curiosity, I applied to the master of the house, who told me that nobody knew who this lady was; that she had arrived in a post carriage without having sufficient money to pay for the last stage; that she had refused to give her name, referring him to the first minister of state, who had desired her incognita to be respected; that she had never been out but twice, since her arrival, which was some days past, in a carriage to the minister's, whose servants frequently brought notes and messages to her; that she lived with the most rigid economy, denying herself every thing but the most absolute necessaries of life, and scarcely ever went out of her room; that he thought she was a German, although she spoke both French and Italian perfectly; and that she was very young, very handsome, and always alone.

"Here, then, were sufficient materials for a young man of a romantic disposition to work himself into a perfect frenzy of curiosity. Who could this beautiful incognita be? There was no way of finding

out but from herself; and what right had a stranger to suppose that she would be inclined to make known a mystery to him which she concealed with so much care from all the rest of the world. Still that feeling of *amour propre* which inclines us on all occasions to make a particular exception in our own favor, induced me to imagine that I might succeed in gaining her confidence; and I determined to seek and cultivate her acquaintance by every means in my power. She might be an adventuress, — she might be an impostor; but there was a mystery, and that was enough for me. Every night for a week I was at the corner where the lamp was fixed against the wall, at the same hour, in hopes of meeting my incognita. I paced up and down the corridor for hours and hours, night after night, but all in vain. What was more tantalizing, I could hear her moving about her own room, but I could form no pretence for intruding into it: and she seemed to be as carefully employed in avoiding me as I was in seeking her; for several days past I never could meet her, although our rooms were next to each other. She contrived to have her dinner brought her when she knew I was with Sir John; and at last I was in such despair at not being able to see her, and wound up to such a pitch of excitement by ungratified curiosity, that I had almost resolved to raise a cry of fire in order to have a pretence of going to her assistance, — when one night, much later than usual, I found her at the same spot endeavouring to light her lamp.

"You say I am still romantic: if I am so at seventy,

what must I have been at twenty-three? You may therefore imagine with what joy I hastened to her assistance, determined that this time nothing should deprive me of the opportunity of having some conversation with her. Accordingly, I boldly carried the light into her apartment; and, after as many excuses as I could possibly invent or think of, I asked her how she could chuse to be so much alone, and observed (impudently enough) that it was very extraordinary to see a young person of her age and appearance without any female companion, or even a servant to protect her. She replied to all my remarks without embarrassment; said that it was quite true she was alone, and consequently obliged to be the more circumspect in her conduct; frankly allowed that there *was* a mystery which made her very unhappy—but that she could not tell me her name. All this served to increase my curiosity; and, with a view to have more opportunities of finding out who she really was, I begged to be allowed to visit her sometimes, as our apartments were next to each other, that I might relieve the solitariness of her situation, and endeavour at least to amuse her, if she would not accept of any more essential service. To this she consented with some difficulty, and agreed to receive me occasionally as an acquaintance; which so far gratified my vanity, that I began to fancy that I had made the same impression on her that she had on me.

"Of course I did not fail to take advantage of this permission as often as I could; and the more I saw

of her, the more I was astonished at seeing such a person in such a situation. She was extremely beautiful, elegant in her manners, and highly accomplished. She understood music perfectly, had a very fine voice, spoke several languages fluently, and, above all, recited better than any person I had ever heard off the stage. She appeared to have made Racine her chief study, and acted his principal female characters so well, that I began to think she must be an actress by profession. In the character of Phedre she surpassed Madame Rancour herself. These discoveries of her talents and accomplishments were not all made at once, but were naturally the effects of time and frequent visits; for she took no pains to display her acquirements, and I became only gradually acquainted with them, as I obtained opportunities of drawing her out. Her behaviour was perfectly proper and lady-like; she was even particularly circumspect in her conversation, and refused every offer of service; so that at the end of a month's acquaintance I was more puzzled than when I began to visit her. I could see she was unhappy, and from her romantic opinions, and also from always finding Werter on her table, I suspected she must be in love with somebody she could not marry. This, however, did not prevent my continuing my attentions, and I soon found that my affections were more deeply engaged than I was aware of; so that this adventure, begun from curiosity, and continued from compassion, was likely to have a more serious termination than I at first intended.

"When she saw the impression she had made upon me, she relaxed a little of her reserve; and, in time, my attentions so far engaged a return, and worked upon her heart in the desolate solitariness of her situation, that she confessed I was not indifferent to her; but frankly told me that she could not make known her story for some time,—that she was by birth a lady, but that she had nothing in the world, and belonged to nobody;—and that all she could allow me to know farther at that time was, that her name was Carolina. This continued mystery heightened my passion. I fancied a thousand reasons for her preserving her incognita; and I could think of nothing—dream of nothing—but Carolina. Her distress made her every day more interesting to me, and her confidence in my honour ensured my respect. In short, I proposed to marry her—and she consented. I told her that I had nothing certain to offer her; and she expressed herself satisfied to share my fortune whatever it might be: and we talked of our marriage so often, that it appeared at last to both of us the most reasonable thing in the world, without giving any consideration to the difficulties we were likely to encounter, and the folly of forming such a connection when we had neither of us the means of decent support. But we were both very young, very romantic, without any experience of the world, and desperately in love.

"My friend, Sir John M——, to whom I had related my adventure from the first, finding himself left

more alone of an evening than usual, and even the Madeira deserted before the bottle was half finished, began to suspect that Cupid had supplanted Bacchus in my regards; and as he was an avowed enemy to Hymen, except under certain reasonable considerations, I knew he would not approve of my intentions. He lost no opportunity of laughing at my folly in being so much taken up with a person I could know nothing about, and turned poor Carolina into ridicule upon all occasions. But when he found that I was really serious in intending to marry to her, he represented to me the absurdity of my conduct in the strongest light. He said I must be mad to marry a person who refused to tell me her name except at the altar; and insisted she must be *une femme à bonnes fortunes*, or, at best, an actress (judging from what I told him of her excellent performance of the most difficult characters on the French stage), and in either case by no means a proper person to marry. I could give no good reason in answer to these objections, and generally listened to my friend in silence, who, finding that each visit to Carolina destroyed the effect of his good advice, and that I remained more firmly determined to form this extraordinary connection, proposed to see the lady himself, and undertook to ascertain who she was in one interview, provided I would allow him to be alone with her for half an hour. To this he got me to consent with some difficulty; but as he promised to find out her name, and prove whether she was a person worthy of my affections or not, I agreed to introduce him

that very evening, on condition that if he found her to be as I represented, he was no longer to oppose our marriage; so that he was, in fact, to pass sentence upon Carolina, which was the same as upon myself.

"The tortures I endured during the whole time this visit lasted are not to be described. I paced up and down the corridor in an agony of jealousy and fear. I had every confidence in my friend's honour and Carolina's love; still I could not help suspecting the sort of trial Sir John meant to put her to, as I knew him to be a man of the world, not over delicate in these matters, and I trembled for the result. I could not bear to have the illusion destroyed; and, as curiosity had given way to love, every minute added to my impatient anxiety; I thought this long hour would never be over. At last, however, I saw Sir John come out; and, taking him by the arm, we returned together to his own apartment, where he began to give me an account of his visit. He acknowledged, in the first place, that he had done every thing he possibly could to find out who the young lady was, without success — that he had tried her in every way, and had even offered her a large sum of money, if she would consent to be his mistress. He could not help confessing that she had rejected all his offers with disdain, repulsed his gallantry with severity, and at last, bursting into tears, had asked him how an English gentleman could have the heart to wish to take advantage of her unprotected situation. And Sir John concluded his account by allowing that

Carolina, whoever she might be, was the most beautiful, the most fascinating, and the most extraordinary person of her age he had ever met with, and evidently a gentlewoman by birth, manners, and education. He told me also that when he found his suspicions were wrong, he had represented himself as a warm friend of mine, and, overcome by her tears, had promised to assist our marriage by every means in his power.

"Every thing was now settled; Carolina promised to tell her name at the altar, and we thought of nothing but preparing for the ceremony. Sir John made us a present of a carriage in which we were to go to England, and generously gave Carolina a sum of money to provide herself with every thing requisite for the journey. Considering me as her future husband, my young incognita had no longer any scruples about being seen in our company. We were constantly together, at dinner, supper, at the theatres and the places of public amusement; she allowed us to attend her, and we passed about a week in the most intimate society. At length the day was fixed for our marriage; and I had quite forgotten my curiosity to know who my wife was, in the happiness of my situation, when an unexpected obstacle put an end to all my hopes.

"You all know that at certain seasons of the year marriages are not permitted to be celebrated in Roman Catholic countries without a particular licence, which I found on this occasion must come from the Elector himself, as the young lady had no father to

give her away. On my representing this to Sir John, he begged me not to be uneasy, as he would undertake to get the Elector's permission to act as her father himself, and that he would ask His Serene Highness that very evening at a ball he was engaged to at court. This promise entirely satisfied me; and we passed the happiest evening together that I ever recollect to have spent in my life. Full of hope, and satisfied with each other, we allowed no thorns to cross our path. We saw every thing our own way; and the hours flew most rapidly while we were waiting for Sir John's return, who we expected would bring the licence we so much desired.

"At length he came, but with so serious a countenance, that we were both alarmed. He made some excuse to Carolina, and I took leave of her for the night, promising to call for her early in the morning. As soon as we were alone, Sir John told me in the kindest way he could that Carolina was not for me, and that I must think no more of her, as the Elector himself had forbid the marriage; explaining to me that when he mentioned the circumstances to His Serene Highness, and told him the inn where we were, the Elector had declared that he knew perfectly well who the lady was, and that such a connection was utterly impossible, and not to be thought of any more.

"It would be useless to endeavour to describe the misery of that night: half a century has not been sufficient to efface it from my recollection. I formed

a thousand plans, each more wild than the other; and determined as soon as it was light to escape with Carolina to some distant place where no despotic prince could interfere with our wishes, and prevent our marriage. But here again my evil destiny — or perhaps I should now call it my good genius — thwarted my intentions; for the first thing I heard in the morning was, that Carolina had been carried off during the night by the police under the care of a strong guard, who had removed her by force in spite of all her prayers, entreaties, and resistance. I was furious at this intelligence; but as it was easy to perceive that this arrest must have been executed by the Elector's orders, since no one else would have dared to commit such an act of violence in his capital, my despondence was not less than my indignation; for it was evident that no effort of mine, no assistance of my friends, could be of any use. In my frenzy, I threatened to destroy myself, to murder the Elector, to search every part of Germany, and to leave no house in Munich or its vicinity unscrutinized; until, fairly worn out by the violence of my feelings and emotions, I was put to bed in a high fever, raving about Carolina; and I was in great danger of my life for some hours. In the meantime Sir John did all he could to console me; and the timely aid of good medical advice and frequent bleeding, soon reduced the violence of the fever, and I gradually recovered a sane though sorrowful composure. Still we could neither of us help wondering who this extraordinary girl could be.

She was evidently a person of some consequence, or the Elector would not have interfered so violently on her account; and yet, if so, how was she allowed to remain alone and unprotected at a public inn for so many weeks, without money, without friends, and without servants? It was quite inexplicable; the more we thought of it, the more we were bewildered. Sir John examined the master of the house, bribed the waiters, and tried to get information from the police; but all he could find out was, that one of the Elector's carriages had come in the middle of the night with a strong guard, and two ladies in waiting inside, to take away Carolina, who had made every resistance in her power, without success.

"Occupied with the usual question of 'Who could Carolina be?' which generally terminated all our conversations on this subject, Sir John was sitting late one evening by my bed-side, when the door suddenly burst open, and the young lady herself rushed into the room in the most violent agitation. Alive only to the presence of my love, and weak as I was, I stretch-out my arms towards Carolina in a transport of delight, and endeavoured to get out of bed, when Sir John, who was not in love, and consequently more in his senses, begged us to moderate our transports until the lady had informed us who she was and where she came from. To all this Carolina would only reply, that she had escaped from her guard, as she would never submit to tyranny and injustice, and that she was come back to fulfil her engagement with me,

adding that she was my affianced wife, and that she would marry me and nobody else.

"Astonished at so much courage and constancy in so young a creature, we both exclaimed at the same time —'At least, tell us who you are?—what is your name?' Before she had time to give us any reply, several soldiers burst into the apartment, followed by the two ladies in waiting, who earnestly but respectfully remonstrated with Carolina on her behaviour, and entreated her to accompany them quietly, without obliging them to use force. She tried in vain to convince her pursuers of her right to dispose of herself as she pleased; and at last, when every other argument failed, she threw herself on Sir John's protection, who she said she was sure would not allow her to be ill-used. On hearing this appeal, one of the ladies politely told Sir John that she acted by the express orders of the Elector himself; and that however much she might wish to indulge the young lady, if it was in her power, the orders of her sovereign were peremptory on this occasion, and must be obeyed.

"More surprised than before, Sir John and I looked at each other without knowing what to say. As I was in bed, I could do nothing; and Sir John replied that it was by no means his intention to resist his Serene Highness's orders in any way, and only entreated that they would be so good as to inform him who the lady was. Carolina from this moment saw that all further concealment or opposition would be useless, and accordingly she came up to my bed-side,

and affectionately pressing my hand, and bowing with great dignity to Sir John, she simply said — "I am the Princess of Waldeck!" — She then, while we remained struck with extreme surprise, allowed herself to be conducted out of the apartment, followed by her two ladies in waiting and the guard. I need scarcely say that from that time I heard no more of Carolina.

"This was the end of my extraordinary adventure; and although the discovery of Carolina's rank convinced me of the impossibility of my wishes being ever fulfilled, still the love she had expressed for me, the risk she had run in escaping to me, and her willingness throughout the whole business to forget her high rank, and voluntarily descend from her exalted station to share the comparative lowliness of my fortunes, filled me with the tenderest recollections, which only served to encrease my disappointment and regret that a creature so capable of feeling and inspiring such a romantic attachment, should be so entirely removed beyond my reach.

"After many enquiries we found out, that the young princess had been placed by her father, the reigning prince of Waldeck, at a convent at Anspach for her education, under the especial care of Her Serene Highness the Margravine, who had latterly wished to force her to marry some nobleman of her court whom she disliked; and that, being of a very romantic disposition, she had chosen rather to incur all the dangers of running away, than be obliged to contract a marriage she so much disliked. For some time she

had been waiting for an opportunity to escape, which was facilitated by her being one of the best actresses belonging to the Margrave's private theatre, then under the management of your countrywoman, Lady Craven, the friend of the Margravine. Carolina availed herself of the liberty she enjoyed as an amateur actress in this theatre, and one day after a grand rehearsal she fairly ran away, and never stopped to consider what was to become of her, until she arrived at our hotel at Munich. This accounted for her great proficiency in acting, and most probably augmented her love for the romantic; still we could not imagine how the Elector of Bavaria had allowed her to remain so long at a public inn at Munich without sending her home to her friends, until we heard that the first minister, to whom she had discovered herself the day after her arrival, had fallen desperately in love with her himself, and hoped by allowing her to remain some time in want and distress to win her heart by coming to her relief. Her unexpectedly meeting with us had destroyed his excellency's scheme, and he was accordingly obliged to inform the Elector of the whole business, who was waiting for an answer from her father to know what he was to do with her when Sir John M—— applied to him for the licence for our marriage. This determined His Serene Highness at once to get rid of the charge of so refractory a young lady, and he accordingly sent her back to Anspach under a guard, from whom, however, she had escaped a second time, and come back to us at the hotel.

"How this extraordinary drama might have ended I cannot tell, if our marriage had not been prevented; but I assure you it was a long time before I could forget Carolina. The happy hours we had spent together,—her beauty, her talents, and her romantic abandonment of wealth and power, encreased my regret at our being parted for ever. I could enjoy nothing; all pleasures appeared vapid; and I could see no woman whose charms equalled my lost Carolina's in my imagination. In vain Sir John did all he could to amuse me; at length, tired of a stupid companion, he sent me back to my own country to wait for him at Milan, in hopes that time and change of scene would cure me. Of course these produced their usual effects; but nothing did so much towards my recovery as a letter I received some months afterwards from my friend Sir John at Berlin, in which he told me that he had met our young princess in the public gardens walking with the King of Prussia; and he added, that His Majesty had received him with his usual affability; but that Carolina had pretended not to know him, and had treated him quite *en Princesse*. Whether this was affectation, or whether in so short a space of time German etiquette had been able to stifle all her natural feelings, I know not; but it appeared to me so very ridiculous after all that had passed between us, that the pride of the princess effectually cured all my remaining love for the woman."

STANZAS WRITTEN IN A CATHEDRAL.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

I.

How loud, amid these silent aisles,
  My quiet footstep falls,—
Where words, like ancient chronicles,
  Are scattered o'er the walls:
A thousand phantoms seem to rise
  Beneath my lightest tread,
And echoes bring me back replies
  From homes that hold the dead!

II.

Death's harvests of a thousand years
  Have here been gathered in,—
The vintage where the wine was tears,
  The labourer was Sin;—
The loftiest passions and the least
  Lie sleeping, side by side,
And love hath reared its staff of rest
  Beside the grave of pride!

III.

Alike o'er each — alike o'er all
  Their lone memorials wave ;
The banner on the sculptured wall,
  The thistle o'er the grave,
Each, herald-like, proclaims the style
  And bearings of its dead,
But hangs one moral, all the while,
  Above each slumbering head !

IV.

And the breeze, like an ancient bard, comes by,
  And touches the solemn chords
Of the harp which death has hung on high,
  And fancy weaves the words ;
Songs that have one unvaried tone,
  Though they sing of many an age,
And tales, to which each graven-stone
  Is but the title-page !

V.

The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,
  The poet crushed his lyre,
The miser left his counted hoard,
  The chemist quenched his fire ;
The maiden never more steals forth,
  To hear her lover's lute,
And all the trumpets of the earth
  In the soldier's ear are mute !

VI.

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head
  Has flung his crutch aside,
And the young man gained the bridal-bed
  Where Death is the young man's bride ;
The mother is here whom a weary track
  Led sorrowing to the tomb,
And the babe whose path from heaven, back,
  Was but its mother's womb !

VII.

The moonlight sits, with her sad sweet smile,
  O'er the heedless painter's rest ;
And the organ rings through the vaulted aisle,
  But it stirs not the minstrel's breast !—
The mariner has no wish to roam
  From his safe and silent shore,
And the weeping in the mourner's home
  Is hushed for evermore !

* * * *

VIII.

My heart is as an infant's still,
  Though mine eyes are dim with tears ;
I have this hour no fear of ill,
  No grief for vanished years !—
Once more, for this wild world I set
  My solitary bark,
But—like those sleepers—I shall yet
  Go up into that ark !

THE FIRST SETTLERS ON THE OHIO

An American Story.

BY JOHN GALT.

The wars between the first settlers and the Indians of North America, resembled in ferocity those ancient feuds so celebrated in the early minstrelsy of Europe; fierce and cruel, they may be described as the fermentation arising from the accidental mingling of the elements of future nations.

The settlers, compared with their savage adversaries of the forest, were a tame domestic race, and in their habits were changed from the warlike practices of their feudal ancestors in the old country; but the courage and fortitude with which they resisted the undaunted aborigines, showed how little in fact the children of civilization differ in nature from their brothers of the wood, even in those qualities of bravery and heroism which are supposed to constitute the only virtues of the Indians, and of which man is supposed to be disarmed as he improves his condition.

A few days after the festival of the new year had been celebrated at Waller, now a considerable town in

the state of Ohio, a number of young men began to assemble at break of day in front of the only Tavern in the village, for the purpose of proceeding about fifteen miles through the forest to assist in bringing on the supplies, which had been retarded on the road by the open weather. The season had been unusually mild, and the snow having thawed in several places, the sleighing was often interrupted, and provisions in consequence were becoming scarce in the settlement.

As the sun rose, some of the older inhabitants thought that the lowering aspect of the skies prognosticated a storm. The young men however disregarded their bodings, for they were intent not only to perform a public duty but to enjoy a frolic ; they were however induced by the exhortations of their friends to take their blankets and axes lest they should be benighted. Being thus equipped, they set forth in high spirits, and about noon arrived where the teams with the supplies awaited assistance.

Hitherto the storm had only threatened ; the mist hung in flakes among the topmost branches of the trees ; and the travellers, careless of the signs, prolonged their stay at the rendezvous more than prudence would otherwise have warranted. It was long past mid-day before they thought of returning home ; at last they resumed their way, each lessening the waggon loads by taking a package on his back.

They had advanced some distance without observing any material change in the weather ; but soon after, the the woods became more gloomy, giving them reason to

apprehend that the fears of their friends in the morning had not been groundless; but still they entertained hopes of being able to reach Waller before the storm would burst.

Presently small flakes of snow began to fall, which, as the wind blew sharply in their faces, were exceedingly annoying; these, together with the blast, increased until the travellers were frequently obliged to turn their backs to avoid the cruel gusts which swept fiercer and fiercer past them.

When the party were about half-way, and the twilight began to darken, some of them proposed that they should begin to erect their shanty or shed; but it was not till several complained of fatigue, and it became evident that Waller could not be reached without hazard, that this advice was listened to. To separate was dangerous, for the surrounding forest was infested with wolves, which frequently howled around them, and two were seen crossing their tract, a short distance in front, and which turned and looked back, uttering a long and melancholy cry, as if grieved to see the band of travellers so numerous.

The snowy wind was still rising, and no fit place for their shanty could be discovered, when one of the party, looking round, said that having been out hunting in the preceding fall, he had observed a situation well adapted for the purpose; and which he was sure could not then be far off. Under his guidance, they accordingly left the supplies, and went a little way into another part of the forest.

While they had been thus consulting, the howling of the wolves had ceased towards the left hand, but was louder and more frequent in the other direction; and, as the settlers were hastening forward, they were startled by the report of a gun. Nothing afraid on their own account, they pushed on to see if they could assist its possessor, who, they concluded, was, at that advanced hour of the evening, most likely in great danger. In the course of a few minutes they perceived a man with his back against a tree defending himself with the butt end of his gun, against several wolves which were furiously attacking him.

The animals, on the approach of the adventurers, immediately fled; for the American wolves are naturally timid, and never attack man except when pressed by hunger.

The stranger whom they had thus relieved from jeopardy expressed his gratitude for their timely assisttance; and the leader of the party heartily invited him to accompany them, for the night was darkening fast. Soon after, they arrived at a spot where the trees appeared to form an amphitheatre. Here they cleared a space sufficient for their accommodation, and proceeded to remove the snow; and, having felled several saplings that grew near, they sharpened their ends and fastened them at equal distances between the trees; filling up the space, with boughs and branches, with which they also covered the roof. They then kindled a fire, and prepared to pass the night as comfortably as possible, though the tempest was roaring in the forest

with a noise like the falls of Niagara. It was at this time, as they were sitting on the ground round the fire, that the stranger, on being solicited, thus began to relate his adventures.

"I am the son," said he, "of George May, one of the first settlers who emigrated into this part of the country. Having penetrated farther west than had previously been done, he fixed his location in the vast and lonely district of Carew, a little east of the Ohio, nearly opposite to where the fierce tribe of the Shawnee Taws have a village, but of whom little fears were entertained, as that wide and deep river flowed between. We sometimes had, however, skirmishes with hunting parties who crossed the Ohio, but whom we always defeated, as they had no fire-arms. Thus several years passed on, and the woods around were gradually becoming cleared and peopled, but not to such a degree as to restrain our savage neighbours from making incursions, which retarded the progress of the settlement.

"My mother had been dead several years, having left my father without any one to assist him in bringing up my elder brother and myself, who were then very young. Perhaps it is to that cause, I should ascribe our wild and woodland habits; for, even when mere children, we often wandered heedless into the forest, and acquired familiarity with the boldest creatures that range in unmolested liberty amidst its unfrequented and solitary labyrinths.

"One day after we had nearly reached manhood,

my brother, who had been out hunting, returned in the evening with a wounded settler, belonging to a farm — the nearest — about twelve miles off; and when we had dressed his wounds, and given him some refreshment, he requested to see our father.

" ' I asked your sons,' said he to the old man, ' to bring you to me, — for I grow faint, and I fear my life is fast ebbing — in order to warn you of your danger. The Indians yesterday made an attack, in great numbers, on our settlement, and after much resistance succeeded in overpowering us: — what has become of my friends I know not, for on these savages rushing into the house, I received a blow on the head, which sent me stunned among the bushes, where I lay some time senseless, and on recovering saw only smoking ashes where our dwelling had been. Maimed and helpless, as you see, I then endeavoured to crawl here, shuddering with apprehension lest our remorseless enemies might be with you before me.

" ' What numbers do the Indians amount to ?'

" ' Between thirty and forty.'

" ' There are only eight men,' said my father, looking anxiously, ' in this settlement, besides these two lads and myself. But still we must prepare to defend ourselves.'

" So saying, the old man left us, to give the necessary directions, which when he had completed, all being still quiet, he returned to us again, hoping that no assault would be attempted that night. Nevertheless when we proposed to retire, he stationed a centinel

at a short distance from the house; a wise precaution, for in less than two hours afterwards we were all roused by the report of the sentinel's musquet, and having armed ourselves, enquired why he had given the alarm. His answer was appalling; he had seen two Indians, by the glimpse of the moonlight, skulking among the trees near the house, and had fired at them.

"Upon hearing this, my father said, it might be as well if we all watched the remainder of the night. Nothing was, however, seen for a long time; and some were beginning to think the sentinel had been mistaken, when another, pointing out a clump of bushes, said softly, that he could perceive several Indians gliding behind it, and asked permission to shoot in that direction, which being granted, he fired; and, to our consternation, a loud war whoop, together with shrieks arose, and a band of the savages discharging their arrows, quickly advanced.

"My father having told us to reserve our fire till he gave the signal, our assailants came rather close; but when the command was given, a sharp and well-directed shower of shot was poured upon them. Still they continued their attack, until having gained a small eminence, they fired again, but with more deadly aim, for two of our party fell fatally wounded. By this time we had re-loaded, and eager to revenge our comrades, returned the fire with such effect, that it sent the Indians yelling back to the woods.

"Having seen enough of their numbers to know,

that if the man had not exaggerated, there must be several yet concealed in the woods; we hoped the repulse they had received would deter them from making another assault, till we should have time to send for assistance. The difficulty was, however, to find messengers, for the bush was filled with our enemies, and for some time no one volunteered to go.

"My father, therefore, called us all together, to consult what might next be done; and my brother and myself seeing the necessity of immediate succour, offered to undertake the adventure, to which, after some hesitation, the old man agreed. Taking up our arms, we left the house, and proceeded slowly through the under-wood to the primeval forest at the back of it, and by making a circuit, gained the path; but as we proceeded, we found every place devastated, and saw that we would have to go so far before we could arrive at any farm which could afford assistance, that most likely our aid would come too late; we therefore resolved to return home.

"The sun was in the meridian; we had been absent many hours, and were so fatigued by our previous watching, that rest was necessary, before we could again be able to make much speed; but we persevered, and, having returned to our own clearing, and hearing no noise, we imagined that the Indians had retreated. How great was our grief and astonishment at seeing our home destroyed, and all silence and ashes! We still, however, went forward, with a wild hope, to discover how it had happened.

"While looking at the wreck of our habitation, our attention was attracted by a loud groan, which proceeded from one of the settlers, whom we then discovered wounded among the bushes. On approaching him, he eagerly begged for a little water, which, when he had received, partly restored him, and enabled him to tell us what had happened in our absence.

"'Soon after you left,' said he, 'we saw the Indians appearing at the skirt of the forest, and in greater numbers than before. Your father then regretted your absence, as in the approaching conflict we would be deprived of your aid; but he still endeavoured to keep up our courage, by cheering us with the hopes of your return with succour.

"'The Indians, having gathered themselves together, advanced, but with more caution than before. By keeping up a continual discharge of our fire-arms, we for some time checked them; when seeing the danger of remaining in a body, they separated, and rendered our shot less effective. Your father then ordered us to suspend firing, till they came nearer, or had again united, which unfortunately allowed them to advance till we were within reach of their arrows, which they then began to shower upon us: under cover of them, a party came almost to the very house. We had, therefore, reason to fear that if you did not soon return, we should be overcome—our extremity became desperate. We were obliged to screen ourselves in every possible manner from our enemies, or to rush forth and endeavour to drive them back. The latter alternative was

adopted. We sprung out, and attacked them furiously with the butt ends of our guns; but they baffled us by their agility and superior numbers, and after a desperate fight compelled us to retreat. In returning, I was wounded by an arrow; and the confusion prevented me from being carried off into the house, where my companions sought shelter—I thus became a passive helpless spectator. Some of the Indians rushed into the house, and their companions poured in upon our friends, who had taken refuge there, incessant flights of arrows, both by doors and windows. At last the house was involved in flames, and the refugees throwing open the back door, fled towards the forest, and might have escaped, had not another herd of the savages sprung up before them, and intercepted their flight.

"'The Indians having thus surrounded their prey, continued to discharge their bows from a distance, which our friends from time to time retaliated with their fire-arms, till they were one after another struck down. Your father alone remained, and seeing no alternative, ran towards the chief, and shot him dead. The Indians seeing their chief fall, uttered a howl of rage, and rushing upon the old man, seized him in their fury, and threw him headlong into the flames, without having, according to their custom, taken his scalp. They immediately, however, scalped our companions, and then taking up the body of their chief, retired into the woods, with loud and mournful cries.'

"This recital exhausted the strength of our only remaining friend; and he soon after expired.

"My brother and myself, overwhelmed with sorrow, our home destroyed, our friends slain, and the dreadful doom of our father engraved as it were, with wounds on our hearts, resolved to quit that fatal spot. After wandering about several days, subsisting on what we could procure by our guns—one afternoon, when the weather was oppressive and sultry, we were surprised at hearing a low moaning among the branches; and at the same time, we observed several deer trotting past among the underwood. We separated to intercept them; but scarcely had I lost sight of my brother, when a terrific blast of wind swept through the forest, and uprooted all the trees that were within the scope of its rage. Alarmed at this appalling phenomenon, the nature of which I had often heard described, under the name of a windfall, I ran as fast as possible against the blast, until the tremendous sound of the falling trees was left far behind me. When I had recovered from the panic, I endeavoured to return to the spot where I had separated from my brother, at the same time calling to him aloud by name; but the windfall had so materially changed the appearance of the woods, that, after seeking for the place where we parted a long time, I was obliged to give up the search.

"I spent the night among the fallen trees, and next morning renewed my search, but in vain. I then laid myself down, and implored heaven to terminate my solitary misery. After some time, I was roused from that desolation of mind, by the voices of several persons talking in an unknown language; and on looking up,

saw they were Indians, but not of the Shawnee Taws. One of them noticed me, and, approaching, enquired in broken English how I had come there; and I informed him of my misfortunes. On hearing my story, he said, that his tribe were then engaged in an hostile expedition against that fierce horde, and invited me to join his party. The proposal had in it the sweetness of comfort—for in my own forlorn condition, it afforded me a refuge from my own sad thoughts, and the chance of revenging my father's death. I accordingly started up from the ground; and, with my rifle, joined the Indians.

"When we reached the banks of the river, we were delayed some time in forming canoes; but on the following afternoon we crossed, and entered the land of our enemies. Hiding our canoes among the weeds of the banks, we then stole, in the twilight, towards their village, situated near the junction of the Wabash and the Ohio. It was dark when we approached it; but by the numerous fires we saw they were in considerable numbers. Some of our party were for an immediate attack; but the proposal was overruled by the advice of an old man, who represented to us that it would be a more advantageous time when the fires were faded, as then our adversaries would have gone to sleep for the night, and be more defenceless. We accordingly lay down on the ground; and, when at last we saw the fires declining, rose and advanced.

"Although taken by surprise, our enemies resisted us with great bravery, and by their superior numbers repelled us from the field. The darkness, however, of

the night in the woods, favoured our retreat: and we reached the canoes, where every one embarked as quickly as possible. Not so well accustomed to the woods as my companions, I happened to be the farthest behind; and before I reached the spot of embarkation, the canoes had all pushed off from the shore. I had no alternative but to leave my arms on the bank and plunge into the river, calling aloud to be taken up, but this durst not be attempted with the crank canoes in in the dark, and I was obliged to swim across, one of the Indians holding me by the skirts of my jacket.

The Shawnee Taws having no canoes at that place, and unable to follow us, soon returned to their village; and next morning by break of day, I returned across the river for my arms. On joining the Indians again, they received me with many tokens of kindness; and as I had then no other object in life to which I was attached, I entreated them to let me be of their party. To this they readily acceded, and with them I had remained several years, when the desire returned strong upon me to see the face of civilization again; and it was in coming back to the settlements, that I was attacked by the wolves which, but for your timely assistance, would soon have mastered me."

The young men, who were deeply affected by the tale of his adventures and sufferings, took him with them next morning to Waller. But his habits, by his Indian life, had become wild and roving; and, as soon as the spring opened, he strayed away again into the woods by himself, and they heard of him no more.

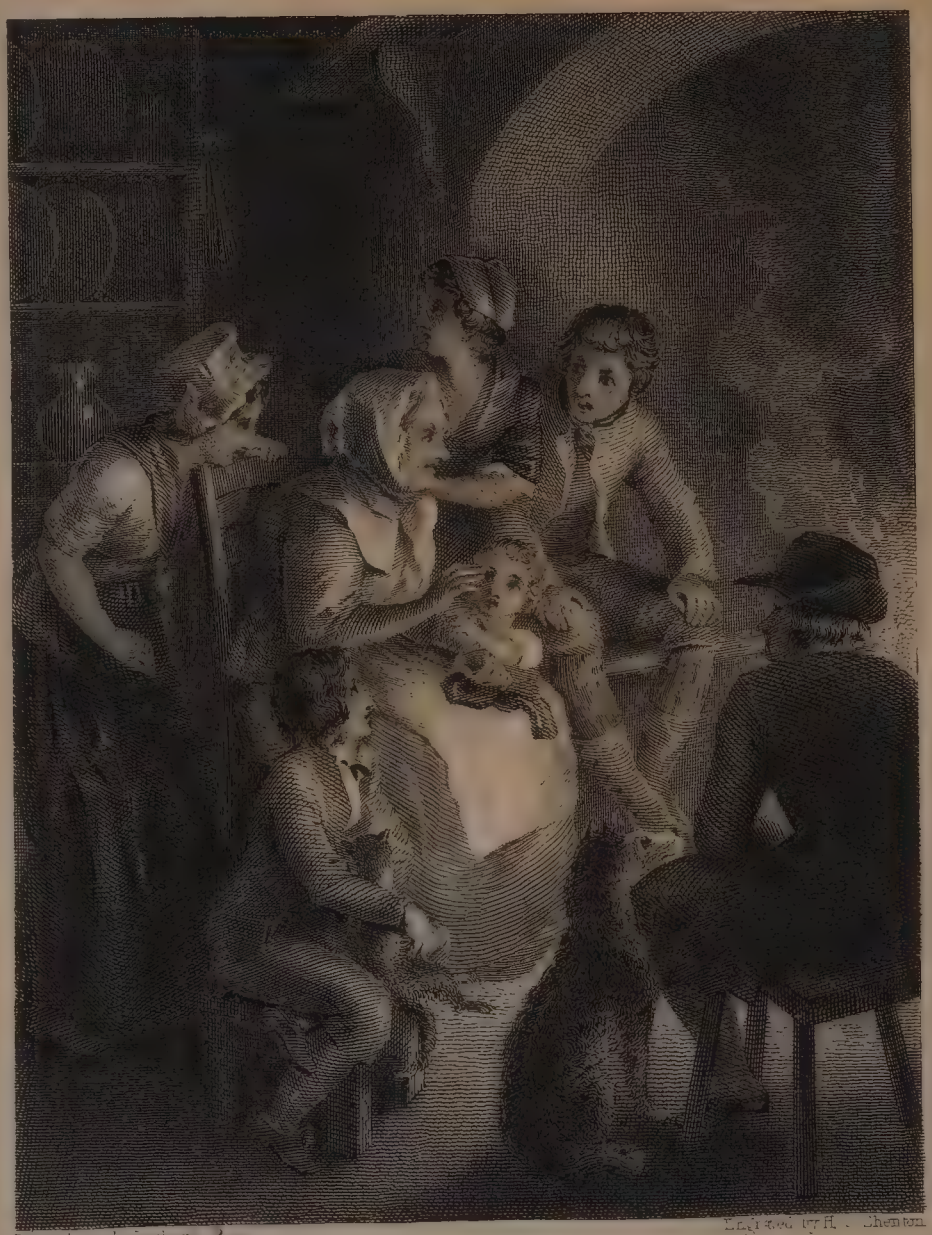
THE DISMAL STORY.

A Tale of the Woods.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Speak not," she said, "of bookish tales;
Of haunted halls and spectres bold!
For things in real life there are
More sadly wild, more dismal far,
Than ever fiction told:
And you shall hear a tale of truth;
The pains and sorrows of my youth.

"From very childhood I had learnt
Labour and weariness to bear:
My parents died; and upon me
Devolved a numerous family,
And many an early care;
Sickly the children were, and small,
And yet I reared and nurtured all.



Painted by J. Southall, R.A. Engraved by H. Thenton

THE DISMAL TALE.

Published by Smith, Elder, & Co. 65 Cornhill

" We lived upon a northern moor,
Where 'mong the heath wild berries grew;
It was a lonesome place, yet fair;
And from the hills, a clear fresh air
Ever around it blew;
And sparkling streams, o'er moss and stone,
From hidden springs went singing on.

" The freshness of that wholesome air
Gave strength unto each youthful frame;
And a wild flow of spirits strong
Made labour lightly pass along,
Till other troubles came —
Ah, Love doth cunning snares devise
To draw young hearts from paradise!

" To me, a simple country maid,
He came, in glorious colours drest;
With brow erect and stately limb,
A soldier-youth, in gallant trim,
With helm and nodding crest, —
And burning speech that poured along,
Like rivers of the mountains strong.

" We wedded — and I left my home,
That pure and solitary life,
In busy camps the arts to learn
Of evil natures cold and stern;
To be a soldier's wife —
To have no home — to roam afar,
Still following the career of war.

" A marching regiment was ours,
And to America was sent;
Our station was among the woods,
In dreary desert solitudes,
'Mong marshes pestilent;
Where, left uncertain of their fate,
They grew morose, then desperate.

" No wonder that the brave rebelled!
The food was scant, the water bad;
And the hot air was filled with flies,
Whose stings were scorching agonies,
That well nigh drove us mad;
And there, four weary months we lay,
Not living—dying day by day.

" My husband was a daring man,
Lawless, and wild, and resolute;
And spirits like his own were there,
Who leagued themselves with him, and sware
His word to execute.
In vain my heart foreboded ill,
I could not turn his stubborn will.

" We left the camp at still midnight,
And struck into the thickest wood;
By day to dreary caves we crept,
And while some watched, the others slept;
By night our course pursued,
Still keeping westward, and away
From tracts where habitations lay.

" Oh! how I envied the wild things
That lived in forest or morass!
They had no fear — but my weak heart
Died if a squirrel did but start,
Or stir the withered grass!
And when my comrades laughed and sung,
With boding dread my soul was wrung.

" My terror peopled the still woods!
And like the snake, beneath the trees,
I saw the creeping Indian prone,
Yet no eye saw him but my own!
I heard upon the breeze,
When others said the air was mute,
Wild voices as in hot pursuit.

" In vain we sought a safe retreat,
For us the wilderness had none,
Till drooping heart, and failing strength,
Wore out the little band at length;
They dropped off one by one,
Without a sigh from kindred grief,
Scarce noticed, like an autumn leaf.

" At last we two alone remained;
And then an Indian hut we found, —
A wild, and low, and dismal place,
Where savage life left many a trace
Of murder all around;
Three shattered skulls, deformed and bare,
And tangled tufts of human hair,
And many a horrid stain was there.

" Well—even there we made our home ;
It was so lone, so lost, so wide
Of any track—my husband said,
' Here we are safe as with the dead,
And here we will abide.'
And so we might, but for the awe
Of what I heard and what I saw.

" I'll tell you—he was in the woods,
He had been gone since morning clea
And then 'twas nightfall, and *I* heard
The bullfrog, and the wailing bird,
And wild wolf barking near ;
And, through the grass, and in the brake
I heard the rattling of the snake.

" I made a fire outside the door,
To keep the creatures from my home ;
And in the gloom I sate me down,
Still looking to the forest brown,
And wishing he would come ;
When in the black hut's blackest nook,
I heard a sound—scarce dared I look !

" And yet I did—the skulls lay there,
And there I saw a wannish flame ;
And, one by one, those bones so cold
Grew horrid faces, black and old ;
And from their jaws there came
Mutterings and jibberings, low at first,
Then loud and louder, till they burst
Like thundering yells from lungs accurst.

"A din as of ten thousand wheels
Seemed whirling, stunning, in my brain;
And that fiend's fire, all multiplied,
Dazzled and danced in circles wide,
Now pale, then bright again!
I felt my stiffened hair stand up,
And, cold as death, my pulses stop.

"'Twas midnight when my husband came,
The fire of pine-wood had burned low;
And, stiff, with eyeballs staring wide,
He found me, speechless — stupified,
And pale as desert snow:
Long time he strove, with loving pain,
Ere he recalled my life again.

"I told him all: — and that lone place
We left before the morning smiled;
And then beneath the forest tree
We lived in simple luxury,
Like natives of the wild:
Our food the chace supplied — our wine
The clusters of the Indian vine.

"But man is tyrant to his brother!
They heard of the free life we led:
They found him, like the Indian, drest
In hunter-spoils, and with a crest
Of feathers on his head.
Oh, stony hearts! they did not heed;
A cruel vengeance they decreed!

"They hung him on a forest tree,
As he a murderer had been!
Oh, wretched man! if he did wrong,
'Twas that temptation had been strong;
Nor was it deadly sin!
They staid by him till life had fled,
And then they left me with the dead.

"'Twas well for me I had been used
To hardship from my early years,
Or I had never borne that hour!
But God sustained my heart with power,
And freed my soul from fears;
And in the desert, all alone,
Beside the dead I made my moan.

"I washed his body in the stream,
That through a neighbouring thicket ran;
I closed his eyes; I combed his hair;
I laid his limbs with decent care;
He was a murdered man!
I saw, upon the second day,
The raven watching for its prey.

"Then, then I first began to feel
That I was all alone, alone!
Wildly I glanced behind each tree;
The Indian had been company—
Aught human must have pitied me!
But human form was none.
Then, with a firm but sad intent,
Silently to my work I went.

" I found a hollow by the stream,
A little cave, where one might lie
In shelter from the noon-day sun;
There bore I my uncoffined one,
And wished I too could die!
I laid him on the rocky floor,
With moss and white sand sprinkled o'er.

" The entrance to the cave was low,
Scarce rising two feet from the ground,
And this, with long unwearied care,
I closed with stones collected there,
That by none might be found
That sepulchre, so lone and dim,
Where in my grief I buried him!

" There was a large and mossy stone,
Without the cave, and there I sate,
Like Mary by the sepulchre;
But a bright angel sate with her—
I, I was desolate!
Oh! miserable time of woe,
How it went by I do not know!

" I must have perished with the dead,
From that great grief and want of food,
But that an English party, sent
To burn an Indian settlement,
There found me in the wood;
They bore me thence — they clothed — they fed
And my poor spirit comforted.

"Since then—'tis five and fifty years;
So long, it might seem fancy all—
But that I know this silver hair
Was whitened by that heavy care;
And names and dates I can recall,
So deeply in my soul inlaid
By burning pangs, they cannot fade!"

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Remote, by mountain dell or forest's side,
The young Enthusiast, rapt in mystic dream,
His bosom's bashful ecstasy to hide
Would fling him by the hazel-margined stream,
Giving free fancy rein,—till twilight's gleam
Died in the rosy west; the summer-day
All, all too brief for the entrancing theme,
Though voice nor verse gave utterance to the lay
That from the up-gushing fount of rapture welled away.

Not sounding verse, but sweet and silent tears,
Poured forth unbidden far from mortal eye,
Formed the pure offering of the blissful years
When first he wooed the enchantress, Poesy!
And found for glowing thought expression high
In moaning forest and deep-murmuring flood,
In every gorgeous cloud that streaked the sky,
In every beauteous hue that tinged the wood,
In each expressive change of Nature's fitful mood.

P.

VAVASOR PLEASAUNCE:

OR,

The Old Minister's Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

"There needeth not
That Heaven should call its mightiest engines forth
To bring about its purpose --- nought's so mean
But may do wondrous service."

Dekkar.

"To the unthinking minds of the young and gay, the old man, as he takes his daily, and perchance solitary walk, is an object only of pity. He is companied, say they, by nought but the ghosts of long vanished pleasures: and along his cheerless path-way he beholds little save aye-recurring memorials of the changeful and sorrowful past. O! how little do these vain triflers know of that wondrous page, so thickly written with records of divine goodness and providential care, which is spread out before the dim eye of the aged man. O! how little can these daily pensioners of fickle hope and swift-passing pleasure imagine what treasures may be drawn from the stores of memory, sweet and nourishing as the honey of long since gathered flowers. I love to look on yonder fair avenue of chesnuts that leadeth to Vavasor Pleasaunce;

for there is not one little bird that singeth among their thick branches, nor one gem-like flower that enamelleth the turf beneath, but speaketh in language, plain as that of any audible voice of assured trust and undoubting confidence in over-ruling Providence; and therefore, to the intent that the memory of what there took place shall not be forgotten, I will right gladly relate that remarkable story which many years agone was the talk of the whole country round.

"When I first arrived from Sedan, now more than fifty years since, and became chaplain to the worthy Sir William Plessington of the Hill, this Vavasor Pleasaunce was the seat of old Sir Aubrey Vavasor, a noble gentleman well spoken of by friend and foe, a very father to his household and tenantry, and one who ever bore in mind that the best Christian is always the truest gentleman. Worthy old Knight! methinks I now see him as he used to sit in the tapestried elbow chair over against the great bay window of his carved oak parlour, in his branched blue damask gown and gold chain, with the ebony desk-table before him, and the tall-standing cup of diet drink, and the gold-clasped Bible, and the learned works of Master Travers, or the sweet poems of Edmund Spenser thereon: while his great stag hound, Gawaine, lay beneath his chair, and his old falcon with her filligree collar sat on her perch beside the window, waiting her master's call to come and sit on his wrist, Ay, thus he used to sit day by day, for he was far advanced in age, and therefore seldom went abroad; and, methinks

we might all have been reconciled to the thoughts of his death, seeing it would be far better for him, had there but been a son who should tread in his father's steps, to succeed him. But alas! Sir Aubrey had survived all his children; and, as his only remaining descendants were the lady Alice Lisle, his granddaughter, a young widow, and her little daughter, so that fair mansion and that noble estate would descend to his great nephew, of whom he knew but little, and of that little no good. No wonder was it, therefore, that it caused many a sorrowful foreboding, when we saw Sir Aubrey walk so feebly, though supported by his ebony staff, and the arm of his steward; and especially as, when winter set in, he took to his crimson damask chamber.

"Well, contrary to all expectation, when spring returned he seemed greatly to revive, and again did he come down to the carved oak parlour. Now, there was a goodly tree of white thorn just withoutside the great bay window, and when it was in full blossom, the old knight was wont to lay aside his quilted doublet, and frieze-lined cloke, and betake himself to more spring-like apparel. 'See, Sir Aubrey,' said his chaplain (a worthy silenced minister whom he highly prized), 'yon white thorn is budding; now, when it is in blossom, ye must go forth again;' for he hoped the spring air would revive him. 'Ay, Master Staynton,' said Sir Aubrey with a wondrously significant smile, 'when that is in blossom I *will* go forth.' On the Saturday in came Master Staynton right joyfully, 'look, noble Sir,' said he, 'to-morrow's sun will open all these buds, and then,

ye mind your promise.'—'Master Staynton,' said Sir Aubrey, 'then is my summons at hand.' Alas! the old knight's meaning was now plain enow, and, vehemently clasping his hands, the chaplain cried, 'Heaven forbid.'—'Nay, wherefore,' said Sir Aubrey, quite calmly, 'may not the old man-at-arms return home at the end of his campaign?'—'Ay, truly,' mournfully replied Master Staynton, 'if there be as tried a one to take his place.'—'That resteth with the chief captain,' said Sir Aubrey, 'and he will do what is best;' and thereupon he commenced a most pithy and profitable discourse, giving, too, wondrous hints of what should come to pass, and distinctly foretelling how the pure Gospel light should again shine forth, putting to speedy flight all the mists and darkness of man's inventions; for the spirit of prophecy doth most assuredly rest on dying men.

"Well, toward evening, he retired to the crimson damask chamber, and commanded the whole household to be assembled, for alas! it was now plain he had not long to live. And most pleasantly did he discourse to them all, warning them against the errors and evils of the time, and telling them what pleasure he had found in the ways of religion. 'I have lived happily,' said he, 'and I die happily. O! could I but find some able protector for this little child' (causing his great grandchild to be lifted on the bed), 'I should not have another wish.' Scarcely had the old knight thus said, when upstarted the fool, a poor witless creature, (who for many years had been kept in the family, rather,

for charity than for amusement),—'Leave her to me, Sir Aubrey,' cried he, 'I will be her friend.'—'My poor fool,' answered the dying man, 'scant service can ye do my little Anabel, she will need a wiser and more powerful protector than thou.'—'But,' said the fool, with a readiness at which all stood astounded, 'hath not God chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise?'—'Well, I leave her to Providence,' replied the old Knight.—At these words, the fool, pushing aside the nurse, caught the little child in his arms. 'My sweet lady bird!' cried he, 'Witless Will is to be thy protector, and never will he leave this house until thou art mistress therein; so look about, sweet one, look about, that ye may remember this room when ye come again to take possession;'—and then, laughing and leaping and playing a thousand grimaces, ill befitting so solemn a scene, he ran out of the chamber, still holding the little child, while she looked up with her sweet blue eyes smilingly in his face, and nestled her dimpled and rosy cheek confidingly against his arm. Alas! as the old knight foretold, thus it came to pass, for he departed just before midnight to begin his eternal Sabbath.

"I may not describe the sorrow of the whole country round when the sad news was made known, nor half the honours wherewith this worthy gentleman was followed to his grave; for, although his heir, Sir Fulke, did not condescend to come down to lay his uncle's head in the grave, yet was not that worthy knight dishonoured in his obsequies, the noble earl of Bedford being chief mourner, and the first knights of the shire being pall-

bearers.—There was one thing which I must relate, ere I pass from this sad scene—it is that the poor fool, who, since his master's death had been strangely perverse and wild, insomuch that they had locked him up in an empty room on the funeral day, escaped out of the window, just as the funeral set out, and entered the church before them. There was he, sitting on the pulpit stairs, with the black cloth which had been hung there wrapt about his shoulders like a mantle, a sight which might on other occasions have moved our mirth, but which now added to our tears. He behaved himself, however, with great propriety, rising up and bowing, as Dr. Preston, who preached the sermon, passed him, and listening to his most judicious and learned discourse, which ye may find in the third folio volume of his 'Miscellanea,' as though he understood even the Latin, and comprehended every syllogism. At night, however, he was missing, and all search was vain; but early in the morning, the church bell sounded, and the sexton in fear opening the door, there he found the poor fool who had been shut up all night. He did not seem at all scared, for when asked how he was, he answered 'right comfortable.' He said many strange things, such as that he had seen Sir Aubrey, and that Sir Aubrey told him he must never leave the hall, as he would send a message to him; but all seemed only fool's talk, and, but for the strange things that followed, would have been soon forgotten.

"And now the last honours having been paid to the worthy old knight, Lady Alice Lisle and her sweet

little child prepared to leave the Pleasaunce. She had settled to reside at Enfield among her late husband's friends; but she stood not long in need of an earthly habitation, Providence taking her to her rest, and to the sweet society of her friends in heaven, ere two years had passed away. I walked with the Lady Alice beneath yonder chesnut trees, on the evening of her departure, and accompanied her to the gate, where all the old servants, and many of the tenantry, were standing to bless and bid her farewell. Here the poor fool met us. 'Farewell, my Lady,' said he, 'take no heed for my young Lady Anabel, for I well mind my promise to protect her; and many a day shall I stand beside this very gate looking out for my young Lady. Ay, sweet lady bird!' (turning to the little child,) 'many a long day shall I look for ye, but after the longest winter spring cometh at length; and with the daisies and violets and all pleasant things, my sweet lady Anabel, ye will come again.' Sorrowfully did Lady Alice smile at these wild sayings. She bade us farewell, and, followed by her nurse and the little child, entered her coach, and we never saw her more.

"There was trouble enow the following week when the new master arrived; for orders had been sent for all the old servants to be discharged; here, however, a strange chance occurred. When Sir Fulke summoned all the servants to the great hall, in came the poor fool among them? 'What!' cried he, 'my Puritan uncle keep a fool! I scarcely gave him credit for even such good company.' 'Ay, Sir,' said Witless Will, in nought

abashed, 'and he hath left me to you.'—'Hath he,' cried Sir Fulke, 'then, saints! I'll keep ye.' And so it was, for of all that sober well-regulated household, Witless Will and the old porter alone remained.

"But a short stay did the new master make at the Pleasaunce. It was said he was engaged in a treaty of marriage with a fair and noble lady, and would soon return; but months passed on, and autumn faded into winter, and winter warmed into spring, and spring blossomed into summer, but he came not. At length—late one evening, as the old porter and the poor fool were sadly sitting on the bench within the porch, two horsemen entered the great walk, and rode full speed to the house. 'Prepare the carved oak parlour instantly,' said a stern voice, which the porter recognized as his master's; 'bring two flagons of canary, and keep us free from all disturbance.' The old porter hastened away; but, as he went out, he heard Sir Fulke say, in a bitter tone, 'it shall *now* be done—this very night must decide, whether houses, lands, and mistress, shall be mine or yours.' Too soon was the oak parlour made ready—and there at that very ebony table, where of yore good Sir Aubrey's desk and gold-clasped Bible used to lie, sate two desperate gamesters, dice-box in hand—and midnight, ay, even the grey dawn peeped out, ere the infatuated pair arose. Then the old porter, who with sleepless eyes had watched withoutside the locked door, shuddering at each knock of the fatal box, and each deeply breathed curse that succeeded, saw Sir Fulke rush from the

room, exclaiming, 'all's lost!' fly to the stable, and, mounting his horse, ride off like a madman. For some time after, nothing was heard—but then news came that Sir Fulke had fought a desperate duel with a gentleman, in which both had been severely wounded, and that he was about to set out for Italy.

"Two years passed away—and then, wain after wain arrived at the Pleasaunce, with silk hangings, and carved couches, and tall Venetian mirrors, for word came that Sir Fulke had returned, had concluded a marriage with an earl's daughter, and that by midsummer he would bring down his bride. I watched them the evening they came, with their gallant array of serving men in orange tawney, and gentlemen-ushers in cut velvet coats, and my lady's gentlewomen in silk mantles, with black velvet masques, forsooth! lest the sun should spoil their complexions; and I thought on the sober state of good Sir Aubrey, with his twenty blue-coated men, whose hearts and hands and swords and bucklers were ever at their master's service; and when I looked upon the Cain-like brow of the young lord of Vavasor Pleasaunce, methought he seemed like the fallen spirit entering the fair bowers of Paradise.

"Why should I tell of the years that succeeded! when drunken carousals, and riotous feastings, and profligate revelry kept their court in that very hall whence the hymn of praise had ascended each evening, and where a sober household were instructed in their duties both to God and man. Why should I describe the banqueting in the parlour, where fourscore pound

would be spent for comfits and ambergris; or the dicings in the withdrawing room, where a thousand pound would be lost and won between midnight and dawn; or the dancings, and bowlings, and flyings of hawks on the fair green terrace, while the Sabbath bell chimed unheeded to worship? Ay, thus full seven years passed—and all that time it was piteous to see poor Witless Will; he wandered about the park, and beneath the trees in the great walk, utterly woe-begone, and careless of the fine coat of motley, and cap with real silver bells, which Sir Fulke had commanded to be made for him. Still, ever as Spring returned, and the first snow-drop lifted her tender head, he seemed strangely revived; and then would he take his station beside the gate, and keep there daily his patient watch, even until the last Spring flower had faded away.

"Oh that fatal ninth of April!—I have witnessed battles and sieges, and beheld the overthrow of things too fondly deemed indestructible, but never can I forget that day. There was gallant preparation at the Pleasaunce, for it was Sir Fulke's birth-day, and all the nobles and gentry within twenty miles round were invited, and it was even said that wicked Somerset himself, who well loved Sir Fulke, would be there. Time would fail, did I tell of the excess of riotous luxury that graced this last feast, or stay to describe the rich array of the high-born company,—for, but to have seen the three-piled velvets, and the satins, and broidery, and the gorgeous blaze of jewels, and the soft shine of pearls, ye might have thought that all

Cheapside and Ludgate had been emptied of their bravery, and that the goldsmiths, for lack of stock, would be fain to set out to discover the golden city. Well, dinner was served to the sound of sweet music; Sir Fulke drank welcome to his noble guests out of a golden cup, and knees, never bowed before their Maker, had been impiously bent in honor of a fellow-mortal, as, bare-headed and kneeling, the company passed round the health of their exulting host. And now, the greater part of the guests had retired to the withdrawing room, and were conversing and amusing themselves, when in came Witless Will, with a thousand strange grimaces, flourishing a sealed billet above his head, and followed by Sir Fulke's own gentleman, who seemed determined to take it from him. 'What is this?' said my lady. 'A letter from Sir Aubrey, to me,' replied the poor fool, 'but as I have not book learning enow, I pray ye, my lady, to read it.'—'It is not for him,' cried the usher, greatly terrified, lest my lady should see a letter which he feared had come from some of his master's gallant Alsatians of Whitefriars. 'It is for me,' returned the fool, tearing it open, 'have I not waited beside the gate seven long years, for a message, and are not these fair letters of Sir Aubrey's own inditing?—read it, my lady.' The lady took the billet; it was penned in a beautiful Italian hand, and indited in that tongue—but she had scarcely glanced her eye along it, ere she fell senseless on the floor. All was now confusion; in vain did the usher attempt to take the billet from her hand, it was

too tightly grasped; so away flew her gentlewoman to call Sir Fulke. He was carousing it with some of your three pottle, right Malaga men; and, being too much of a court gallant to rise from good company to look after his wife, he sent my Lord Sondes. O! what a fearful tale was then told! for the letter was from an Italian woman, too well known in London as a suspected dealer in poisons; who, wanting money, had written to Sir Fulke, demanding ten pounds forthwith, 'by token' (so said the letter), 'that nine years before she had sent to Lord Edward Vaux, by his orders, some orange-flower water.' Then did the fearful truth flash on our minds; but how wonderful was its discovery! for most secretly had the letter been sent; when behold, the poor fool espying Sir Fulke's gentlemen conferring with a stranger at the gate, did quietly steal after him, and having seen him put a letter carefully at the very top of the court-cupboard, in his master's own room, he stole it from thence, and brought it to my lady. Nor wonder was it that this terrible letter had so woeful an effect on her, who still lay stretched on the rich silken carpet, with cheeks white as the pearls beside it—for this was the very nobleman who had diced and fought with Sir Fulke, and for whose sake that lady had even thrice refused him.

"That same evening, ere the sun went down, did I see that haughty and wealthy knight, still in his gallant array of watchet satin, and tawney velvet, on horseback, with his hands bound, and surrounded by

halberd-men, on his way to Hertford gaol, the gaping-stock and horror of the meanest hind. From the first, little hope was there for him: the earl, his father-in-law, was as bitter as the family of Lord Edward Vaux; many suspicious facts too, were discovered; so divers worthy ministers pitying his desolate, though well-deserved condition, did repair to the prison, among whom were the late most honoured Master Stephen Marshall, who provided for him 'The Sick Man's Salve,' and other suitable books; and old Master Dodd, who, though near four-score, did purposely ride over to see him. But all good counsels were vain: he flouted and mocked at these faithful men, who were sorrowfully enforced to leave him to his fate, which indeed was not long deferred, he being found dead that very morning on which he was to have taken his trial. Then arose vehement outcry (for 'twas thought he had destroyed himself by some swift-working poison), whether he should be buried in consecrated ground. Weak superstition! What spot blest by the dews of heaven, and hallowed by the sweet influence of the sun, shall vain man pronounce unconsecrate.

"Never again did the sounds of unholy revelry ring through the Vavasor Pleasaunce; the wicked household were all dispersed, and again none but the old porter and the poor fool remained. A melancholy sight is a deserted mansion! and yet, when I used to take a solitary walk along the park, and call to mind the fierce swash-bucklers, whose every third word was an oath; and the ruffling court gallants, for whose unpaid bravery many

a poor tradesman in the Gatehouse was forced to eat out of the prison basket; I rejoiced, I was fain to rejoice, that in the stead of such inhabitants, the stately swan, the blithe singing bird, and the dappled deer, with her pretty fawn, sported sole denizens of that fair scene.

"But what became of the poor fool? And how did he behave through these changes? Truly it was worthy much attentive notice, to see how well he conducted himself; and no sooner had the last of that heathen household quitted the Pleasaunce, than away went he to the store, where the ancient furniture and venerable relics of the worthy Sir Aubrey had been thrust away, and from thence, at a sore expence of labour, did he bring forth every piece of furniture that had formerly belonged to the crimson chamber. 'Come hither, master porter,' said he, when all was done, 'come hither and see my work, think ye not that my young Lady Anabel will remember this room again?' The porter shook his head, for though he was loth to discourage him, yet he knew it was very doubtful whether the young lady were still living; for, since her mother's death, she had been taken by her guardians into the West, and nought had been heard of her for seven long years.

"Again, a new lord arrived at Vavasor Pleasaunce, a very aged man, from a remote part of the country, with neither wife nor children, and who early in life had changed his name to Warcup. No gallant cavalcade attended him, but he came in a plain velvet coach,

with two grave-looking servants, and when he entered the chesnut walk, where none, save the porter, myself, and the poor fool, stood ready to receive him, the only answer he made to our gratulations was, 'May I tread in the steps of the worthy Sir Aubrey,' an answer, which ye may well believe was right comforting to us all. And soon the Pleasaunce began to wear the appearance that it did of old, and the poor fool was like to go wild for joy, for Sir John Warcup smiled, when he led him to the crimson damask chamber, and greatly commended his love to the memory of the good Sir Aubrey. Well, years past on, and wonderful was the liking that the poor fool had taken to his new master, who was truly most kind to him; yet still each spring-tide, though now feeble and bent with age, did he keep his patient watch beside the gate, saying, that his young lady Anabel would yet come. It fell one day, that Sir John Warcup was sitting at his desk writing, and Witless Will, who, save when at the gate, was scarcely ever out of his sight, standing beside him, when he suddenly laid down his pen and fell into a deep muse. 'What ails you, my master?' cried the poor fool, anxiously looking up in his face. 'I am engaged in a weighty business, Will; and therefore had need to muse,' said Sir John, smiling. 'And wherefore did ye not consult me?' answered the poor fool, with a strange air of self-importance.'—'You, my poor fool, can give me scant advice in this matter, for I am making my will.'—'If that be the case,' replied he, nought abashed, 'I can give ye right serviceable

counsel—make my sweet lady Anabel your heir.' 'Most willingly would I,' said Sir John, 'but nought hath been heard of her for many years, and most probably she is dead.'—'That she cannot be,' replied the poor fool, with great solemnity, 'else wherefore am I still here?' Sir John hath often told me, that this reply touched him greatly, and more especially when he added, 'No, no, she is not dead. I used to think the snowdrops, and violets, and all the sweet spring flowers dead for aye, when the deep snows covered them—but when the sun calls they come forth,—and so ere long, perchance ere this coming spring shall have fled, with the snowdrops and violets, and fair Spring blossoms,—my sweet lady Anabel will come again.' Soothly, a mystery was it to us all, what the hidden link could be that bound the springtide and these returning hopes so closely together in the fancies of this poor creature.—There he sat, keeping patient though anxious watch beside the gate; nor did he keep watch in vain, for one day he burst into the room where Sir John was sitting, with a letter in his hand. 'Another message from Sir Aubrey!' cried he; 'but though I have opened, I cannot read it, so I must pray you, my good master, to tell me its contents.'—'My poor fool,' said Sir John, 'this letter is neither for you nor me,—how came ye by it?'—'It was given me at the gate,' replied Witless Will, 'and I said all was right.'—'This letter,' continued Sir John, 'is addressed to a worthy gentleman, some miles off, and it prays his aid on behalf of a silenced minister, who

wishes forthwith to see him, as through ill health he is unable to quit his home. Alas! now through your strange fancies, this letter cannot arrive at its destination until to-morrow, and much anxiety on the part of the minister, and inconvenience perchance on the part of the gentleman to whom it is addressed, may be the result.'—'Then go yourself to him,' said the fool, 'mayhap he may have some tidings of my lady Anabel, else wherefore should the letter have been given to me?' Sir John made no answer, for he was chafed at the mistake, and although near evening, he forthwith sent man and horse to the gentleman's mansion with the letter—but behold the gentleman had that very afternoon set out on a long journey. 'This is passing strange,' said Sir John Warcup, as he mused on this singular mischance, 'truly it seems as though I was indeed to go myself.' And go he did—for most kind and considerate in all his deeds, both of justice and charity, was this worthy gentleman, and he could not endure to think that through a mistake, unintentional though it were, a servant of his Master should feel the bitterness of that long-delayed hope that maketh the heart sick. 'Farewell, my good master,' said poor Witless Will, as he set out, 'ye will bring back my sweet lady Anabel.'—'No,' replied Sir John, smiling, 'ye said she would come with the spring flowers, and they are all withered now.'—'Not all,' cried poor Will, a strange gleam of intelligence lighting up in his dim and inexpressive eye, 'look here!' And with the action of a miser,

cautiously yet delightedly unfolding his precious store, the poor fool stept aside, and lifting up the thick leaves of the overhanging plants, he pointed to a small cluster of violets, half hidden on their mossy bank, and then laughed long and loudly. All that day he seemed sunk into a strange kind of musing,—he refused his food, and scarcely answered any questions that were put to him;—when, however, the evening drew near, he called to the housekeeper, and desired her to put the crimson damask chamber in readiness, as there would be a guest that night. The housekeeper smiled at the strange fancy of the poor creature; however, she spoke him fairly, and he went and took his usual station beside the gate. Ere long, Sir John Warcup returned; but what was the surprise of the whole household when they saw two ladies with him, one a decent-looking matron, and the other a fair young maiden. Truly they all thought that the poor fool's words were about to be proved true, until they heard Sir John give orders to the coachman to have the horses in readiness by six of the clock the next morning, to convey the ladies onward to London, where they were forthwith to embark for Rotterdam. It chanced that I was there when Sir John and the two ladies alighted, and knowing the strange fancy of poor Will, I watched him narrowly. Not a word, not an expression of surprize escaped him, but ever and anon he stole a cautious glance at the face of the younger lady; and then, as though emboldened by her kind looks, he approached nearer, and timidly laid his hand on one of the long silken

tresses of bright amber, that floated over her shoulder, and again drew back. But to return:—A singular Providence was that which led Sir John Warcup to visit this silenced minister — for as he told us, he found in him an old friend, whom for very many years he had not seen, and how that the urgent business for which he sent that letter, was to pray of that gentleman some aid in behalf of a young orphan lady, of the family of the Cresacres of Devonshire, who having, by fierce persecution of her relatives, been forced to quit them, was anxious to find means of getting over to Holland, where a distant relation resided. 'It was in good time I came,' said Sir John Warcup, 'for she had just learned that a vessel was about to sail; and the worthy matron, a minister's widow, that accompanied her, was also going, so that all that was wanting was merely the means of conveyance.' In the mean time, while we were talking over these things, the ladies had retired to rest, and the housekeeper marvelling at the accomplishment of poor Will's prediction, had shown the younger lady to the crimson damask chamber, where scarcely glancing a look around her, she soon sunk to sleep. The morning sun shining full in at the window, early roused the fair sleeper, she unclosed her blue eyes, and long and wonderingly looked around. The crimson hung chamber, the tall carved press, the huge gilt timepiece, the tapestried arm-chair, with the wyvern and shield at the top, each brought some recollection of long-past days, and now dimly arose to her half-awakened senses, the vision of an aged man, with lofty and placid

brow, reading from a large clasped book. She turns her head, and close beside her that very volume is lying upon the well-remembered ebony desk; and there, too, are the hawk's bells, and the hood and collar, with which when a little child she had so often played. While she yet looked bewilderedly around, the housekeeper entered; so, hastily preparing herself, she descended to the hall. 'Remember ye the crimson damask chamber, my sweet Lady Anabel Lisle?' cried the poor fool, bustling forward. 'O how know ye my name?' cried the fair orphan, 'for ever since my mother's death, I have gone by that of my great uncle, Cresacre. But where am I—and how is all this? did I not know I was at Warcup Hall, I should say I was at Vavasor Pleasaunce, and had slept in my great-grandfather's own chamber.'—'And so you are, and so you have, my sweet Anabel Lisle,' cried Sir John Warcup, coming forward, 'blessings on the wondrous Providence that sent me that letter! and blessings on the patient watchfulness of yonder poor fool, who promised to be your protector! Well and wisely hath he fulfilled his office; and grateful, most grateful am I to him, for old John Warcup is no longer relationless, and Vavasor Pleasaunce is no longer without a mistress, now our sweet Anabel Lisle is returned again.'"

PARAPHRASE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

I.

THE Lord himself my steps doth guide ;
I feel no want, I fear no foe :
Along the verdant valley's side,
Where cool the quiet waters flow,
Like as his flock a shepherd feedeth,
My soul in love Jehovah leadeth.

II.

And when amid the stumbling mountains
Through frowardness I blindly stray,
Or wander near forbidden fountains
Where the Destroyer lurks for prey,
My wayward feet again he guideth
To paths where holy Peace resideth.

III.

Though that dread pass before me lies,
(First opened up by Sin and Wrath)
Where Death's black shadow shrouds the skies,
And sheds its horrors o'er the path,
Yet even there no ill I'll fear,
For my Redeemer's hand is near.

IV.

Even He who walked by Abraham's side
My steps doth tend through weal and woe;
With rod and staff to guard and guide,
And comfort me where'er I go;
For He who thus his chosen keepeth,
Our Shepherd, slumbereth not nor sleepeth.

V.

For me a banquet he doth spread
Of high desires and hallowed joys;
With blessings he anoints my head,
And fills a cup that never cloys;
And nothing more my soul doth lack,
Save gratitude to render back.

VI.

Oh! still may Goodness, Mercy, Truth,
Attend my steps, from stage to stage,
As they have followed me from youth
Through life's long weary pilgrimage;
Till He who Israel led of old,
Shall lead me to his heavenly fold.

THE POET'S LOVE.

A Song.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I.

Let the table be spread;
Bring me wine of the rarest,
And fill me the cup—
Here's the health of the fairest:
The ladies of Nithsdale
Are stately and saucie;
There's nane of them a'
Like my bonnie Lassie.

II.

She has nae rich lands
To maintain her in grandeur,
Nor jewels to fill all
The kirk with their splendour,
But nature has made her
Sae beauteous and gaucie,
A gray gown 's enough
For sae lovely a Lassie.

III.

Her forehead is clear
  As the morn when it 's sunny;
Her twa laughing e'en
  Among lads are uncanny;
Her lang clust'ring tresses —
  Here fill up the tassie —
There's nane of them a'
  Like my bonnie Lassie.

IV.

I'm drunk with her love,
  And forget in her presence
But that she is divine,
  And I owe her obeisance;
And I saunter at eve
  When the night-dew is falling,
And think myself blest
  With the sight of her dwelling.

THE WOES OF PRAISE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

I WAS on a visit a few months ago, to a friend in Somersetshire; glad, no doubt, to exchange the dust and heat of London for the enchanting views of that finest of the English counties. My friend's house was situated in a populous neighbourhood; and during my sojourn amongst them, the good people were, if possible, more hospitable than usual. I had, of course, thrown off all my professional engagements, and resolved to deliver myself for one happy month from the trammels of patients and learned consultations, to which for many years I had made myself a slave. But it scarcely needed the eloquence of the clergyman of the parish, to assure me, "that vain are the hopes of man." My reputation, such as it is, was soon spread abroad, and in less than a week it was no secret that the gentleman on a visit at Haughley Manor was Dr.——, the great London Physician. It gave me great amusement to remark the different modes in which I was addressed by the different denizens of the neighbourhood; some sidling round to obtain

an advice in the course of common conversation, and some boldly demanding my opinion on all matters connected with the health of their establishments, from their wives and daughters downwards to their favourite dogs. From these I released myself as easily and quietly as I could; but at length I found one from whom it occasioned me somewhat more trouble to escape.

We had heard that a young gentleman, a visitor of one of the neighbouring squires, had met with a severe accident in riding, and had been confined to his bed for several days. As my friend, however, was not on terms of very great intimacy with the family to whom the sufferer was on a visit, — after a few enquiries, which were satisfactorily answered, the circumstance was almost entirely forgotten. One evening, while sauntering on the lawn in the peaceable enjoyment of a cigar, Mr. ——-'s carriage came at a rapid rate down the avenue. My friend and I immediately went to receive the visitor, and found him to be Mr. —— himself. He informed us of the particulars of the accident, and said his young friend within the last few days had grown rapidly worse, and insisted with the utmost earnestness that I should be called in. I, of course, offered no opposition to the wish of the invalid, and accompanied Mr.—— directly. He told me, on our way, that the young gentleman was about two and twenty years of age, of a good family and very considerable fortune; that though a connection had long subsisted between their families, it was only very lately they had been personally acquainted; but, from all he had heard from the young

man's aunt and other relations, he was convinced he was an exceedingly praiseworthy and exemplary person.

On arriving at Mr. ——'s house, I was shewn into the drawing-room, while my visit was announced to the sufferer, whom I shall in future designate by the almost anonymous name of Smith. I found the drawing-room occupied by the ladies of the family, and I immediately set them down as the most interesting and beautiful women I had yet seen in Somersetshire. The two daughters in particular attracted my attention. Tall and elegantly shaped, they seemed to me the most graceful creatures I had ever beheld; and the intelligence of their countenances left nothing to be desired towards the perfection of female loveliness. The elder of the two seemed to be more interested than the other in the issue of my visit; I thought I detected a roguish look of archness about the younger, while her sister spoke upon the subject, which led me to suspect it was more than pity which prompted her enquiries.

In a short time I was ushered into the chamber of Mr. Smith. I advanced cautiously to the side of the bed and saw a young man of very handsome features lying apparently asleep. He opened his eyes as I approached, and, staring wildly on me for some time, he said, "Well,—I'm very glad you're come at last,—and that confounded apothecary will bother me no more with his praises."—I enquired into the symptoms of his disease without taking any notice of this address; and asked him where was the principal seat of his pain?—He looked fiercely, knitting his brows, while

his fine eyes almost literally flashed fire,—and exclaimed.—"Where is the seat of my pain?—My aunt!"—I judged from this, and from the obvious excitement of his manner, that he was powerfully under the influence of fever—I felt his pulse, and said soothingly at the same time, "I was in hopes from the high character I had heard of you that you would have borne this accident with more equanimity."—He wrenched his wrist out of my fingers and threw himself back distractedly on his pillow—"There! there! there!—high character again!—The whole world is leagued against me. Sir! was it not enough that aunts and cousins, strangers, visitors, friends, companions, country surgeons, curates, old maids and half-pay captains, should exterminate me with their detestable commendation, but must I also suffer martyrdom from a person of *your* reputation and abilities?—it will inevitably drive me mad!" He covered his face with his hands and gave way to a violent paroxysm of grief. I tried all methods to soothe him; but I found that the usual means, in this instance, entirely failed. He raged and stormed the more I endeavoured, as the common plan is, to compliment him into good humour. I perceived at last that something was wrong; but whether in the mind of my patient, or in the way in which he had been treated, I could not determine. As I manifestly perceived, however, that soft speeches had no effect on him, I resolved to try what an opposite course would produce. I looked at him with a mixture of severity and contempt, and then said, "I never in the whole course of my practice met with such a dri-

velling, weak-minded blockhead as yourself; you are the most childish miserable creature I ever encountered, and I shall decidedly leave you this moment, unless you conduct yourself like a rational being."—

"Doctor!" he said; "give me your hand, you're the only sensible man I have seen for these many years.—There, sit down like a good fellow, and call me all these names again, it does me good; I assure you it does:"—and as he said this, he looked so pleased and delighted, that I was strongly tempted to call him all manner of opprobrious names merely for his gratification.—

"There, Mr. Smith, you now speak with the sense and calmness I expected."—

"No such thing; Sir! don't endeavour to hide the opinion you so truly expressed a minute ago, under a heap of flowery speeches. I have had enough of them in my time. And, by heavens! the first man that dares to insult me by his praise I shall shoot through the heart, as I would a hyena!"

"Well, be it so"—I rejoined—"I confess you are the most extraordinary fool I ever saw,—and I should be almost as much inclined as yourself to quarrel with any one who thought you any thing else."—

"That's right; that's friendly. Will you give it me under your hand and seal that you think me an idiot?—I'll get it framed and glazed, and hung up in my aunt's parlour—ha! ha! 'My nephew John Smith an idiot!' how the old woman will be surprised!—it will kill her or cure her—and in either case it will be a great blessing to me!—Come, write it down in large capital let-

ters,—an idiot, a born, insufferable, incorrigible idiot—be sure you make it plain and distinct—now, now, thank you, thank you,"—and he turned on his side, and in an instant was sound asleep.

On descending to the drawing room I was subjected to a very close examination. I shook my head with the gravity expected from a celebrated physician, and declined expressing any decided opinion till I had seen my patient again. I however quieted their fears by stating that I apprehended no ultimate danger, and concluded, like my brethren, by hoping that every thing would turn out for the best.—I was really puzzled by the case. I saw no inflammation about the young man, to account for his extraordinary behaviour; he expressed himself well and distinctly, and I confess that I looked forward to my next visit with no inconsiderable curiosity.

Early next morning I accordingly set off for Mr. ——'s. The two sisters met me as I rode up the avenue; and I saw from their faces, and especially from that of the elder, that they were gratified by the attention I bestowed on my mysterious patient.—I took the opportunity of making a few enquiries which might aid me in my judgment upon the case.—Mr. Smith had been an inmate of the house for upwards of a month; his parents were both dead, and he had been under the care of a maiden aunt in Shropshire, since his earliest childhood.—I asked, in as unintentional a manner as I could assume, if it was likely that any love affair might cause his present excitement; and I saw from the blushes of the elder sister, and a malicious smile on the

beautiful features of the other, that I need not pursue my inquiries on that subject any farther.

I proceeded to the house; and in a few minutes again was at the bed side of Mr. Smith. He was a great deal more quiet and composed; and, after a few preliminary inquiries, which he answered quite rationally, I proceeded to talk of his illness. He interrupted me,—and said—"My illness in itself is a mere trifle; my ancle to be sure is severely sprained; but instead of troubling ourselves about that, if you will let me tell you a few circumstances of my situation, you will perhaps see the cause of my irritation, and excuse the incoherent, rambling manner in which I addressed you last night.

"I have an aunt whose excessive kindness to me has been the misery of my existence; she has made me since the hour of my birth the theme of her unwearied praises. My abilities, I suppose, are much like other people's; but she paints me to every person and upon all occasions, as the highest genius the world ever produced. My appearance is nothing out of the common way: my aunt believes, as firmly as she does her Bible, that I am more beautiful than Adonis. I pass over the way she treated me in my youth;—but her praises were so constant that I soon learned to believe them. She was the richest and most influential personage in our village, had the finest house, and gave the most splendid entertainments. The clergyman, the surgeon and the attorney, accordingly, were equally profuse in my praises as my aunt herself; and an old half-pay captain who settled near us very soon joined in the chorus. No

wonder I thought myself a most wonderful fellow indeed. Even school, where I was flogged for ignorance, thrashed by the boys for my arrogance and vanity, and from which I was finally expelled for petty thefts and a strong habit of telling lies, neither undeceived my aunt nor myself. The clergyman, the surgeon, the attorney, and the half-pay captain, were as vigorous and indefatigable in dining with the old lady and praising me as ever; and among them all, I had a fair prospect of finding my way to the gallows. I was luckily sent to another school, where, in due course of time, I came to a fairer estimate of myself; at all events, I reformed so far as to give up my habits of pilfering and lying. But in the vacations, my ears were still saluted with the same unvarying song,—Master John did this, and Master John did that, better than any body else in the county.—Their praises, amongst people who did not know me, brought me even at that time into unnumbered scrapes. If I went out any where for a few days, my reputation as a student generally procured me a book, and permission to remain in the library, while the rest of the boys were enjoying themselves at some game; for my aunt generally concluded her commendations by saying, 'and as for books! give my John a book, and he will not care a straw for all the amusements in the world.'

"At last, however, I was sent to the University. Our clergyman had been a fellow-student of the principal tutor of my college. Besides a letter of praises from my aunt, her reverend echo favoured me with a note of introduction. In this my abilities and attainments were

described as very nearly miraculous; and for the first few days it was evident my preceptor stood in considerable awe of his pupil. When, however, he put me on, his awe very rapidly diminished. I made two false quantities in the first sentence, and could not make out above a word here and there of the translation. In short, as the phrase is in the university, I was 'plucked for my little go;' and though in my examination for my degree, I was very nearly in the same situation, I managed to scrape through. The battle of Waterloo was a mere trifle to my 'pass.' My aunt feasted all the village; the clergyman introduced me in a sermon on the powers of the human mind; and the half-pay captain never addressed me without saying 'Sir,' in every sentence, and concluding—'but this, of course, with deference to your wonderful abilities.'

"By this time I hated the very appearance of praise. I could have knocked the old sycophantish blockheads down every time they began their panegyrics. But they soon took a new fancy into their heads. If any book of great merit was published anonymously, they were sure to discover something or other in the style which convinced them I was the author. I wish people would put their names to their writings. I have been complimented for the last year or two as the author of the Kuzzilbash; and they can by no means imagine how I have made myself so conversant with Eastern manners. Any leading article in a magazine or review was sure only to encrease my fame.—'It is so like Mr. John, I could have known it in a moment.'

"My hatred at last rose beyond all bounds. My aunt among some strangers had been descanting as usual on my abilities, and as a very satirical poem was at that time highly spoken of, she of course laid claim to all the honours of it for me. A Welch gentleman in company got up and left the room. I was at this time at home. A message was sent to me demanding satisfaction for my cowardly libel. I could not tell what the individual alluded to, and replied to that effect; he persisted in his challenge, and added some insinuations against my courage. I met him; and it was not till he was slightly wounded, that I could get an explanation. The satire had been directed principally against his uncle, and even indirectly implicated himself. I assured him I never wrote any thing which could offend a human being; and though I parted on friendly terms with my opponent, I could not bring myself to look with common patience on the causes of my rencontre. I loathed them and their praises; and to escape them for a time, I resolved to come and visit my relations in this part of the country.

But my aunt had been beforehand with me even here. I was looked upon, in consequence of her ridiculous commendations, as a paragon of all sorts of perfections. Mr.——himself treated me with as much deference as if I had been a bishop. Literature was the only subject talked of—I was so wonderfully fond of books and such a celebrated author. Dancing was forbidden—I was such a pleasure-hating philosopher; and though I heard them laughing, and singing, and talking while they were together, the girls were converted into statues the moment

I entered the room. My life grew hateful to me; and I believe I would have consigned my aunt and her abettors to the flames without a moment's hesitation. Letter after letter arrived with the post-mark of our village, and greater and greater became the respect of this delightful family. I could bear it no longer. I resolved to make a confidante of at least one of the girls, and I fixed upon Julia,—you have seen her,—the taller one—so I need not describe what an angel she is. After that, she and I became particular friends. She delighted me more and more, the less awe she entertained of my abilities; and I should infallibly have been over head and ears in love with her, as I saw she began to despise me. But my aunt, my abominable aunt, interfered again. In one of her letters she had been boasting of my horsemanship, and Mr.——took the opportunity of having such a Ducrow in his house, to mount me on a vicious horse he has, which nobody has been able to subdue. I mounted him, unconscious of my danger; he set off with me before the eyes of the whole family, Julia herself looking on;—and the accomplished horseman, after clinging for some time to the mane in no very graceful fashion, was at last chucked off and sprained his ancle. Then came an apothecary who praised me as much as my aunt. All this, the pain, the excitement, and rage against my tormentress, worked me into a fever; and I took the liberty of sending for you, in hopes of getting not only your professional assistance, but also your advice how I am to act."

This confession explained every thing to my entire

satisfaction. I saw that keeping him from mixing with the family increased his irritation; and that very day I ordered him into the drawing-room, to recline on the sofa, and by all means to be kept amused. I called again in two or three days, and found that Miss Julia had constituted herself his nurse. They were reading together the 'Pleasures of Hope;' and before I left the country, I was promised a pair of gloves, and not to be forgotten in the distribution of the wedding-cake.

J. W.

SONNET TO ELIA.

Thou gentle Spirit, sweet and pure and kind,—
Though strangely witted—'high fantastical'—
Who clothest thy deep feelings in a pall
Of motley hues, that twinkle to the mind,
Half hiding, and yet heightening, what's enshrined
Within;—who, by a power unknown to all
Save thee, canst bring up at a call
A thousand seeming opposites, entwined
In wondrous brotherhood—fancy, wild wit,
Quips, cranks, and wiles, with deep sweet thought,
And stinging jests, with honey for the wound;
All blent in intermixture full and fit,—
A banquet for the choicest souls:—Can aught
Repay the solace which from thee I've found!

J. H.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

A Fragment.

And, as she steered along the tropic sky
The weary dragons of her shining car,
She bade the youthful knight the orb espy,
That now above them, like a new-born star,
Seemed emerald all or gold, with painted gleams
Of sunny sea and shore and forest wild,
And likest silver webs its sparkling streams,
And likest clustering gems its mountains piled,
On which in living light eternal summer smiled.

"Behold, Sir Knight," she said, "my lord and love,
That world with all its treasures shall be thine."
And as she spoke, she o'er his spirit wove
A spell that wit of man could ne'er untwine;
The spell that beams in beauty's dewy eye,
The spell that steals in beauty's trembling tongue:
What was to him the crown of chivalry,
When o'er his brow the young Enchantress hung?
To the wild winds that hour his wisdom all was flung.

And now they reached the orb ; and on thro' vales
With amaranthine perfume all bestrewed,
And rich with songs of thousand nightingales
That seemed with subtlest sense divine endued,
She led the blooming Paladin where met
Two crystal waters, streams of Paradise,
That, falling from the mountain's coronet,
Seemed studded with the peacock's jewelled dyes,
Or two eternal bows aye bending from the skies.

" And these delicious hills and flowery plains,"
She, smiling on him, said, " shall be our world,
That knows no chains but passion's silken chains,
No banners but by Love's soft hands unfurled;
Here Nature knows no sorrow, Life no tomb;
Here age on age is one resplendent show ;
Visions of deathless grandeur, deathless bloom ;
Life, like yon azure water's ceaseless flow,
Life, like this crimson bud, one sweet, eternal glow.

" And here shall be our home," the Enchantress said :
" Now spirits, hear my will."—And, at the words,
A sound of voices sweet sailed overhead,
With silver tinklings of a thousand chords.
And, plucking from the stem an evening rose,
She cast it floating on the waters wide :
Anon a vapour, white as mountain snows,
Crept, slowly gathering, o'er the silent tide,
Then swelled to domes and towers and pinnacles of pride.



Drawn by W. Parker.

Engraved by ... dam

THE THAMES.

And lovely rose the Palace as a dream,
Such as the poet sees with half-shut eye,
When thro' the elm's embowering branches stream
The flickering splendours of the noon-day sky;
Or the broad glory of the cloudy tent,
That folds its curtains round the sultan Sun,
When to the ocean-wave magnificent
He stoops from heaven upon his floating throne,
And calls his starry hosts, and bids the day be done.

Αων.

THE PALACE.

BY DELTA.

I looked: and lo the light of evening shone,
With Claude-like softness warm, vermilion-tinged,
Upon the zephyr-touched yet glowing face
Of a translucent river, on whose banks
Of beauty blossomed flowers of every dye.
Nature and Art for mastery strove, and there
Each shone triumphant; — trees of ampler shade
Or softer green o'erhung not Enna's vale,
Nor did Cephisus lave more fragrant meads,
Than here the waters, which, with whispering sound,
A murmurous trance of joy, down to the sea,
Far distant, journeyed tardily; as loth
To leave the glory of their course behind.

On its left bank, a gorgeous Palace rose,
In Grecian state and pillared pride — a gem
Of architectural triumph. Its rich front,

(Floor upon floor, base upon capital,
With rows of flower-hewn tracery between,)
Spacious and lofty, overlooked the stream,
Towards which it lowered itself by terraced steps;
And from the central archway sprang a bridge,
Beneath whose wide and spanning arches plied
The gilded gondolas.
It was a day
Of fete; and on the river and the shore
Shone bright and happy faces. Here a girl,
On the green grass, under a branching elm,
Strung her guitar to harmony, and sang
Of beauty and love, blue summer, and the flowers.
There, by the downward steps, where, pair and pair,
Grin the stone lions couchant, choral bands
Chaunt, as they row the cabined barge along,
A measured-rhyme, to which their oars keep time:
And here the finch, with imitative note,
Pours from the forest twilight its sweet lay.
Between perfuming rows of wild-bloom, hung
From tree to tree the curtains of the tent,
Silken and striped, under whose canopy,
A shield and shelter from the noonday heat,
Were spread the viands and the wines. To fame
The spot was hallowed to the great of old;
And good, women and men, the pride
And glory of their separate ages; some
For deeds heroic; some for councils wise;
Statesmen, and orators, and architects,
The painter, and the poet and the sage.

THE CHURCH-YARD WATCH.

A True Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY."

The dead are watched lest the living should prey on them! — 'Tis a strange alliance — of the living with Death — that his kingdom and sovereignty may remain untrenched upon. In different parts of England, we have seen watch-houses, almost entirely composed of glass, built in lonesome church-yards, of which generally the parish sexton, and perhaps his dog (ill-fated among men and dogs!), are the appointed nightly tenants; with liberty, ceded or taken, to leave their dull lamp in the watch-box, and roam, here and there, at their pleasure, among the graves, until day-light. What stern necessities man forces upon man! There can scarce be a more comfortless lot, or, making allowance for the almost in-born shudderings of the human heart, a more appalling one, than that of the poor grave-scooper or bell-puller who is thus doomed to spend his nights, summer and winter. Habit, indeed, may eventually blunt the first keenness of his

aversion, if not terror: he may serve a due apprenticeship to horrors, and learn his trade. After a thousand secret and unowned struggles to seem brave and indifferent, he may at last grow callously courageous. His flesh may cease to creep as he strides on, in his accustomed round, over the abodes of the silent and mouldering, and hears his own dull footstep echoed through the frequent dreary hollowness beneath. But what has he gained, now, beyond the facility of earning his wretched crust for himself and his crying infants!—We have seen and spoken with such an unhappy being, who seemed to have lost, in the struggle which conquered nature's especial antipathy (nature in a breast and mind like his, at least), most of the other sympathies of his kind. He had a heavy, ox-like expression of face; he would scarce speak to his neighbours (although *we* contrived to make him eloquent) when they passed him at his door, or in the village street; his own children feared or disliked him, and did not smile nor whisper in his presence. We have watched him into the church-yard, at his usual hour, after night-fall; and as he began to stalk about there, the ghastly sentinel of the dead, he appeared to be in closer fellowship with them, than with the fair existence which he scarce more than nominally shared. It was said, indeed, that, upon his initiation, at a tender age and under peculiar circumstances, into his profession of church-yard watchman, temporary delirium prepared him for its regular and steady pursuit ever since; and that, although he showed no

symptoms of distinct insanity, when we knew him, the early visitation had left a gloom on his mind, and a thick, nerveless insensibility in his heart, which then, at forty-five, formed his character. In fact, we learned a good deal about him, for every one talked of him—and, as has been hinted, much of that good deal from himself, to say nothing of his wife, in his absence; and if he did not deliberately invent fables of his past trials, for the purpose of gratifying a little spirit of mockery of our undisguised interest, as mad as the maddest bedlamite he must have been upon the occasion alluded to: nay, to recount, with a grave face (as he did) the particulars of the delusions of his time of delirium, did not argue him a very sound-minded man at the moment he gave us his confidence. We are about to tell his story, at length, in our own way, however; that is, we shall try to model into our own language (particularly the raving parts) what his neighbours, his spouse, and his own slow-moving and heavy lips, have, from time to time, supplied us with.

He was the only child of an affectionate and gentle-mannered father, who died when he was little more than a boy, leaving him sickly and pining. His mother wept a month, mourned three months more,—and was no longer a widow. Her second husband proved a surly fellow, who married her little fortune, rather than herself, as the means of keeping his quart pot filled, almost from morning to night, at the village Tap, where he played good-fellow and politician to the expressed admiration of all his companions. He had

long been the parish sexton, and took up his post, night after night, in the church-yard. Little fear had he of what he might see there; or, he had out-grown his fears; or, if he thought or felt of the matter, the lonely debauch which he was known to make in that strange banquet-place, served to drug him into obliviousness. He deemed his duty — or he said and swore he did — only a tiresome and slavish one, and hated it just as he hated daily labour. And—as he declared and harangued at the Tap — he had long ago forsworn it, only that it paid him well; but, now that his marriage made his circumstances easier, he was determined to drink alone in the churchyard no longer: and he fed an idle, useless lad at home, who with his dog — as idle as he — roamed and loitered about, here and there, and had never yet done a single thing to earn their bread. But it was full time that both were taught the blessings of industry; and he would teach them; — and — now that he thought of it — why should not Will take his place in the watch-box, and so keep the shillings in the family? His friends praised his views, one and all, and he grew thrice resolved.

Returned the next morning from his nocturnal charge, he reeled to bed in solemn, drunken determination. He arose, towards evening, only half reclaimed by sleep to ordinary sense, and set about his work of reformation. He ate his meal in silence, turned from the table to the fire without a word, looked at the blaze, grimly contemplative, then grumbling suddenly at his wife — "And where is that truant now?" he asked:

" down by the marshes with his cur, I suppose; or gone a-nutting, or lying stretched in the sun, the two idlers together; what!—and must I work and work, and strive and strive — I, I, for ever — and will he never lend me a hand? — go where he likes, do what he likes, and laugh and fatten on my labour?"

" Master Hunks," said the wife, " Will is sickly, and wont fatten on either your labour or mine — not to talk of his own; — you know 'tis a puny lad, and wants some favour yet a-while; with God's help, and ours, he may be stronger soon."

Will and dog here came in. From what followed, this evening, it will be seen, that the ill-fated lad promised, in early youth, to be of an open, kindly, intelligent character, very different indeed from that in which we found him husked up, at five-and-forty.

He saluted his step-father, and sat down quietly near the fire. His poor dumb companion—friend of his boyhood, and his father's gift—coiled himself up before the blaze, and prepared to surrender his senses to happy sleep, interspersed with dreams of all the sports he had enjoyed with his master that day. Hunks, his eye glancing from one object of dislike to the other, kicked the harmless brute, who jumped up, yelping in pain and bitter lamentation, and ran for shelter under Will's chair. Will's pale cheek broke out into colour, his weak eye sparkled, his feeble voice arose shrilly, and he asked— " Why is my poor dog beaten?"

" The lazy cur!" said Hunks—" he was in my way, and only got paid for idleness."

"'Twas ill done," resumed Will—"he was my father's dog, and my father gave him to me; and if my father were alive and well, he would not hurt him, nor see him hurt!'—Tears interrupted his sudden fit of spirit.

"Cur, as much as he is!" retorted Hunks—"do you put upon me, here at my own fireside? *You* are the idler—you—and he only learns of you—and I had'nt ought to have served him out, and you so near me."

"It has been God's will," said the boy, "to keep my strength from me."

"Be silent and hear me!" roared Hunks—"this is your life, I say—playing truant for ever—and what is mine, and your own good mother's here?"

"Master Hunks," pleaded the wife—"God knows I don't grudge nothing I can do for my poor Will's sake."

"And you—not a word from you either, Missis!" grunted Hunks—"I am put upon by one and t'other of you—ye sleep in comfort every night, and leave me to go a-watching, out o' doors, there, in all weathers; but stop a bit, my man, it sha'nt be this way much longer; I'll have my natural rest in my bed, some time or other, and soon; and you must earn it for me."

"How, father? how can I earn it?" asked Will—"I would if I could—but how? I hav'nt learnt no trade, and you know as well as any one knows it, I am not able to work in the fields or on the roads, or get my living any one way."

"Then you can sit still and watch—that's light work," muttered Hunks.

"Watch!" cried mother and son together — "watch what? and where? or whom?"

"The dead folk in the churchyard."

"Heaven defend me from it!" cried poor Will, clasping his hands and falling back in his chair.

"Ay, and this very night," continued the despot — "this very night you shall mount guard in my place, and I shall have my lawful sleep, what the whole parish cries shame on me for not having months ago."

"Master Hunks, 'twill kill the boy!" cried the mother.

"Missis—don't you go for to cross me so often!" — remonstrated her husband, with a fixed look, which, short as they had been one flesh, she had reason to understand and shrink at.—"Come, my man, stir yourself; 'tis time you were at the gate; the church-clock has struck; *they will expect us*"—he interrupted himself in a great rage, and with a great oath — "but here I keep talking, and the cur never minds a word I say! — Come along!"

"Don't lay hands on him!" screamed the mother as he strode towards the boy — "what I have often told you, has come to pass, Master Hunks — you have killed him!"

Hunks scoffed at the notion, although, indeed, Will's hands had fallen helplessly at his side, and his chin rested on his breast, while his eyes were closed, and his lips apart. But he had only become insensible from sheer terror acting on a weak frame. Sighs and groans soon gave notice of returning animation. His mother

then earnestly besought their tyrant to go on his night's duty, and, at least till the following night, leave her son to her care. Half in fear of having to answer for a murder, incredulously as he pretended to speak, Hunks turned out of the house, growling and threatening.

"Is he gone?" asked Will, when he regained his senses — "gone not to come back?"—and having heard his mother's gentle assurances, he let his head fall on her shoulder, weeping, while he continued: —

"Mother, mother, it would destroy the little life I have! I could not bear it for an hour! The dread I am in of it was born with me! When I was a child of four years, I had dreams of it, and I remember them to this day; they used to come in such crowds round my cradle! As I grew up, you saw and you know my weakness. I could never sit still in the dark, nor even in the daylight out of doors in lonesome places. Now in my youth — a lad — almost a man — I am ashamed to speak of my inward troubles. Mother, you do not know me — I do not know myself! I walk out sometimes down by the river, and, listening to the noise of the water over the rocks, where it is shallow, and to the rustling of the trees as they nod in the twilight, voices and shrieks come round me — sometimes they break in my ears — and I have turned to see what thing it was that spoke, and thought some grey tree at my side had only just changed and become motionless, and seemed as if, a moment before, it had been something else, and had a tongue, and said the words that frightened me!— Oh, it was but yester evening I ran home from the river-

side, and felt no heart within me till I had come in here to the fireside, and seen you moving near me!

"You know the lone house all in ruins upon the hill —I fear it, mother, more than my tongue can tell you! I have been taken through it, in my dreams, in terrible company, and here I could describe to you its bleak apartments, one by one — its vaults, pitch dark, and half-filled with stones and rubbish, and choaked up with weeds — its winding, creeping stair-cases, and its flapping windows — I know them all, though my feet never yet crossed its threshold! — Never, mother — though I have gone near it, to enter it, and see if what I had dreamt of it was true — and I went in the first light of the morning; but when close by the old door-way, the rustle of the shrubs and weeds startled me, and I thought — but sure *that* was fancy — that some one called me in by name — and then I turned and raced down the hill, never looking back till I came to the meadow ground where cows and sheep are always grazing, and heard the dogs barking in the town, and voices of the children at play!"

"Will, my king," said his mother, soothingly, "this is all mere childishness at your years. God is above us and around us; and even if evil and strange things are allowed to be on earth, he will shield us from all harm. Arouse up like a man! for, indeed, your time of boyhood is passing — nay, it has passed with other lads not much older; only you have been poorly and weakly from your cradle, Will. Come, go to sleep; and before you lie down, pray for better health and strength to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he repeated — "and did my step-father say any thing of to-morrow?"

His mother answered him evasively, and he resumed, —"Oh, how I fear to-morrow!—oh, mother, you have loved me, and you do love me — for my weakness, my ill-health, and my dutifulness—and you loved my father — oh, for his sake as well as mine, mother, keep me from what I am threatened with! — keep me from it, if you would keep me alive another day!"

He went into his little sleeping apartment, stricken to the very soul with supernatural fears.

After spending a miserable night, he stole out of the house next morning, and wandered about the private walks adjacent to the town, until he thought his step-father might have arisen and taken his usual walk to the Tap. But as the lad was about to re-enter the house, Hunks met him at the threshold. Will shrunk back; to his surprize and comfort, however, his fears now seemed ill-founded. The man bid him good morrow in as cheerful and kind a tone as he could command, shook his hand, tapped him on the head, and left the house. Delighted, though still agitated, Will sought his mother within doors, told her his good omens, and spent a happy day. At dinner, too, notwithstanding Hunks' presence, the mother and son enjoyed themselves, so amiable had the despot become, at least in appearance.

When their meal was over, Hunks, as if to attain the height of civility, invited Will to go out with him for a walk by the river—"and let's have Barker (Will's

dog) for company," continued Hunks; "he may shew us sport with a rat, or such like, Will."

Accordingly, the three strolled out together, Will leading the way by many a well-known sedge or tuft of bushes, or undermined bank, the resorts of the water-rat, and sometimes of the outlaw otter; and Barker upheld his character, by starting, hunting down, and killing one of the first-mentioned animals. As twilight came on, they turned their faces towards the little town. They entered it. Its little hum of life was now hushed; its streets silent, and almost deserted; its doors and windows barred and bolted, and the sounds of the rushing river and the thumping mill were the only ones which filled the air. The clock pealed ten as they continued their way. Hunks had grown suddenly silent and reserved. They passed the old Gothic church, and now were passing the gate which led into its burial-ground. Hunks stopped short. His grey, bad eye fell on the lad — "Will," he said, "I be thinking we 've walked enough for this time."

"Enough, indeed, — and thank you for your company — and good night, father," answered Will, trying to smile, though he began to tremble.

"Good night then, my man — and here be your watch-light" — and Hunks drew a dark lantern from his huge pocket.

"Nay, I want no light home," said Will; "I know the way so well; and 'tis not very dark; and you know you can't do without it on your post."

"My post?" Hunks laughed villanously — "your

post, you mean, Will; take it; I be thinking I shall sleep sound to-night without a dead-light—as if I were a corpse to need it. Come along."

"You cannot have the heart to ask me!" cried Will, stepping back.

"Pho, my man"—Hunks clutched him by the shoulder with one hand, with the other unlocked the gate and flung it open—"In with you; you'll like it so in a few nights, you'll wish no better post; the dead chaps be civil enough; only treat them well, and let them walk awhile, and they make very good company." He dragged Will closer to the gate.

"Have mercy!" shrieked the wretched lad, trying to kneel, "or kill me first, father, to make me company for them, if that will pléase you."

"Get in!" roared the savage—"get in!—ay, hollo out, and twist about, so, and I'll pitch your shivering carcass half way across the churchyard!"—he forced him in from the gate—"stop a bit, now—there be your lantern"—he set it down on a tomb-stone—"so, good night—yonder's your box—just another word—don't you be caught strolling too near the murderer's corner, over there, or you may trip and fall among the things that turn and twine on the ground, like roots of trees, to guard him."

With a new and piercing shriek, Will clung close to his fell tormentor. Hunks, partially carrying into effect a threat he had uttered, tore the lad's hands away, tossed him to some distance, strode out at the gate, locked it, and Will was alone with horror.

At first an anguish of fear kept him stupefied and stationary. He had fallen on a freshly-piled grave, to which mechanically his fingers clung and his face joined, in avoidance of the scene around. But he soon recollected what clay it was he clung to, and at the thought he started up, and, hushed as the sleepers around him, made some observations. High walls quite surrounded the churchyard, as if to part him from the habitable world. His lamp was burning upon the tombstone where Hunks had placed it—one dim red spot amid the thick darkness. The church clock now tolled eleven. It ceased; his ears ached in the resumed silence, and he listened and stared about him for what he feared. Whispers seemed to arise near him. He ran for his lamp, snatched it up, and instinctively hurried to the watch-box. Oh, he wished it made of solid rock!—it was chiefly framed of glass, useless as the common air to his terrors! He shut his eyes, and pressed his palms upon them—vain subterfuge! The fevered spirit within him brought before his mind's vision worse things than the churchyard could yawn up, were all that superstition has fancied of it true. He looked out from his watch-box in refuge from himself.

That evening a half-moon had risen early, and, at this moment, was sinking in gathering clouds behind distant hills. As he vaguely noticed the circumstance, he felt more and more desolate. Simultaneously with the disappearance of the planet, the near clock began again to strike—he knew what hour! Each stroke

smote his ear as if it would crack the nerve; at the last, he shrieked out delirious! He had a pause from agony, then a struggle for departing reason, and then he was at rest.

At day-break his step-father found him asleep. He led him home. Will sat down to breakfast, smiling, but did not speak a word. Often, during the day, his now brilliant eye turned to the west; but why, his mother could not tell; until, as the evening made up her couch of clouds there, drawing around her the twilight for drapery, he left the house with an unusually vigorous step, and stood at the gate of the churchyard. Again he took up his post. Again the hour of twelve pealed from the old church, but now he did not fear it. When it had fully sounded, he clapped his hands, laughed and shouted.

The imaginary whispers he had heard the previous night — small, cautious whispers — came round him again; first, from a distance, then, nearer and nearer. At last he shaped them into words — "Let us walk," they said—"though he watches us, he fears us." *He!* —'twas strange to hear the dim dead speak to a living man, of himself! the maniac laughed again at the fancy, and replied to them: —

"Ay, come! appear! I give leave for it. Ye are about in crowds, I know, not yet daring to take up your old bodies till I please; but, up with them! — Graves, split on, and yield me my subjects! for am I not king of the churchyard? Obey me!—ay, now your mouths gape — and what a yawning!— are ye musical, too?—a

jubilee of groans! — out with it, in the name of Death! — blast it about like giants carousing!"

"Well blown! — and now a thousand heads popped up at once — their eyes fixed on mine, as if to ask my further leave for a resurrection; and they know I am good-humoured now, and grow upward, accordingly, like a grove of bare trees that have no sap in them. And now they move; passing along in rows, like trees, too, that glide by one on a bank, while one sails merrily down the river — and all stark staring still: and others stand bolt upright against their own headstones to contemplate. I wonder what they think of! Move! move! young, old, boys, men, pale girls, and palsied grandmothers — my churchyard can never hold 'em! And yet how they pass each other from corner to corner! I think they make way through one another's bodies, as they do in the grave. They'll dance anon. Minuets, at least. Why they begin already! — and what partners! — a tall, genteel young officer takes out our village witch-of-the-wield — she that died at Christmas — and our last rector smirks to a girl of fifteen — ha, ha! yon tattered little fellow is a radical, making a leg to the old duchess! — music! music! — Go some of you that look on there, and toll the dead bell! Well done! they tie the murderer to the bell-rope by the neck (though he was hanged before), and the bell swings out merrily! but what face is here?"

It was the vision of a child's face, which he believed he caught staring at him through the glass of his watch-box — the face of an only brother who had died

young. The wretch's laughter changed into tears and low wailings. By the time that his mother came to seek him, just at day-break, he was, however, again laughing; but in such a state as to frighten mirth from her heart and lips till the day she died. As has been said, symptoms of positive insanity did not long continue to appear in his words or actions; yet, when he recovered, there was still a change in him — a dark and disagreeable change, under the inveterate confirmation of which, the curious student of human nature may, at this moment, observe him in his native village.

THE MIDNIGHT PARADE OF NAPOLEON.

Suggested by a German ballad.

I.

'Tis dead of night, and the full moon's light
Is struck with eclipse pale,
And deep and low, like a voice of woe,
Through the forest comes the gale.
'Tis like the hour when things have power
Of might and mystery;
When reason shakes, and man awakes
To all he dreads to see.

II.

And on yonder cloud, like a mighty shroud
  Hung o'er the lifeless earth,
Are shifting bright, on the dazzled sight,
  Strange scenes of grief and mirth;
Plays, battles, banquets in high halls,
  Wild plains with corses strewed,
Kings crowned, kings stretched in funeral palls,
  Feast, pageant, frenzy, blood.

III.

There to the deep thy waters sweep,
  Soft Seine, through myrtles wound;
There to the brown Italian plain
  The Alpine torrents bound;
There through the Austrian's pleasant field
  Thy billows, Danube, pour,
The Turkish lance, the Roman shield,
  Lie mouldering on thy shore.

IV.

And there the Nile bathes many a pile
  Of old Egyptian kings;
There Dnieper's bed is gory-red;
  There, Don, thy chrystal springs
Are dark and faint with the corse's taint;
  And the wild Cossack sweeps by;
For the judgment has come, and the snow's the tomb
  Where the murderer's host must lie.

V.

But what is the sound rolling round and round?
'Tis the beat of a midnight drum:
And from many a land the spectre band,
At the sound of that larum come.
From South and from North they are flocking forth,
From the field, from the ocean wave;
For there are all who held earth in thrall,
Dark battalions of the grave.

VI.

And they come on the plain, like the drops of rain
Falling thick in a thunder shower;
But no footstep's fall, no trumpet call,
Is heard through the sons of power.
The moon's last light just quivers white
On a harvest of helm and spear;
But no eye of man could stretch from the van
Of that host to the cloudy rear.

VII.

Still on they come from the earth's deep womb,
In column and square and line;
All fleshless bone, with eyes of stone,
The moonbeams through them shine.
But their fingers grasp, with deathless clasp,
The bridle and lance and sword;
And the eagles wave o'er the ghosts of the brave,
Which once o'er their glory soared.

VIII.

And on front and on wings, their chieftains and kings
On their pawing chargers ride :
There he whose crown was cloven down
On the Calabrese mountain's side ; *
There he who fell when Austria's yell
Rang wild from Marengo's plain ; †
There he whose blood dyed the Leipsic flood,
When the German shivered his chain. ‡

IX.

And he, the last on whom Death had cast
The grasp of his icy hand,
With eyes that smite like the arrow's flight,
In the front of the host takes his stand.
On his brow of gloom is waved no plume,
On his breast is no steely mail,
But an iron crown throws its flashes down
On his spectral visage pale.

X.

And by his side is simply tied
A little long-sheathed sword;
No gold is there, no jewel rare
Betrays the battle's lord :
But the lightnings wreathed round that steel unsheathed,
And the thrones of Europe reeled,
For the sickle of death was in that sheath,
And the world was its harvest-field.

* Murat. † Dessaix. ‡ Poniatowski.

XI.

On his charger white, through the livelong night,
He passes in pale review
The skeletons, to whom earth's thrones
Were once but dust and dew;
And the banners stoop, as each ghastly troop
Moves before its silent lord;
And *one* word of woe each murmurs low,
SAINT-HELENA is that word!

XII.

Still on they crowd from the worm and the shroud,
In fleshless millions on;
And the star of pride is on each side,
And the spear in the grasp of bone;
Till the march decays on the chieftain's gaze,
And the thistle alone is stirred,
As the wind comes low with one word of woe,
SAINT-HELENA is that word!

Αων.

THE GOLDEN-BASKET-BEARER.

An Athenian Tale.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

Ο ἐμὸς λόγος ἐστὶ περὶ Ἔρωτος.

Plat. Sympos.

In one of those inestimable Palimpsest manuscripts discovered by my friend Angelo Mai, in the library of the Vatican, and which still remain unpublished, there are three orations relating to a very extraordinary transaction, which happened at Athens during the archonship of Euclides, but has hitherto been passed over in silence by the historians of that city. These orations I obtained permission to peruse during my stay at Rome: they are—an accusation, a defence, and a species of apology, which, from an observation of the scholiast, appears never to have been delivered. The orations are accompanied by very curious scholia, detailing minutely the history of the whole transaction; and it is chiefly from those that I have compiled the following narrative, which the reader will very soon be enabled to compare with the original, now preparing for publication by the Abbé Mai.

When Lysis, the Syracusan, arrived at Athens, whither he had been attracted by the fame of its philosophers, his first care was to select from among the powerful citizens, a Prostates or patron, who might nominally transact his business, watch over his rights, and protect him from insult and oppression. The individual whom he chose to perform this important office, was Cleonicus, a man who had filled with eclat the highest offices in the state, was a speaker of consummate abilities, and had, moreover, proved himself upon various occasions, to be a liberal and munificent protector of strangers. The intercourse between a sojourner and his patron was, in all cases, very considerable; but, in the present instance, the stranger and the citizen appeared to be united by similarity of tastes, habits, and character. Both were haughty, obstinate, enthusiastic, addicted to profound studies, and gifted with overboiling energies, which, as all-powerful circumstances determined, might be directed into a beneficent or destructive channel. In years only did they seem to differ. Cleonicus had walked for some time on the summit, as it were, of human life, but had not yet descended a single step towards the vale of old age. Lysis, scarcely yet placed by his years within the pale of manhood, had projected himself forward, as it were, by study; and already wore upon his brow the stamp of thought, and upon his cheek the pale hue of meditation. The calmness which brooded over his countenance appeared, however, to be anything but natural; for, upon closely scrutinizing his looks, you might per-

ceive indications that the passions were merely held in forcible slumber in the depths of the soul, as the hurricane lies hushed for a moment in the clouds, presently to awaken, to scatter around terror, desolation, and dismay.

The sojourner seized eagerly upon every opportunity of being in the company of his patron, at whose house many of the more celebrated of the orators and sophists of the times were almost always to be found. Here topics of every kind were discussed, as among friends, with the utmost freedom; but Lysis now and then observed, when political questions happened to be under consideration, a certain tiger-like fierceness in the manner of Cleonicus, which made him shudder involuntarily. Occasionally, too, in the public debates of the forum, he beheld him with vehement gestures and passions on fire, let loose the burning torrent of his invective against an adversary. As Cleonicus was his friend, these traits of character at first rather gave him pleasure than otherwise; but, perceiving opponent after opponent give way and sink before the overwhelming eloquence of his Prostates, who seemed to love victory as much for the pain it inflicted upon his enemies, as for the pleasure it created in his friends, Lysis began instinctively to apprehend that the day might come when all this impetuous energy should be directed against himself.

The stranger had arrived during the winter. It was now spring, and the festival of Bacchus, the god of flowers and of wine, drew near. An uneasiness,

amounting almost to anguish, gradually seized upon his mind as he beheld the daily preparations for the festival, and heard the citizens anticipating the delight they should experience in the celebration of the orgies of the mysterious god; as if some deity had whispered to his soul that an event, which must give a colour to the whole stream of his future life, was about to take place at the Dionysia. Although the *metoikoi*, or sojourners, were not required, as at the Panathenæa, to join the procession with little figures of ships in their hands, to denote their coming by sea from a foreign land, they were expected to be present from motives of piety, as the religious and polished Athenians threw open all their temples, excepting that of the Furies, to worshippers of all nations.

On the morning of the festival, Lysis repaired, at a very early hour, to the house of his patron, and taking along with him Erostratus, the son of Cleonicus, a boy about fourteen years old, hastened, by the shortest way, to the temple of Dionysius. On descending that narrow, hilly lane, which led from the Acropolis to the street of the Tripods, they perceived that the procession was already in motion, and, by the time they had reached the bottom of the hill, the Kanephoroi, or virgins bearing the golden baskets, were passing. At this moment the boy, seizing Lysis by the arm, and pointing with his finger to the virgin group, exclaimed, in a low but joyous tone, "Look, Lysis! there is my cousin and my future wife, with the white flowers in her hair."

Lysis had hitherto gazed rather at the whole pageant taken together, than at any of the individuals composing it; but his attention being thus forcibly directed to one person, he looked,—and his fate was sealed for ever. I do not pretend to explain the process by which the soul thus instantaneously and irrevocably sets itself up an idol in the depths of its own nature, or, rather, blends the idea of another being with its own essence; it is a miracle daily performed by love, and which the heart believes, although the understanding may fail to comprehend it. The virgin to whom the lad had pointed, was, perhaps, the tallest of the whole sixteen who bore the golden baskets on their heads; and her air and form, which the graceful and almost transparent costume of the Kanephoros exhibited to the best advantage, were striking and lovely in the highest degree. But her face appeared to have been formed by the gods expressly for the purpose of entrancing and bewildering the souls of men. Her forehead was perhaps somewhat higher than was demanded by the Grecian taste; but the defect,—if that could be called a defect which cast an additional air of divinity over the countenance,—was not attempted to be concealed by the fillet usually worn in such cases. On the contrary, it was exposed in its full height by the hair's being parted in the middle, and thrown, in careless profusion, on both sides; while the heavy mass of ringlets was prevented from falling upon the cheeks by those golden grasshoppers which bespoke her descent from the pure old Attic stock. Her large black eyes were slow in

their motion, and possessed the humid lustre so much admired by lovers, as denoting that mixture of energy and passionate tenderness which characterised the women of her nation. Her nose was of the purest Grecian model; her mouth, formed like the bow of love, was more beautiful than that of Venus; and there was a bloom on her cheeks resembling that which overspreads certain delicate fruits at dawn, and vanishes at sunrise. From beneath the basket of gold, long snaky tresses, more black than the sky on a stormy winter's night, rolled down in profusion upon a neck and shoulders of dazzling whiteness; and to add to the whole, there was a certain enchanting air of intellectuality, not to be described by words, diffused through her countenance, which rendered the mere gazing upon her face an enjoyment which elevated while it intoxicated the heart.

Lysis, whose soul, hitherto preserved by philosophy from the sting of pleasure, contained all those elements which go to the formation of a resistless passion, felt the image of Myrrhina, the beautiful Kanephoros, glide into his heart; but the tumultuous activity of his thoughts caused him to forget that the object of them was passing away, and when recalled to himself by Erostratus' shaking him by the arm, and telling him the procession was gone, he started as if from a dream, gazed wildly around, and found himself alone with his boyish companion. He could now willingly have returned to his lodgings, to muse, in delicious solitude, upon the subject of meditation which he had just discovered. A

new light had dawned upon his soul, which seemed to shed additional splendour upon earth and heaven. Even the bright beams of the morning, glittering on the marble temples, the golden vases, and snow-white statues around him, seemed to have grown brighter; while a more delicious perfume appeared to have been infused into the breath of spring. But it was incumbent on him to be present at the Dionysia, and rousing himself by a violent effort to a consciousness of the scene around him, he hurried away with his young friend to the Theatre of Bacchus.

He was not ignorant of the law of Athens respecting heiresses, for he had frequently heard allusions made in the house of his Prostates to the intended marriage between Erostratus and his cousin; but, looking upon it as a mere family arrangement in which he was by no means interested, he had made no inquiries respecting the victim about to be offered up on the altar of Mammon, and until this day knew not whether she were old or young. Now, however, the case was altered. This person, hitherto indifferent, had become every thing to him; and the world itself, in his eyes, was only as a casket made to contain one incomparable jewel. He now began to measure in his mind the gulf which separated him from the object of his love. I am aware, he thought, of the circumvallation of pains and penalties which the law has thrown up around the women of Athens. I know that the sojourner who dares to raise his eyes to one of these guarded beauties is menaced with the loss of property and freedom. But will this

knowledge appease the desires of my soul? Accursed laws! I must expose myself to your vengeance. The chances are, the bread of servitude, or the heart of Myrrhina!" The idea never once entered his mind that the will of Myrrhina herself might oppose to his passion an obstacle far more insurmountable than the prohibitions of the law. He obeyed the blind, but unerring, instinct of love, which whispers to the heart, that the torch of Eros infallibly kindles whatever it touches with faith and confidence. He now felt as if nature had set him apart to minister at the altars of the winged god, and made the attending to any other duty a profanation. Farewell to philosophy! Farewell to the Palæstra and the Forum! The world had once more become a paradise, but the lover, like the first man, felt himself alone upon the earth, and longed for the moment when, hand in hand with woman, he should walk out of the vision, and find himself encompassed by the hopes and fears of life.

It is well known that, although the women of Greece were not so strictly confined as those of certain countries of Asia, they, nevertheless, led a very domestic, retired life, inhabiting the upper chambers in the remoter parts of the house, never mingling with the men, or appearing abroad unveiled, excepting at the festivals of the gods. Lysis, therefore, had no opportunities of beholding Myrrhina, unless when, in her sacred character, she walked in the processions of religion to the temples. In Athens, however, these occasions were frequent; and the lover, with that fertility of invention

which passion supplies, contrived more than once to draw the eyes of his beloved upon himself. Once, particularly, on the evening of the second day of the Adoneia, placing himself at the corner of the street Xenica, where the house of the orator Antiphon had formerly stood, he effected his purpose completely. Those seashells filled with earth, called "The Gardens of Adonis," in which grew the sacred plants, and especially the small white lettuce, upon a bed of which Venus is said to have laid out her lover, were just passing by; the women were tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and filling the air with sounds of lamentation. Myrrhina, here, as elsewhere, appeared to be the queen of the virgin choir, who, moving along in stately silence, joined not in the wild howlings and frantic gestures of the priestesses. Lysis, perceiving, or believing, that he had caught the eye of his mistress, felt his heart flutter in his bosom, but could merely pronounce, in a voice faltering with emotion, her beloved name, as she passed.

Upon hearing her own name, Myrrhina started, and fixed her large dark eyes upon the stranger, in momentary anger; but when she perceived the devout and ineffable delight with which he gazed upon her countenance, her looks dropped suddenly upon the ground, and her anger vanished. In fact, she felt a sharp, sudden pang shooting through her heart, and immediately after a warm gush of ecstasy, as if some source of sensation, hitherto closed, had been instantaneously opened. Without knowing what she did,

she turned round, and cast an anxious look at Lysis. Their eyes met: a deep blush in a moment overspread her beautiful face, and confused, angry with herself, yet delighted, she hastily withdrew her eyes, and pursued her way.

For a long time Myrrhina endeavoured in vain to banish the image of the stranger from her mind, while her eyes, perhaps unconsciously, turned themselves continually towards the multitude, as if in search of his form. At length, as the procession reached the temple of Venus, where the ceremonies of the day concluded, she discovered, as she entered the already dusky porch, the figure of the stranger, leaning against a pillar, and fixing the same passionate looks upon her. She saw him, however, but for a moment; for, entering the shrine, her eyes were quickly occupied with the sacred objects within.

Although Lysis, with the enthusiasm natural to love, appeared at first to take it for granted, that his passion would be returned, he soon began to be acquainted with those doubts, misgivings, fears, phantoms, and agonies, which flit about the fane of beauty, and torture the heart of the worshipper. He was now, however, unceasing in his attendance at the house of his patron. It was something to know, that her heart beat beneath the same roof with his own; and with the constancy of that high affection which hopes even against hope, he seemed to indulge a kind of expectation that, in his particular case, the laws would relax something of their rigidity, and allow of his union with Myrrhina. In

order to know exactly the temper of his friend Cleonicus upon this point, he one day contrived, with great ingenuity, to introduce the topic, but soon retreated with dismay from the discussion of the question, on perceiving the kindling cheek and flashing eye with which the Prostates gave vent to his feelings.

In the agony of his mind he frequently walked to and fro in the evening before his patron's house, without entering; building up and throwing down a thousand impracticable schemes for obtaining an interview with his mistress. On one of these occasions he observed a tall and handsome female slip out of the gate, whom, from her one-sleeved garment, he discovered to be a slave. The damsel descended towards the lower city, and, after an absence of about an hour, returned, and entered the house without perceiving him. The next evening he again repaired to the same spot, and beheld the female slave go out and return as before. The same thing happening several times in succession, the idea at length occurred to him that this slave had been thrown in his way by the gods, to forward the designs of his heart. He, therefore, took courage, joined the damsel in her walk, and by various cautious movements at length succeeded in leading the conversation to the point desired. To his infinite surprise he found that his own history, character, and pursuits, were perfectly well known in the Gynaiconites, or female apartments; and he even thought he could perceive, in the manner of the girl, an indication that his passion for Myrrhina, which he scarcely supposed that the very gods them-

selves had yet taken cognizance of, was not altogether a secret in those sacred recesses.

Myrto, the slave, though remarkably shrewd and cautious, was by no means averse to talk of her young mistress. On the contrary, she appeared, when enumerating the perfections of her mind, and the beauties and graces of her person, to evince that species of tranquil delight which we experience in repaying a debt of gratitude; but when Lysis alluded, in an affectedly laughing tone, to Myrrhina's intended marriage with Erostratus, he thought he could perceive, by the light falling from the lamps of a temple which they happened to be passing at the moment, a smile of significant contempt flash across her countenance. The souls of lovers, cameleon-like, feed themselves on air. Overlooking the thousand other interpretations which might be given to this smile, Lysis thought only of that which favoured his own desires; and upon this frail and shadowy foundation began to build up in his imagination a pleasing fabric of hopes.

The first, the second, the third walk with Myrto passed without any direct allusion being made to the important question. At length, as his confidence in the damsel increased, he ventured to disclose to her the true state of his soul; and, with that passionate vehemence which marked his character, entreated her to procure him an interview with her mistress. At these words the slave, starting back as if she had trodden upon a serpent, and eyeing him with a look which he could not tell how to characterize, exclaimed, "By the Fu-

ries! young man, your senses are wandering! Why, were Cleonicus to detect you in the secret apartments of his house, if he did not strike you dead upon the spot, he would reduce you to this livery, and send you far enough from Athens." And her voice faltered, and her lip quivered, as she held up her bare arm, and pointed to the stigmata upon her forehead. "Well, Myrto," replied the lover, with great emotion, "the bread of servitude, I know, is bitter, and its pangs hard to be endured; but, perhaps, you may also know that the heart can suffer a still keener anguish, when it yearns, but yearns in vain, to discover the burning feelings which consume it to the object of its worship. I conjure you, by your hopes of freedom, by the remembrance of your father's hearth, and, if you have ever loved, by your lover's soul, to grant me what I request!" As Lysis uttered these last words, he looked imploringly in the face of Myrto, and observed that her fine eyes were filled with tears, while her whole frame was shaken by emotion, as the aspen is shaken by the wind. "Meet me here," she replied, "to-morrow night at this hour, and we shall see;" and walking swiftly away, with these words, she left him to the tumultuous feelings of his soul.

It will readily be imagined, that, on the next evening, he was true to his appointment. The hour, however, came, and passed, and no slave appeared. It was possible that he ought to have approached nearer the house — that he had missed the spot, or the hour — or that Myrto — no, it was not possible — that Myrto had

betrayed him to his patron. As it grew later and later, his heart beat more quickly and audibly, at the light step of every female slave who came tripping along through the darkness. But the hours wore away —midnight came — passed — and Myrto did not appear. Still he paced to and fro through the solitary streets, in hushed expectation, which every moment grew more and more painful. At length the dark sky began to wax grey, the stars, as if weary with watching, twinkled drowsily, and the owl, stopping short in her portentous and melancholy shriek, hurried by on dusky wing to her eyry in the Parthenon. In another moment he heard the unbarring of the city gates, and beheld long lines of peasants, driving their laden mules before them, enter with songs and laughter towards the market-place. All hope of seeing the slave was now gone, and, with a sick heart and aching brow, he rushed out into the fields.

Strolling heedlessly through the country all the morning, he found himself about noon in a small dark grove, sacred to the Eumenides, on the road to Laurion. Here he sat down, wearied both in body and in mind, and gazing vacantly at the numerous chariots and horsemen moving to and fro between the city and the great mines of the republic, he at length perceived a single equestrian approach whose form he appeared to recognize. It was Cleonicus. He sat, in proud indifference, upon his charger, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and passed on towards the mines without discovering his client. "Now," thought Lysis, "is the mo-

ment!" And he arose in haste, and returned to the city.

On enquiring at the house of his patron, he learned with dismay, that the whole family had left Athens for a villa which Cleonicus possessed near the mines, and that it was not known when they would return. This was strange: Cleonicus had never before left the city, even for a day, without informing his client of his intention. Had Myrto betrayed him? Or could the suspicions of the Prostates have been roused in any other way? He was lost in conjecture, and resolved to follow the family. When he began to reflect, however, and recollected that he had not seen his friend for many days; that the estrangement, if there was any, was his own work; and that it was, in all probability, the irregularity of his own movements, which had kept him in ignorance of those of his patron, his wonder decreased a little, and he began to turn over in his mind all possible excuses for repairing to the villa. At length, however, not being able to discover any reason for such a step, he determined to proceed notwithstanding, and trust to the liberality of Cleonicus for a good reception.

He left the city, arrived at the villa, was welcomed, especially by Erostratus; but, during a stay of several days, could discover no traces, and learn no tidings of Myrrhina. Even the boy, who had hitherto been accustomed to speak with him very freely respecting his cousin, now appeared to shun the subject, and, if a question was put to him, adroitly eluded it; and subtilely

turned the conversation into another channel. Lysis now perceived distinctly that he was suspected; but, willing to make assurance on this point doubly sure, he one day ventured to inquire for Myrrhina of Cleonicus himself. In an instant he perceived the lightnings of anger in his patron's eyes; but immediately resuming the command of his countenance, with the cunning of a politician, Cleonicus replied, with affected satisfaction, that she was well and happy.

Having prolonged his visit as far as possible to no purpose, Lysis now began, with a heart tortured to madness, to think of returning whence he had come. Every thing on earth seemed to be conspiring against him. No intelligence, no hope, appeared from any quarter. His very soul sickened within him. In this mood of mind he wandered out, the last evening of his stay, among the barren hills in the neighbourhood of Laurion, and at nightfall found himself in the vicinity of the cemetery where the wretched slaves who died in the mines, were interred. The light of day had now been replaced by that of the moon, whose rays appeared to struggle downwards towards the earth, through huge masses of clouds, which looked like the ruins of some mighty structure scattered over the floor of heaven by the thunderbolt. On earth every thing was still, except that, ever and anon, the owl rustled and shrieked among the crumbling walls of the cemetery, and was answered at intervals by the long-drawn melancholy cry of the jackall. With feelings hushed by the religion of the place, Lysis sat him down on one of the

nameless stones which covered the dead, and for a moment wished himself, in the hopeless anguish of his soul, among the tranquil inhabitants of that silent city.

Hour after hour passed away, and he still lingered on the spot. The march of the stars above him seemed to assume a meaning; the viewless winds were transformed, as they murmured by, into voices; and a sort of mysterious intercourse appeared to be taking place between heaven and earth. At length, about midnight, and just as the moon was sinking behind the distant hills, he perceived the figure of a man, wrapped in a very ample cloak, steal cautiously into the cemetery, and approach a new-made grave. Willing to discover his object, Lysis instantly stooped down, and crept behind a large stone which had fallen from the wall, whence he could easily see without being seen. The man, who had now thrown off his cloak, and commenced digging, appeared to be considerably above the ordinary size; and, from the facility and rapidity with which he plied his task, it was evident that his strength corresponded with his bulk. The lover lay still until the narrow house was opened, and the corpse dragged up; when, springing suddenly forward, he seized the criminal by the throat, and threw him to the ground. The man, conscious that he had been caught in the commission of a capital crime, and fearing, perhaps, that the person who had detected him was an officer of justice, trembled as if already under the lash of the Furies; and to the fierce and menacing interrogations of Lysis, replied that he was a Thessalian magician, and had dis-

interred that corpse, in order, by certain awful and mysterious rites, to reanimate it for a moment, for the discovery of future events. While he was yet speaking, a sudden thought flashed across the mind of the lover. Releasing his hold, he replied, in a conciliating tone: "Well, well! But for whom wert thou then about to look into the seeds of time?" "That," replied the magician, laying his hand upon his heart, "must rest here." "Well," continued Lysis, as the idea became stronger in his mind, "well, let it be this time for me. I have wherewith to reward thee for thy revelations." After pausing for a moment, "Be it so," said the magician, "follow me."

As the Thessalian uttered these words, he snatched up the body, and darted out of the cemetery, followed by Lysis. The clouds, which had for many hours been thickening in the sky, now formed one dark impenetrable canopy overhead, which appeared to be every moment diminishing and closing about them; so complete and palpable grew the darkness. After travelling for some time over a rugged and broken track, they stopped, and the magician, throwing down the corpse, and bidding Lysis remain where he was, slipped away among the rocks. For a moment the lover believed he would return no more; but the suspicion had scarcely had birth, when the Thessalian appeared, bearing a burning lamp in one hand, and leading two young children, tied together, in the other. Drawing near to Lysis, and speaking in a low tone, he said solemnly, "When the blood which now warms the veins of these

children, shall be infused into the veins of that corpse, we shall possess the key to the future!"

A burning gust from Phlegethon seemed to have blown in the face of Lysis, as the magician uttered these words. He started back in horror from the murderer, and, after a moment's pause, during which he seemed to feel all the torments of the damned, exclaimed, "Man of blood! is there no other mode of discovering that which is to be!" "None," replied the Thessalian, coolly. "Then here," said Lysis, "we part: I to the tortures of doubt and uncertainty, and thou"— "Stay," exclaimed the magician, as the lover was about to turn away from the scene; "there is yet another, though less certain, way." Lysis stood still, but beckoning the man to lead away the children, whispered in his ear, "Injure not a hair of their heads on my account, for thy life." The Thessalian smiled, and taking by the hand the little barbarians, who though they understood not his words, appeared to be half dead with terror, disappeared with the lamp among the rocks of the glen, leaving the lover in total darkness. In another moment he returned alone, and giving the lamp to Lysis, while he himself once more took up the corpse, led the way through narrow chasms, and between overhanging rocks, to a vast cavern in the bowels of the mountain.

On entering this dismal place, Lysis gazed about him with astonishment. The sides of the cave appeared to shoot up to an immeasurable height, and to the eye the roof was formed of thick darkness, which seemed to re-

pel the wild, but feeble, rays of the lamp which he held in his hand. After enjoining the most rigid silence, the magician commenced his operations. He first laid out the corpse upon a marble table, which stood in the middle of the cavern, and from several wounds in the side, which were still covered with blood, Lysis now perceived it was that of a young man who had fallen by violence. The Thessalian, having kindled another lamp, and taken up a large sacrificial instrument, like a dagger, which lay on the ground, retired out of sight into a small chamber hollowed out in the rock. After muttering or chaunting, in a low voice, certain incantations, he paused abruptly, and immediately the sound of several footsteps was heard in that part of the cavern. When this was hushed, fierce and hard breathing, as of a steed stopped suddenly in the midst of the Hippodrome, became distinctly audible. This was followed by a brief struggle, a loud blow, a groan, and a gushing, as of blood from the throat of some slaughtered animal. While these horrible rites were going on, Lysis stood in a kind of stupid dream, gazing at the ghastly features of the corpse, and longing every moment to break the spell, and hurry from the spot. Presently the magician re-appeared, bearing in his hand a deep cratera, filled with the red stream of life, yet warm and smoking; and approaching the dead body, contrived, with incredible rapidity, to effect the purpose for which all these preparations had been made.

In a few moments the attention of Lysis was drawn towards the distant extremity of the cavern, where,

while the magician chaunted forth his mysterious spells, a rustling, as if of mighty wings, was heard, proceeding out of the black darkness, and ascending towards the hollow roof. The lamps, which had for some time burned low, now appeared to die of themselves, leaving only a faint glimmer in the cavern, which did not proceed from them. Listening with intense anxiety, and with some degree of agitation, to the mystic sounds floating and murmuring about him, Lysis now heard the corpse begin to breathe, to sigh, to groan, and at length, make a violent effort to raise itself up. The Thessalian himself now started back in apparent terror from the table, and the corpse, undergoing, as it were, a second time, the agonies of death, now turned its face towards them, and seemed to be preparing to descend from the marble. In another moment it started up upon its feet, with a wild and piercing shriek, which seemed to run up jibbering like a ghost among the ribs of the mountain, and stamping fiercely upon the slab, threw itself forward towards the disturbers of the grave, and fell motionless upon the ground, without uttering a single word.

Disappointed and mortified in the extreme, at this termination of his labours, the Thessalian struck his breast in sorrow, and for a moment stood mute and motionless. Lysis, whom this catastrophe had also reduced to despair, was about to speak; but the lamps now reviving, and throwing around a bright light, enabled him to perceive the finger of the magician placed upon his lips. Whether this was merely a trick, to

escape the reproaches or the ridicule of the lover, could not be determined, but it produced the desired effect, and Lysis remained silent, gazing anxiously on the necromancer, who appeared to be buried in meditation. At length his resolution seemed to be taken. Snatching up the sacrificial knife once more, he bared his own breast, and gave himself two or three deep gashes, from which the blood gushed forth profusely. This he received in the hollow of his hands, and, with fearful contortions, and low hollow muttering, sprinkled in the air. In a moment the lamps were extinguished, and a pale white light, like that of the glow-worm, glimmered forth from various fissures in the rocks, and diffused itself through the cave. By this Lysis perceived innumerable shadowy forms flitting to and fro ; and in the midst of them a phantom, pale and transparent, but emitting light from its whole form, like the moon in the morning sky.

As this spectral figure drew near, Lysis discovered that it was his own image, and a feeling of piercing cold, accompanied by indescribable horror, shot through his whole frame; and when, at the bidding of the magician, he would have spoken, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. To the adjurations of the Thessalian himself, the phantom made no reply in words, but assuming the form of a man, naked, squalid, and in fetters, lay down, and the walls of a dungeon appeared to grow up about it. Fierce and frantic forms, apparently female, now filled the place, and rushed towards the phantom, as if to tear it limb from limb. Terrific

shrieking and howling were now heard. The spectre seemed to start in terror from the infuriated wretches; and with sounds of wailing, "ai! ai! ai!" the whole vision vanished, and the cavern was as dark as Erebus.

Having concluded his transactions with the magician, Lysis was conducted, by wild and tortuous paths, and in utter darkness, to the great road leading from Laurion to Athens. Here the Thessalian left him, and he proceeded on his way alone. The vision of the cavern was still before him. He saw distinctly the issue of his love. A dungeon — chains — perhaps death! Passion, however, like a torrent which dashes on wherever it listeth, still buoyed him up, and hurried him along, to meet his destiny, whatever it might be. "Come weal! come woe!" he thought, "my soul shall not be diverted from its purpose. I will nourish this fire which the gods have kindled in my heart, even though it wither and consume me!"

The cool air reviving his energies as he walked along, he became more composed, and hope, with all her sweet illusions, returned. He had already advanced a considerable distance on his way to Athens, when he beheld the first rays of dawn darting up like arrows in the eastern sky. The voices of the brake and the forest awoke at the same moment; and the light, now spreading itself, like an ocean, over the floor of heaven, appeared to rush down with joy to the earth, to awaken those innumerable energies which perform the business of the day. As the glory of the morning diffused itself around him, his mind grew more and

more tranquil, and by the time he had arrived at the city, every shadow of despair had vanished.

Many days had not elapsed before Lysis learned that Cleonicus and his family were returned. He, therefore, renewed his visits to the place of his former rendezvous with Myrto, and on the very evening of their arrival had the satisfaction to find the faithful slave upon the spot. Few words served to explain her apparent breach of promise. She had been hurried out of the city with her mistress; and, during their stay at the villa, had been jealously confined, along with Myrrhina, to the female apartments, and to the secluded gardens with which those apartments communicated—gardens almost as beautiful, and not less jealously guarded than those of the fabled Hesperides. In the delicious arbours of those forbidden grounds, she had been supporting her sick mistress—who was mournfully reclining on her bosom—at the very moment when Lysis was told by his proud and selfish patron that Myrrhina was well and happy. She knew all that happened, but had then no means of communicating with him, except at the imminent risk of a discovery, which would have been fatal to them both. After his departure, she had been employed in watching by the bedside of Myrrhina, who had been at the point of death. The disease was unknown; but the patient being now somewhat recovered, had been ordered by the physicians to return to Athens. At this news Lysis was in despair. He entreated, he conjured the slave, by the gods, to obtain him an interview with her mis-



MYRRHINA AND MYRTO.

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tress; and whether the vehemence of his eloquence prevailed, or that she had come prepared to be persuaded, his request was granted, and the very next night fixed upon for carrying the plan into effect.

The hours, it will easily be supposed, appeared to move at their slowest pace, until the appointed moment arrived. When the clepsydra informed him, however, that time had performed the greater portion of his task, he flew to the spot, and paced to and fro in the agonies of expectation. At length, applying his ear for the thousandth time to a crevice in the gate, he heard the light step of Myrto stealing across the court-yard, and in another moment stood within the gate. Unfortunately, it was a moonlight night, so that if a single eye in the house had been open, they would infallibly have been discovered; but, with the courage of those who are prepared for the worst, they struck across the court-yard, the slave walking first, and the lover following. As they entered the porch, the huge dog that lay there in apparent slumber started up to bark at them; but a gentle pat from the hand of Myrto quickly pacified him, and he quietly suffered them to proceed.

It was necessary, as Myrto had already informed Lysis, to cross the bedchamber of Cleonicus in going to the female apartments; and in a few minutes they drew nigh this perilous part of their route. The door which had been left ajar by Myrto, was now shut, whether by some slave, who had observed it in passing, or by the wind, was uncertain; but, after a moment's pause, she

put her hand to it, and conducted the lover into the chamber of his patron. Treading as softly and as cautiously as if they were passing that bridge of souls imagined by certain Asiatic enthusiasts, they crossed the chamber, the lover stealing, as he moved on tiptoe, a look of mingled triumph and alarm at his proud patron, who lay there tranquil on his couch, with the moonbeam on his face, and the boy Erostratus beside him.

When Lysis entered the chamber of his mistress, he found her sitting on a small but costly couch, in an attitude of anxious impatience, but with a look of stifled terror on her countenance. A single lamp, resting upon a slender bronze tripod, was burning before her. Her dress the plainest, but the most elegant in the world, consisted of a short white tunic, starred with gold, which, being sleeveless, allowed her beautiful white arms to be seen from the shoulder to the tip of the finger. Another more ample garment of dazzling white descended to the floor, leaving only a small portion of the foot and golden sandal visible.

Myrrhina, who, up to this moment, had never spoken with a man not of her own kindred, was for some time incapable of uttering a single word ; and Lysis himself, whose heart was bursting with passion, and to whom an age seemed too short for the expressing of all he felt, now found himself mute also. By degrees the feelings found their way to the tongue, the heart beating, and the whole frame quivering, the while, with uneasy delight; and streams of thoughts, burning, but pure as

the fires which light up the altars of the gods, flowed from one of those entranced souls to the other.

In the brief space they were together, which appeared to them but as an instant, the knowledge of an age was poured into their souls. They seemed to have known each other from childhood. Their thoughts — their wishes — their desires — their hopes — their fears — they found to be the same. The gods had assuredly formed them to be the mirror, and the felicity of each other. In the midst of this trance, of which Myrto was a silent witness, a faint grey light, breaking in through the window, which the slave only perceived, announced the approach of dawn ; and after many vows, and looks of love, Lysis tore himself away from the spot.

A fountain of deep ineffable delight now seemed to gush up in the secret recesses of the lover's soul, and he hid himself from mankind, lest their rude presence and converse should tarnish the purity of his happiness. All day he wandered alone on the banks of the Ilissus, or along the breezy margin of the sea, wrapt in golden visions, and feasting on thoughts more enchanting than those which visit the Persian votary in his dreams. The first note of the nightingale recalled him once more to the actual presence of his divinity ; and if he had died then, while her eyes of light were beaming on him, he might have been pronounced the happiest of mortals.

These scenes, however, were soon to change. Cleonicus surprised the lover in the apartment of his mistress ; and, had he chosen to take full advantage of the

law, he might have put him to death upon the spot. He contented himself with procuring him to be condemned to be sold for a slave. The festival of Bacchus however, approaching, during which slaves were not exposed for sale at the temple of Castor and Pollux, Lysis was thrown into the common prison, which, at that period, was situated in an uninhabited and lonely part of the city.

In the meanwhile Myrrhina underwent all the persecution which the tyranny of her uncle could inflict. Imagining she might desire to remain at home indulging her sorrow, he entered her apartment on the eve of the Dionysia, and commanded her to prepare to be present at the festival of the god. "As soon as it is concluded," added he, "your marriage with Erostratus shall be solemnized." Myrrhina, whose energies were now heightened by anger and by grief, replied, "Let the gods be judges between me and thee!" and then stretching forth her right hand, she added, with emphatic solemnity, "This hand and this body shall be buried in separate graves before the event you speak of shall take place!"

The idea of suicide was always horrible to a Greek; and Cleonicus shuddered at his niece's allusion to the manner in which the law commanded, that those who laid violent hands upon themselves should be interred. For a moment he determined to desist from his intentions, but rage prevailing over prudence — "By the gods!" he exclaimed, "this is new in Greece. Is thy blood tinged by some barbarian stain, that thou dost

thus impiously talk of forestalling the fates!" A blush of burning anger flashed over the countenance of the girl, who, snatching up a sacrificial instrument which lay before her upon the tripod, replied coolly, "Thou shalt see;" and had not her arm been instantaneously arrested, in another moment her heart's blood would have trickled before him, that he might have examined into its purity. Cleonicus now perceiving that force and violence were not likely to succeed, and having, with much difficulty, pacified her a little, retired.

When he had departed, and was descended to the lower part of the house, Myrto appeared; and the two friends immediately entered upon a new part of their scheme. Loosing the golden clasp which confined her tunic, Myrrhina's snowy garments dropped to her feet; and she stood before her slave as Venus rose from the ocean, as beautiful, and scarcely less divine. The slave did the same thing, and in another instant they had exchanged conditions, and Myrrhina, with a little basket in her hand, passed through her uncle's apartments, descended the stairs, and crossing the court-yard, found herself in the street. She instantly struck off behind the Lyceum towards the uninhabited part of the city, and soon reached those gloomy ruins which announced that the prison was near. In crossing that lonesome and dismal spot, where criminals were precipitated from a rock, stoned to death, or crucified, she was surrounded by a troop of hungry wild dogs, which, holding up their heads, as if snuffing their prey, growled fiercely, and

seemed about to spring upon her. Passing through them, however, fearless and unharmed, and arriving at the door of the prison, she paused for a moment, and gazed, with a mixture of awe and horror, at the vast structure, which seemed to pollute the earth with its shadow. She then knocked, and as the jailor in reply to her summons, descended the winding stone stairs, clanking his keys against each other at every step, her heart smote forcibly against her side. He now opened the door, and, peeping out suspiciously from behind it, inquired who was there. Myrrhina made no reply, but held out the signet of Cleonicus, which the boy Erostratus had procured for her; which the Cerberus no sooner saw, than he threw the doors wide open for her admission. "Is it to be done to-night?" whispered the man, after he had carefully closed the door; "I stipulated that it should not be until after the festival." While he was yet speaking, a horrible suspicion flashed across her mind; but she replied, with infinite coolness, "Oh no! not till after the festival; but I must see the prisoner."

Without more words the jailor turned round, and leading the way towards the cell of Lysis, conducted Myrrhina through many a long and winding passage, and as she followed him in silence, the sighs and groans which appeared to people that miserable mansion, smote every moment upon her ear. Arriving at the dungeon of the lover, they discovered him reclining in his fetters, near the cold, damp wall, apparently wrapt in sleep, or absorbed in one of those waking visions

which are equally consoling to the wretched. He did not raise his head as they entered ; but the man having put down his lamp, and retired, Myrrhina rushed towards her lover, and pronouncing his name aloud, fell upon his neck. Lysis, recalled to himself by the sound of her voice, and the fond pressure of her arms, for a moment found his thoughts too big for language. He pressed her glorious form in silence to his bosom, and as their cheeks met, and the drops, which all violent passions wring from the eyes, mingled in the fond pressure, a sublime joy thrilled through their souls ; and they felt that such a moment would be cheaply purchased by years of anguish. The brief, passionate dialogue which ensued may be imagined by all those whose love has been nourished upon the lap of misfortune. " Ah !" exclaimed Lysis, " let misery, let servitude, now come upon me in their worst shape, I can never be wholly wretched. Thy image will be with me, Myrrhina, wherever I may be driven ; and, like the rays of the day-god calling forth the leaves of the solitary plant of the desert, will awaken and nourish in my soul such weak and scanty blades of joy as can subsist in the mind of the unhappy." Myrrhina, who had hitherto sobbed, rather than spoken, seemed, at these words, to shake off all the weakness of womanhood, and standing up at her full height, she replied with vehemence, " May the immortal gods hereafter deal with my soul as I cleave to or desert thee. I know no summer love. Not my image only, Lysis, but my person, shall be with thee, whether for good or for evil, in life

and in death. Our hearts, my love! shall beat, and shall become still together."

She was about to proceed, after a moment's pause, to the business for which she had come, when the jailor returned, and put an end to the conference; and there being now no possibility of communicating her plans to her lover, she reluctantly quitted the place, and returned to her home.

The moment she found herself in her own apartment Myrrhina began to prepare with Myrto for the ceremonies of the following morning. Having bathed and perfumed her person and her hair, according to custom, she clothed herself in her spotless garments, and adorned her dark tresses with those golden ornaments and small white flowers which she wore when Lysis first saw her. Myrto, who had already arranged with the Bacchantes, the important part they were to perform, likewise arranged herself for the morrow. She prepared her ivy garland, her mitre, her fawn skin, and her thyrsus; for, though a slave, she was that day to venture among the free virgins of Greece, in a character which, if discovered, would cost her her life. Thus dressed and adorned, the mistress and her slave impatiently waited for the dawn.

At length the first clash of the huge cymbals of the Bacchanals was heard, which, as it pealed through the dusky streets of the city, announced the commencement of the Dionysia. With beating heart and unsteady footstep, Myrrhina, followed by Myrto, now descended, in the imperfect light of the dawn, into the

street, and repaired to the great temple of Bacchus. The multitude had already begun to assemble in the vast area of the building, and among the crowd you might perceive numerous youths and virgins, whose countenances, eloquent with passion, were expressive of that uneasy state of delight which accompanies the first movements of violent excitement, and resembles that tremulous swell which runs through the vast body of the ocean before a tempest. The Bacchantes and Bacchanals now appeared, followed by the virgins, who performed the principal part in the ceremonies; and these, as they entered the temple, cast a look at Myrrhina, which informed her that they had not forgotten the promise they had given. The archon and the priests having at length assigned to every individual the sacred vessel, or emblem, he was to bear, or the part he was to perform, the whole rout fell into their ranks, the pipes and flutes gave forth their most piercing notes, the cymbals clashed together, and a thousand echoes ran along the dark vaulted roof of the temple, as the vast procession began to move.

The leader of the procession was a youth, clad in fine linen, with a crown of young fir branches upon his head, a fawn skin thrown like a cloak over his shoulders, and bearing in his hand a golden vessel of wine, around which a vine branch, in full leaf, was twisted. Then followed a young Bacchante, of extraordinary beauty, leading a goat, and seeming to blush for the part she was performing. A garland of ivy, intermingled with clusters of violets, pressed upon her snowy forehead,

and confined her exuberant golden tresses. After her moved another Bacchante, bearing a basket of figs ; and then came the mysterious ineffable Lychnon, or van, in which the most holy symbol of the god, never named except by the initiated, was concealed. Next issued forth the great body of the Bacchantes and Bacchanals, in their wild and grotesque costume, some as Sileni riding upon asses ; others leading goats to the slaughter ; others, as if already intoxicated, bearing thyrsi in their hands ; and their shout of "Io ! Evoë ! Bacche !" accompanied by the intermingled notes of a thousand instruments, rent the morning air, and threw the first seeds of frantic revelling into the souls of the multitude. The greater number of this tumultuous rout bore unlighted torches in their hands, to be kindled as the shadows of evening came on, in order to light them in their wild rambles among the dark glens and rugged pathways of the mountains. After these moved the bearers of the sacred vessels, and then the Kanephoroi, or virgins bearing the baskets of gold, in which the mystic emblems of this antique and venerable religion, were deposited. From among the ruddy fruit, and green leaves, which covered and concealed the mysteries, numerous serpents stretched forth their heads, or crawled out and twined themselves round the golden foliage of the baskets, while their forked tongues and glittering eyes appeared tomenace the wondering crowd. The Kanephoroi were dressed in robes, which, from their dazzling whiteness, seemed to be of woven snow ; and their arms, necks, and feet, never but on such oc-

casions kissed by sun or breeze, would have appeared to be of the same material, but for a slight blush which motion diffused over their frame. Among these, the loveliest of the lovely, was Myrrhina. Her lips and her cheeks appeared, on that day, to be less ruddy than those of her fair companions; but passion, which ripens more rapidly than the tropical sun, had stamped prematurely upon her face the severe beauty of womanhood, which awes while it delights. Behind the Kanephoroi moved the Bacchanals with the more vulgar emblems of Dionysius, some crowned with ivy and violets, and dressed in women's garments, striped with white, wearing gloves composed of flowers on their hands, and imitating, as they walked, the gestures of men intoxicated with wine.

As the sacred procession moved along through the streets between two dense masses, composed of the whole population of Athens, the pipes, the flutes, the cymbals, the citterns, sounded their mingled notes, the Bacchantes and Bacchanals impatiently commenced the orgies. At first the dances were slow and measured; but, by degrees, an untameable enthusiasm seemed to be poured into their souls; their motions became more rapid; their looks more wild; and, as the cry of "Evoë, Bacche!" rolled along over the heads of the worshippers, a sudden phrenzy appeared to seize upon the innumerable multitude, who, regarding the frantic motions of the Bacchantes as those of divine beings, imitated them by actions still more frantic. In this manner the tumultuous crowd, agitated by a thou-

sand passions, roamed all day through the intoxicated city, where sports, public shows, plays, and pastimes of all kinds, were going forward.

In the midst of this giddy and thoughtless multitude was Myrrhina, devoured by anxiety and terror, and awaiting, with burning impatience, the appearing of the first star, and the lighting of the torches. At length the warm light of day began to grow pale in the sky; the wished-for moment arrived; "the stars! the stars!" was shouted from a thousand tongues; and in an instant a deep red glare, kindled as if by magic, was thrown over the innumerable statues, vases, urns, and porticoes, which glittered on all sides. Myrto, who all this day had been among the chief of the Bacchantes, now whispered her lawless companions, that the moment was come; and in an instant, raising a wild shout, tossing their burning torches over their heads, and increasing the frantic rapidity of their motions, they bounded away towards the more lonely and uninhabited parts of the city. The multitude followed, heedless, joyous, intoxicated, wishing for, and blindly expecting some strange event which should increase the excitement of the moment. By degrees, Myrrhina, who had now insinuated herself among the revellers, contrived to lead the crowd towards the prison; and as soon as they had reached the gloomy and odious pile, still more odious than ever to the Athenians in that moment of joy, Myrto, lifting up her voice, and trembling in every limb with agitation, cried out, "Let every Athenian be free to do the bidding of the god!"

and with the words, rushed forward, and struck the door of the prison with her thyrsus.

The other Bacchantes, who only waited for this signal, instantaneously followed, tossing about their flaming torches, waving their arms, and raising a deafening shout; and, battering the door with their thyrsi, in a moment dashed it to pieces, and rushed tumultuously into the prison. The miserable wretches who were confined in the various parts of the building, hearing the furious clamour and wild yells of the Bacchanals, began to apprehend the fate of Pentheus, and endeavoured to conceal themselves in the darkest corners of their cells. But the torches, which flamed in every hand, and threatened to set fire to the edifice, easily discovered the fugitives, who, however, instead of death, found liberty. The multitude, delighted to join in an exploit of this kind, rushed in with the Bacchanals, and, for the first time since the foundation of the city, the shouts of joy, the screams of laughter, the yells of mystical devotion, resounded within those hateful walls. The wildest of the rout, conducted by some unknown guide, took their way towards the dungeon of Lysis. The lover was reclining on his straw bed, indulging his melancholy thoughts, when the deafening shouts of the crowd, flying before their footsteps, startled him from his repose; and in another moment the door of his cell was burst open, and his jailor, trembling in the grasp of a gigantic Bacchanal, like a hawk in the talons of an eagle, exclaimed, "That is he!" At these words the reveller, dashing the jailor from him, sprang for-

ward, and with one stroke of the battle-axe which he held in his hand, clove in twain the chain which fastened Lysis to the wall. To strike off his fetters — to seize upon him — to bear him into the street — was but the work of a moment. Ignorant of the fate which awaited him, but compelled to yield to irresistible force, the lover gazed anxiously around, endeavouring to discover, if possible, from the faces of the crowd, what was intended to be done. From the features, however, of these wild revellers he could learn nothing; but a face of which he caught an obscure glimpse, as the sea of heads waved to and fro about him, cast a gleam of sunshine on his soul, although he could not distinctly determine to whom it belonged.

In a few moments the vast tide of human beings which had filled the walls of the prison, rolled back into the open air, bearing Lysis along with it; and the waving of torches, the clanging of cymbals, the shouting, the roaring, the yelling, the frantic dancing, increasing every instant, cast a fanatical madness into the souls of the people, and while every mouth, as if by some overpowering instinct, shouted "Evoë, Bacche!" the city gates were thrown open, and the furious Bacchanals rushed out towards the mountains.

Lysis, thrown like a victim upon the car which bore the living representative of the god, and almost stifled by the heaps of crowns and flowers which were cast upon him, could at first see nothing of what was going forward. After some time, however, he contrived to raise up his head, when he discovered that the proces-

sion, having already traversed the plains, had entered the wild gorges of the hills, and was now passing through a narrow tortuous glen, overhung with trees. Ascending and descending several heights, they at length drew near the sea-shore, and the soul of the captive was somewhat gladdened by the noise of the waves dashing and foaming among the rocks below. Here the car stopped, and Lysis was desired to descend and follow two men who presented themselves to be his guides. Without uttering a single word, he obeyed; and, sliding down after his conductors between the steep rocks, in a few minutes he found himself on the edge of the sea. Having, at the request of his guides, bathed and dressed himself in garments they had prepared for him, he was conducted to a natural cavern, where numerous torches, stuck in the side of the rock, yielded a brilliant light, and where a repast of the most delicate kind was laid out upon green leaves. While he was tasting of these viands his attendants left him. Wondering to what all this would lead, and neglecting to proceed with his repast, he cast his eyes upon the ground, and for several minutes was lost in meditation. The rustling of female garments, and the light sound of footsteps, awakened him from his reverie. He lifted up his eyes, and, behold! Myrrhina, led by two Bacchantes, of whom Myrto was one, stood before him. The force of excessive joy chained him for a moment to the spot — the next instant the lovers were in each other's arms — and tears, the pledge of the joy, as well as of the sorrow, of mortals, inter-

preted the ecstasy to which no words could have given utterance.

The first who broke silence was Myrto. "For whatever I have performed in the service of Myrrhina," she said, "my freedom is an ample reward; but I conjure you by the gods of our country — for I too call Syracuse my home — to restore me to my parents, to the object of love. If my heart's blood could have purchased a last embrace of those I love, I would have given it freely in the days of my servitude. But now that the breath of liberty has once more fanned my cheek, my desires are grown irresistible, I *must* see them — I must pour out my sorrows and my soul into their bosoms; or this heart ——"

She would have continued, but her strength failed her, and, half from habit, and half from love, she sank down upon her knees beside her mistress, and hid her face in her lap. Lysis, who owed so much to her devotion, was but too happy to grant what she required; and the next morning saw them upon the blue waves of the Ionian sea, driving merrily before the breeze towards Syracuse.

THERE IS NO TRACE OF THEE AROUND.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THERE is no trace of thee around,
Beloved! in this abode;
The winds sweep o'er the silent ground
Where once thy footsteps trode.
There is no shadow in the glen —
No echo on the hill —
The sun that sets, shall rise again
And find them lonely still!

And still the same wild thoughts of glee
Are bright upon each brow —
Of all who used to welcome thee,
Ah! which remembers now?
I gaze and gaze upon each fair
And young and joyous face,
Into their undimmed eyes — but *there*
No thought of thee I trace.

Why then to sorrow wakes my soul?
Why springs the painful tear?
Why muse I sadly on the whole? —
I know thou hast been here:

I know thou hast, though nought remains
To tell thy presence now;
The sunset beaming through those panes
Hath lit thine eager brow.

The lonely cypress, murmuring,
And bending to the breeze —
(Like my worn heart the one sad thing
The sunshine cannot please,)
The wooded hill — the clear blue sky —
The small lake's placid shore —
All that I look on now, *thine* eye
Hath watched in days of yore.

O'er the smooth path, so trimly kept —
The sunny shaven green —
Where I have thought of thee and wept,
Thy wandering foot hath been.
And it was once a bliss to be
In spots where thou hadst ranged,
To wander round and dream of thee —
Ah! wherefore am I changed?

It is not that my heart hath swerved
From what it ought to be —
Oh fondly hath that heart preserved
Each little thought of thee!
It is not that I do not love
Even more than I did then:
But that *thou* never more shalt rove
Through these sweet scenes again!

SONNET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Me my own Fate to lasting sorrow doometh:
  Thy woes are birds of passage, transitory:
  Thy spirit, circled with a living glory,
In summer still a summer joy resumeth.
Alone my hopeless melancholy gloometh,
  Like a lone cypress, through the twilight hoary,
From an old garden where no flower bloometh,
  One cypress on an inland promontory.
But yet my lonely spirit follows thine,
  As round the rolling earth night follows day:
But yet thy lights on my horizon shine
  Into my night, when thou art far away.
I am so dark, alas! and thou so bright,
When we two meet there's never perfect light.

SONNET.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Nature, the beauty of thy flowery face,
  Thine odorous breath, thy sunny smiles and tears,
  Thy voice of winds and waters in our ears
Tuning its langsyne melody, and the grace
Of starry darkness and of golden days,
  And all that in thy handywork appears,
  Albeit as old as twice three thousand years,
Make me well nigh forgetful of my race

In dreaming of thy sweetness. Every day
That dawns upon my thoughts of good or ill,
Dizened with summer beams, or clad in gray,
Seems younger than the last, and fresher still.
Sure thou art everlasting, and in thee
There is a part of our eternity.

VERSES.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Oh agony! keen agony,
For trusting heart to find
That vows believed were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

Oh agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour, the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

Oh agony! deep agony,
For heart that's proud and high,
To learn of Fate how desolate
It may be ere it die!

Oh agony! sharp agony,
To find how loath to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

It was at Paris I fell in with the individual who was destined to awaken somewhat more than the languid feeling of curiosity with which men usually regard their travelling companions. He was a tall, oldish man, with sharp features, and a singularly sallow complexion. His brow was capacious and highly intellectual; but there was a disagreeable expression in the eyes, which neutralized any good opinion you might have been disposed to form of him from the other features. He never looked straight in any one's face, either when speaking or when spoken to, but seemed more disposed to steal opportunities of observing than to exchange them honestly. However, there was other metal more attractive in the coach, in the shape of a lively French widow; and I left the stranger, without any regret, to his own meditations. Never was a man

more taciturn, and never did I see a more selfish Spanish cloak than his.

We had reached Dijon, on our way to Switzerland, and, as yet, I had only heard the stranger's voice three or four times. Once heard, however, it was not easily forgotten. It was deep, full, and distinct, yet singularly low. At Dijon, his taciturnity was suddenly laid aside, and the moment we dismounted, he entered into the following colloquy with the maitre d'hotêl: —

"Pray, is Captain B—— at Dijon?" said he.

"I do not know the name. Does he usually reside here?"

"I do not know."

"Or in this part of the country?"

"I cannot tell?"

"Did you expect to find him here?" said the landlord, somewhat perplexed.

"I expected nothing."

"You know, at least, where you understood him to be?"

"Either in France—or Germany—or Italy."

"Mon dieu! Then you have no doubt seen him, unexpectedly, as you passed?"

"I never saw him in my life."

The landlord shrugged his shoulders to his ears, and made a bow. After dinner we resumed our places in the coach, when we found an addition to our party in the person of a fine soldier-like man; on whose hat, as I assisted him to hang it in the net, I saw inscribed the name of Captain B——!

This was altogether very odd; and I looked with curiosity from one to the other, expecting that something strange would come of the recognition. No recognition, however, took place as far as I saw.

"That is the person you inquired for," said I, at last, in a whisper to the stranger, who sat next me. The stranger bowed.

The French widow left us at Dole; and Captain B——, the stranger, and I, pursued our way into Italy by the pass of the Simplon. Neither of my fellow travellers was very good company. The one sat buried over head and ears in his Spanish cloak and habitual reserve, and the other, gloomy and pre-occupied, if less selfish was still more taciturn. I thought two or three times of acquainting the latter with the inquiries which the other had made concerning him at Dijon, for they appeared to be utterly unknown to each other — and I had begun to fancy that there was something exceedingly sinister in the stranger's expression — but the moody silence of the captain, I considered, might have proceeded from *pride*, and that is an offence which warrants our leaving a man to his fate in any circumstances.

The wonders of the route soon absorbed my whole attention, and I scarcely thought of my companions till we were fairly across the Alps. Even after we had trickled into the plains of Lombardy, it was only an accidental circumstance that caused me to turn again a look of curiosity upon the stranger. In reply to a question from me, the conducteur announced that

the present was the "fifth of May." The stranger started at the intelligence; and for a moment his sallow face lost even the little colour it possessed. I could see his lips moving, as if they repeated the date in agitation. That day he ate no dinner; and when we reached Milan in the evening, instead of joining the supper-party, he hastened out into the streets as soon as he had engaged a bed.

To look for a stranger among a hundred and fifty thousand strangers is a waste of time. I went out after dinner, and wandered from street to street, and stared at palace after palace. The shops at length began to close, and the lamps, deprived of their assistance, to burn dim. It was time to think of bed: but just at this moment I found myself beside an edifice at which I must have stopped to look had I been on the way to execution. It was the Dome par excellence, the pride of Milan, the rival of St. Peter's, and the wonder of Italy. There is nothing in architecture so grand, so childish, so gorgeous, so fantastic, so wonderful, and so absurd, as the Dome of Milan. It is like a temple of pastry, such as we see in the confectioner's shops on twelfth-night, which a fairy has converted, at the desire of some good little boy, into solid marble. And yet as you approach, there is a wonderful harmony in its thousand pinnacles; there is a method in its magnificence, which, taken in connection with the richness of the material, and the vastness of the design, impresses you, notwithstanding the elegant frivolity of its Gothic ornaments, with a feeling of the sublime.

I crept into the mighty temple, ashamed of my own size, — yet hoping to be re-assured rather than extinguished by the lights, the music, the pictures, the statues, the golden crucifixes, and silver chandeliers. I saw and heard nothing of all these. I stood near the entrance, my heart beating, my breath coming thick, and my hair bristling on my head. Darkness was above and around me; but a darkness visible, which rendered still more awful the forms of the mighty columns which surrounded me. At a great distance in front there was a place more luminous than the rest, where at length my eye, when accustomed a little to the obscurity, detected the paraphernalia of the high altar, and I went forward towards it. Dusky forms flitted past me as I walked; others lay prostrate upon the marble pavement; and others clung to the bases of the statues. A low monotonous sound filled the air to saturation, which, at times rising into a gradual swell, betrayed the tones of a stupendous organ. Some dim vistas opening at the sides exhibited other altars in the distance, whose lights also were confined to their own small sphere, unable to penetrate through the vastness of the temple. There was something inexpressibly awful in this obscurity, characteristic of the Dome of Milan, and so strangely out of keeping with its exterior. I hardly know how long I remained gazing around me; but at length I was able to detect with some certainty the forms of the worshippers, and the ornaments of the various altars. Passing near one of the smaller chapels, as I began to retrace my steps,

I was struck by the low and solemn tones of the priest's voice, as he repeated a mass for the dead. I approached the altar; and started back in surprise, as I saw kneeling before it, in an attitude of deep devotion, — the stranger.

I gazed for some time with a feeling of curiosity that became almost painful. There seemed to me to be a kind of moral connection between the dark and shrouded figure of the worshipper and the mystic ceremonial that was going on; and all on a sudden, as some indefinite thought flashed across my brain, I stepped up to the rails, and plucking one of the assistants by the sleeve —

"Be kind enough," said I, "to tell me the name of the dead, that I may mingle my prayers with yours." The person I addressed did not seem to know the object of his devotional benevolence; for, after endeavouring in vain to recollect the name, he went out for a few moments, and returned with a written memorandum.

"The name," said he, "is Elizabeth G——." It was a name I had never heard before.

"Of what country?" I inquired.

"A Viennese."

"Where did she die?"

"At Inspruck," replied the priest, examining his memorandum.

"When?" said I despondingly, as I felt that my questions tended to no purpose.

"When?" repeated the priest, consulting the paper; "on the 5th of May — Holy Mother of God! this evening!"

"In the capital of the Tyrol! beyond the farthest Alps! this evening! Oho!" exclaimed I, bending, unconsciously, such a look upon the stranger as an inquisitor fastens upon his victim.

"Tell me, holy Sir"—for the priest stood staring in stupified silence at the paper—"tell me yet once more—by whom was this singular mass devised!" The priest pointed to the kneeling figure of the stranger, and retired hastily. Presently a buzz ran round the circle of assistants, who appeared to be thrown into confusion; the service stopped; the group dispersed, flitting here and there, till they vanished like spectres in the gloom; the tall candles, that stood by like witnesses, were one by one extinguished; and, in less time than I take to write it, I found myself alone and in the dark.

After a restless night, spent in cogitations as to how I was *called upon* to act in such circumstances, I arose unrefreshed and undetermined. I saw the stranger as usual,—as reserved, as silent, as abstracted, but perhaps still more calm. One—two—three days passed away; and I had said nothing, and done nothing. What could I have said?—what could I have done? A feeling of ridicule began to rise in my mind, as I remembered the agitation into which I had been thrown by a circumstance which perhaps, after all, might have been nothing more than a mistake.

In three days the stranger, Captain B——, and I resumed our journey. Our again travelling together, it may readily be believed, was something more than

a casualty as far as it regarded me:—but my two companions! Which was the pursuer?—which the shadow, that for ever flitted solemnly and silently at the others' heels! Captain B—— was a handsome, and rather a young man. The other was an elderly, tall, and somewhat ghastly sort of person. Both were grave, mute, and as close as the dead. Even their similarity, however, was different in my eyes: the gravity of the stranger seemed to me to be reserve; that of the soldier, pre-occupation. The places of both were taken to Verona; and so was mine, although my ulterior destination was Venice. As we were entering the former place late in the evening, I repeated for the hundredth time an attempt at conversation

"Is Verona a very large town?" said I, addressing the stranger.

"I never was in Verona before."

"Perhaps you, Sir, can inform me?"—(*to Captain B——.*)

"I never was in Verona before."

"*Then* you travel further?" persisted I, regardless of logic.

"To Venice."

"I am glad of it, for in that case I shall have the pleasure of your company." The Captain bowed politely as he descended, for the diligence had stopped.

"Do I lose *you* here?" I resumed, turning to the other as he began to move in his turn.

"*Both*," replied the stranger, getting out.

Both! The word sounded oddly. I could not stir for some moments: my heart began to quake, and I felt the perspiration breaking upon my forehead. I bitterly regretted that I had not at the outset made Captain B—— acquainted with the singular connection which appeared to exist between him and the stranger, and of which I felt persuaded he was wholly unconscious. It was not too late, however, to atone for the omission; and I ran hastily to seek out his apartment. It was locked. He had already taken the key, and gone out.

As I passed through the corridor, I saw the stranger depositing leisurely his *sac de nuit* in a chamber he had engaged; and learning that the one directly opposite was unoccupied, I secured it for myself, and I determined to wait there, with the door ajar, till Captain B.'s return. The hours of the night passed on — ten — eleven — twelve; the Captain had not made his appearance, and the stranger's door had not opened. I grew wearied, sleepy, discontented; I began to persuade myself that the motive of my night-watching was nothing more than idle curiosity, and to insist that I ought to *punish myself* by going to bed immediately.

Just at this moment I saw a flash of light in the corridor; and I *thought* I saw the tall, gaunt figure of the stranger. I sprang to the door, as fiercely as the wolf, as noiselessly as the cat, and looked — listened: the light had disappeared; there was no sound of opening or shutting; all was as dark as fate — all as

silent as the grave. But by and bye a sound in the distance, as of a soft receding footfall, corroborated my suspicion that some one had passed stealthily; and catching up my hat, I followed in the direction. I traversed the corridor, and descended the stairs into the court. Pat — pat — pat, went the footsteps before me — measured — muffled — slow. The night was pitch-dark; but in the court I became aware that a human figure, however shadowy and indistinct, was, indeed, marshalling me the way that I was going. It turned into the gateway, and was for an instant lost; but when I suddenly sprang forward, I saw it standing, still and solemn, before an image of the Virgin, such as usually sanctifies the door-way of an Italian inn; and as the light of the tiny lamp which burns all night before it, fell fitfully upon the head of the worshipper, I discovered the features of the stranger. The next moment he passed on his way, and went out into the street.

What streets we traversed, or how long we walked, I cannot tell. I followed in a state of stupor. I at last began to think that I was walking in my sleep, and that the tall, dim, mysterious figure before me was nothing else than the phantasm of a dream. At length I was recalled to reason by the localities around us, which I knew, from pictorial representations, as well as if I had seen them a hundred times; for we had reached the Roman Amphitheatre, one of the most striking and entire remains of antiquity in Italy. The stranger walked towards it, and instantly disappeared

in one of the wretched nests that appear to have been scooped by insects out of its base.

On approaching, I found that these were small doors and windows intended to give light and access to the vaults within, which had been converted into dwellings by the poor; and I found no difficulty in following my guide into the interior. The door of the room through which we passed was only on the latch, as if visitors had been expected, but I could see none of the inhabitants. On emerging into the arena by one of the passages which had formerly admitted the gladiators, the train of my ideas was somewhat interrupted by the magnificence of the scene. A faint light, the first dim edges of the dawn, rendered sufficiently visible the vast circles of marble seats to give me some idea of the form and extent of the amphitheatre. The seats retreated gradually as they rose, till the horizon they formed seemed to embrace the whole circumference of sky, and leave at the bottom the arena, on which I stood, a mere speck or point. On this point, notwithstanding, there was room for a wretched wooden theatre; where the Veronese, surrounded by the ruins of ancestral grandeur, sometimes forget that they are the trampled bondsmen of Austria.

While I stood, irresolute how to proceed, I heard on a sudden a voice which was familiar to my ear. It appeared to come from the paltry modern erections beside me, and I made a step forward. The motion, or its sound, probably alarmed the speaker; for the next moment a figure—which I could have sworn to as that

of Captain B——, darted out of the wooden sheds, and followed by several others, began to ascend rapidly the flights of seats.

"Stay!" cried I, with a startled shout—"I would speak with you! Captain B——!" and I sprang after the shadowy forms. Unable, however, in my haste to find the *cardines* (which here are flights of low steps dividing the *cunei*) I fatigued myself to no purpose, mounting the seats, which can only be used as stairs by persons of more than ordinary length of limb. The flying shadows were already upon the ridge of the amphitheatre; and I could see their dim forms in the distance painted against the sky. At this moment, between them and me, but nearer where I stood, another figure appeared, as suddenly as a ghost. I could not mistake it. It was the tall and remarkable form of the stranger. I saw it as distinctly as if it had been noonday.

"Ho!" cried I, with another shout—"I arrest you in the name of the authorities. Stand! You are my prisoner!" and a few nervous bounds brought me to the spot. It had vanished! *It* had vanished! The mouth of one of the vomitories was close by, through which the spectators had formerly crowded to the show. I darted into the cavern. The vaulted roof rang to my shouts; stones, sand, and spider's webs rained upon the ground, brought down by my eager hands; in vain: for when my eyes became a little accustomed to the gloom, I saw that a door, firmly locked, cut off the connection which had formerly existed between this

spot—which may be considered as a *præcinctio*, or landing-place of one of the great vomitories — and the rest of the interior; and that there was no possibility either of egress or concealment. I began to perspire. Perhaps this was owing to my race up the seats.

I hardly knew how I got back to the inn. It was almost four o'clock, and the diligence by which Captain B—— and I were to proceed to Venice was about to start.

"Another moment, and your place would have been lost!" cried the conducteur—"Mount, Sir, your baggage is already placed."

"And Captain B——?"

"Mount! mount!"

"I have a friend — a fellow traveller — I cannot go without him."

"All is right—mount in the devil's name!" I was forced into the crowd by the gens d'armes.

"There is a passenger wanting!" I shouted—"I demand that the list be called over!" The diligence rolled on. I was some time in Italy before I could reconcile myself to the subjection which travellers are under to the police.

The impression made by the circumstances detailed above, had almost faded from my mind, when I read in Galignani's Messenger—for the Italian newspapers were silent—that Captain B—— was shot at Vienna, ten days after I had seen him last, for conspiring against the government! I was shocked and startled by this news; but it did not unriddle the mystery of the stranger's conduct.

I returned to France by a circuitous route through the Tyrol, crossing the Alps by the pass of the Brenner, the lowest in the great chain. At Inspruck, the capital of this wild but beautiful country, I went to the church of the Franciscans to see the mausoleum of Maximilian I.; and here I was destined to have my recollection again revived of the odd circumstances or whatever they might be, which in a more romantic mood of mind had struck me so forcibly. I was reading a name on one of the monuments, and thinking in perplexity when I had seen or heard it before, when I found my shoulder touched by some one behind. On turning round, I saw the stranger.

"You are looking at the monument," said he, without appearing to notice my surprise, "of my only sister Elizabeth G——, the same for whose repose, as I think you remember, a mass was said at Milan on the 5th of May, the day on which she died."

"I remember it well—"

"It is *my* turn to speak. I have already been sufficiently annoyed by your curiosity, and now it shall be satisfied once for all. Her doom was prophesied long before. She was then as young and happy as she was beautiful and innocent; she leant on the arm of her lover, and scarcely trembled at the raven voice which pronounced her sentence of death. It was near Paris. They had stolen away from the splendid party in the chateau, decked in the trappings of masquerade, to consult a wizard—a stern old man who lived on the credulity of the young and fair, and repaid their alms with curses.

"You shall be married," was the prediction, after



Painted by A. ... Johnson

Engraved by ... Bate

THE PREDICTION

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her hand had been consulted in connection with the mystic cards, "on the 5th of May—married—*either to your lover or your grave!*"

"She was young—romantic—imaginative—of that most delicate temperament which trembles between poetry and madness. The prediction fulfilled itself. Her lover was a villain. A blight fell upon her heart—the blight of *shame* and sorrow. We all knew that she must die; but she could not die till the predicted day. It was strange to see the controul exerted by imagination over disease! But for me, I could watch her no longer: I was called away by a sacred duty, that of *revenge*, and I bade her farewell, swearing to be with her, in the prayers of the church, on the night of her fated day. The request to this effect was made, I have no doubt, in the hope that the exercises of religion might soften the resolution which she must have read on my haggard brow—but they did not."

"And Captain B——?" said I, with a gasp.

"What of him?" demanded the stranger sternly.

"How did you know he was at Dijon without having seen or heard of him?"

"That I cannot tell. I had heard him described till his portrait was indelibly impressed upon my imagination; and it may be that I perceived him in the streets of Dijon, either by the aid of some faculty independent of the vision, or too faintly to receive the impression which is termed sight. There are mysteries, even in the human senses, which the vulgar tremble at and the learned with far greater folly deny."

"And Captain B——? you followed him like a shadow—you dogged him like an evil genius—"

"I did—till he reached the scaffold." I shuddered at the calmness with which he spoke: but he had no doubt made his peace with the church!

"Once more," said I—"the amphitheatre! you were a stranger at Verona—you could not have concealed yourself in the vault—you could not have oozed into the solid marble—"

"Doors, notwithstanding," said the stranger contemptuously, "may be opened with keys!" and turning round, he walked out of the church.

"But you were a stranger at Verona!" persisted I, following him—"Answer, guilty spirit, and then return to your unrest!" The stranger quickened his pace without turning round.

"Be silent," said a bystander, who had listened to the conclusion of the dialogue; "return to your hotel, I counsel you, and leave Inspruck without delay. Remember, you are not in England!"

"Who is he," whispered I, "in heaven's name?"

"He is a spy of the Austrian government."

